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WANTED, A NEWER TRADE UNIONISM.

BY MATTHEW STOBART.

TRADE UNIONISM is now one of the most potent forces in our national life. It has triumphed over prejudice, from which it had more to fear than open and active opposition. And if it appears to jeopardize its position by precipitating disastrous conflicts between capital and labor, there is reason to hope that these repeated contests will in the end bring about a peaceable means of adjusting the claims of the one and the other. As it is, strife is more easily averted, and disputes more readily settled, now that the deputed representatives of masters and men can meet and discuss the details of differences, than when labor was unorganized. Though strikes are still regarded as the toilers' chief weapon of offence and defence, conference and conciliation have to a hopeful extent taken the

place of guerilla warfare, by which nothing was gained, and much was lost. Combination has raised the dignity of labor, which has now its representatives on all local bodies and in the Imperial Parliament. Obscure workmen "by force have made their merit known." What then remains to be achieved? Has trade unionism to continue on the old lines—forcing by powerful associations an advance in wages; resisting reduction by the same method; struggling for shorter hours by organized effort or legal enactment; contending for better conditions of service; restraining encroachments on men's liberty; resenting oppression in any form? Is this all? Has it no other, no higher mission? Is "universal happiness to be founded on economic measures"?

The last six years have been productive of labor leaders—new unionists with capable courage, who have put fresh life into the labor movement—daringly aggressive, bold in their conceptions, and vigorous in their advocacy of the policy they have initiated. But a newer unionism is needed. It has yet to be brought home to the mass of the people that the labor question is a moral question. And the newer unionism must be a moral force. Men who are powerful in trade organizations have condemned in unmistakable, unequivocal language drunkenness, gambling, and kindred evils, which drag their victims down to the depths of poverty and chain them there, which destroy their manhood, impair their intellects, canker their minds, and wreck their bodies. It is well that they do this. They are themselves examples of sobriety and good living. But still something is wanting. The trade unionism of the future must be made a moral elevator. It must deal with the men themselves, as well as with their wages and the duration of their weekly toil. It must aid in building up character, as well as in uniting men in gigantic combinations. It is as necessary that the moral conduct of workmen should be regulated as their earnings. To make individuals better is to improve the societies of which they are members. Higher wages and shorter hours are worth striving for if, when obtained, the one is used to provide better food, more comfortable homes, and, where possible, to put by something for the dark days of sickness or periods of enforced idleness; and the other spent in healthy recreation, self-improvement, or the performance of social duties. But in how many cases do larger earnings and greater leisure mean so much more money to drink or gamble, and so much more time to spend in ways that tend to debase and degrade rather than to elevate and refine? Drunkenness, gambling, and swearing, Alderman Tillet has said, are among the greatest hindrances to the progress of trade unionism. Then why not seek to remove those hindrances by trade union effort? It is true the voice of the moral reformer is heard in the land,

but too often it is unheard or unheeded by the classes it is most desirable to reach. What is needed in their case is a restraining force, which at the same time might be used as a lever to lift them out of the slough into which they have fallen—in which they may have been born—or in the direction of which they are tending. Hitherto the difficulty has been to reach those whose general conduct and mode of life it is most necessary to improve. In trade unionism there is a means ready to hand, organizations which most closely touch all grades of workmen, who have voluntarily entered into association for mutual protection and the attainment of what they conceive to be the rights of labor.

But how can this reform be brought about? Is not the moral conduct of individuals beyond the jurisdiction of trade societies? Would the men themselves not resist what might be called a beneficent despotism? And where would be found a leader who would imperil his position, popularity, and influence by endeavoring to extend the scope of trade unionism by including in its operations the saving of men from vices or weaknesses—call them by what name you will—and insisting that their conduct shall be upright, their dealings honest, and their families properly cared for? It may be argued that to attempt to add a new chapter of this kind to the gospel of trade unionism would be to wreck the movement which has been the outcome of long years of arduous toil and terrible struggle, in which thousands have suffered, starved, for the “good of the cause,” and the maintenance of a principle. Nothing of the kind. Its first result would be to add to the dignity of the associated workers. Men who spend their money in drink, who lose it by betting, and neglect their homes are no credit to trade unionism. The passion for gambling has come to be all-absorbing among large numbers of workmen in nearly all our great towns. It is almost invariably associated with the public-house. Wages are frittered away, and there is destitution at home. I have known men, who could earn from £5 to £7 a week, living with their families in one or two miserable rooms,

in which there was not ten shillings' worth of furniture; the children in rags and half-starved, sometimes sent out to beg for food. Ought trade unions to have no controlling power over members who so misconduct themselves, who bring discredit on their class, who fail to perform the most elementary duties of citizenship, who, though they boast of being wealth-producers, are the worst of wage-wasters?

The question is, then, Is it possible for societies organized for trade purposes to play a practical part in the moral regeneration of individuals? Let us see what has been done in this direction, and then we will be better able to reply to the inquiry. The United Society of Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders is one of the largest, most powerful, most exclusive, and best conducted trade unions in the world. It was instituted in 1834. Mr. Robert Knight, J. P., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has been its general secretary for twenty-four years, and to him more than any other man it owes its influence and strength. Under its rules, the Executive Council have most extraordinary powers in dealing with members who violate contracts, leave debts unpaid, desert their wives and families, etc. Section I. of Rule 42 reads:

"If any member be guilty of fraud or any other disgraceful conduct, or follow any evil, wicked, or notorious practice contrary to law, or use any unlawful means in procuring a livelihood, if proof be made thereof, his branch or the Executive Council shall have the power to fine him any sum not exceeding £5, or expel him. Any member being convicted of dishonest practices by a court of justice, shall be summoned before the committee of the branch to which he belongs, and shall be liable to exclusion, or such suspension as they may feel justified in inflicting; but no member shall be excluded before he has been summoned before the committee."

Though violation of this rule places an offender under ban, he is not hopelessly cut off from his associates. After having expiated his transgression, and proved to the satisfaction of the Executive Council that he has "redeemed

his character," he may in course of time be re-admitted to the benefits of membership, being allowed to work with non-union men for two years, contributing at the same time a third-class member's contributions. A report, in pamphlet form, usually containing about thirty pages of printed matter, is issued from headquarters of the society at the end of every month. In this the general secretary makes a statement on the condition of trade, district committees furnish details as to the work in hand or in prospect, changes in the society are noted, and then at the end a page or so is devoted to personal matters, delinquents are "brought to book," appeals made, and penalties threatened in default of compliance with the imperious commands of the Executive. In every case names, registered numbers, and full descriptions of the members alluded to are given. The following examples, selected at random from two or three reports, will indicate sufficiently the degree of moral compulsion that is exercised:

"M. J—, Registered No. —, must send support to his wife and child at once, as this is a heartless case."

"J. K— must pay the debt he owes Mrs. J— for board and lodgings at South Shields at once, or he will get into trouble. He is about Barrow."

"J. D—, plater, must at once pay his helpers at —, or he will be expelled."

"J. M—, No. —, late of —, must send support to his wife and family at once, or he will be expelled. Also R. W—, plater, who is supposed to be about —."

"A. H—, Registered No. —, and M. R—, Registered No. —, are fined five shillings each for creating a disturbance at —. They have their travelling cards out."

"S. L— must pay the debt of £10 he owes a poor widow at Elland."

"If J. C—, caulker, does not pay the debt he owes at —, he will be expelled next month, as this is a heartless case."

"The clearance card or address of B. T— is wanted at — for fraud, he having drawn all the wages due to his mate and helpers and decamped."

He is about 5 feet 6 or 7 inches in height, sandy complexion, with heavy mustache, and a plausible talker. He is well known about — and the North. He is reported to have gone to —. We hope our members will give him the cold shoulder, as he is a low, mean scoundrel, and his many acts of dishonesty will surely overtake him."

It will be seen from these extracts that for a variety of offences members are "put through the report," to quote a phrase used by the Boilermakers themselves. Failure to comply with the conditions imposed by the Executive inevitably ends in expulsion from the society—a most serious matter, for it is difficult to obtain employment in the trade if a man be a non-unionist. The pronouncements of the council have all the force of law. In some cases it is even stipulated how much a member shall contribute to the support of his wife and family, and it may be a larger sum than would be awarded by a bench of magistrates in a case of judicial separation. But this trade union also safeguards the interests of employers. A case in proof. In a well-known shipyard on the North-East Coast, three members of the Boilermakers' Society entered into a contract to do a certain amount of plating. Their work was but half done when, in their own language, they "went on the spree." The manager was compelled to engage other men to finish the job, and the firm was put to some inconvenience and additional expense. Complaint was made to the Executive Council of the Boilermakers' Society, who asked to be informed of the outlay occasioned over and above the contract price. This was ascertained to be £10, and the Council promptly sent the firm a check for that amount. The next act of the Executive was to notify, in the monthly report, that these three men who had failed to complete their contract, had to send £3 10s. each to the head office, the alternative being expulsion from the society. The money was paid.

Another case of a different kind. At a large marine engineering establishment a number of boilermakers undertook to do a certain amount of repair work at a price mutually agreed upon.

In a short time, however—without obtaining the sanction of the Executive—they demanded an advance of so much per week, which was refused, whereupon they went out on strike. The usual notice was not given, and, as the repairs had to be executed with all possible haste, the men thought the firm would be compelled to accede to their demand. But the manager simply sent a telegram to the general secretary of the Society of Boilermakers and Iron and Steel Shipbuilders, and Mr. Knight replied, instructing him to give the discontented workmen the additional remuneration, and the Executive would refund to the firm the extra expenditure incurred. So the men's wages were advanced, they started work, the job was finished, the Boilermakers' Society sent the firm a check to meet the outlay occasioned by the breach of faith on the part of the men, and then recovered the money from the offending workmen themselves. Cases of this kind could be multiplied, but those quoted are sufficient to show that, instead of trade unionism being necessarily antagonistic to employers, it may be conducted in a manner that in reality promotes their interests, and establishes that confidence between masters and men which, alas! is now somewhat rare, but which is most desirable in the administration of large concerns, wherein the least friction may entail serious loss. Though neglect of work may not, perhaps, be generally charged against members of the Boilermakers' Society, when it is reported the district committees and branches are instructed to deal sharply with offenders, recognizing, as Mr. Knight says, that "nothing can be more irritating to employers than to have work at a standstill while the men who ought to be doing it are spending their time and money in the public-house, to the injury of themselves and those who may have the misfortune to be dependent upon them."

It is possible, then, to introduce into the government of trade societies a system which shall to some extent regulate the moral conduct of members, develop a sense of individual responsibility, help to make them men as well as unionists, restrain them from vicious

practices, and impel them to well-doing and fair-dealing. If this can, in however small a measure, be done in the case of the United Society of Boiler-makers and Iron and Steel Shipbuilders, no good reason can be adduced why it should not at least be attempted in other trade unions. To argue that to try to reform or to elevate the individual would be to weaken trade societies—to cause the withdrawal of members, to deter others from joining the ranks of organized labor—is to assume that the bad predominates among workmen. Good, honest, right-thinking men can have no objection to an effort being made to raise the moral as well as the social standing of their class. The boasted liberty of the subject—that fiction which is the refuge of so many who consider neither their own true welfare nor the good of others—it may be contended, would be endangered. It sounds well, that phrase, the "liberty of the subject," but, after all, trade-unionists allow little freedom of action, and, if many of them could get their own way, free will would be still further curtailed. In the beginning thousands of workmen become members of trade unions, not from choice, but under compulsion. In some trades it is difficult for a non-unionist to obtain employment; he is practically excluded from Society shops, not because he is an incapable artisan, but because he has not enrolled himself under the banner of trade unionism. Then the members of some trade societies are not permitted to accept less than the standard wage which has been set up in a district. They may be out of employment and in a state bordering upon starvation, but their society decrees that they shall not work except under conditions which it has established. A majority may declare in favor of a strike—it may be on a question of principle, or out of sheer wrong-headedness—and the minority—whose attitude is not due to a feeling of timidity, but to a proper appreciation of the situation and a sense of their own moral responsibility—are forced into idleness, against which they have protested, which to them may mean the most pitiable poverty, or the sacrifice of the savings of a lifetime, which may seri-

ously cripple the society that they have helped to build up and strengthen, and which may bring industrial depression in its train. But the majority rules, and those who form the minority are not permitted to do work which they are willing and anxious to do. There is no such thing as liberty—absolute freedom of action—in trade unionism. If there were it would cease to exist.

One of the first steps in the direction of making trade unionism a moral force would be to remove lodge-meetings from public-houses. This could easily be enforced by rule. A landlord may allow the free use of a room for lodge purposes, but many members who are not abstainers consider themselves under an obligation to spend something "for the good of the house." The weak are tempted to over-indulgence, and bad habits are contracted. Teetotallers would prefer not to meet on licensed premises; indirectly they are contributing to support a traffic to which they object, which, it may be, they abhor. There are few towns nowadays in which rooms might not be obtained for the transaction of trade union business, apart from the associations and allurements of the long bar and the snug. And in populous centres why should there not be trades-halls?—buildings which might be shared by various labor societies, habitations in connection with which there might be reading and recreation rooms, and classes for educational advancement. In some trade organizations it is customary for so much in the pound on the amount received in members contributions to be "spent for the good of the house." It was so in the Boiler-makers' Society when Mr. Knight was appointed General Secretary, one shilling of every pound received being expended in the purchase of liquor in return for the landlord's courtesy in providing accommodation; but an alteration of the rules was secured by which the money that had hitherto been spent on drink was to be devoted to the formation of a fund for the relief of cases of distress and the benefit of widows and orphans of deceased members. The fund thus established has grown to such dimensions that as much as £3000 has been distributed in a single

year among poor people. It is also stipulated that no intoxicating drink shall be allowed at any Society-meeting; but even this wise provision does not destroy the temptation which attendance at a public-house places in the way of weak brethren. If lodge-meetings were held on premises where alcoholic stimulants are not sold, many members would be richer in pocket, in health, and character. A greater amount of poverty is the product of drinking and gambling than of small wages. To the mind of the ordinary workmen the chief aim of trade unionism is to increase wages and, at least, to maintain concessions that have been fought for and won, the idea being: the higher the wages, the greater the comfort of the wage-earner. But it too often happens that there is wretchedness and poverty in the homes of men whose rate of remuneration reaches the highest standard; while, on the other hand, well-conducted, thrifty folks have cosy homes, although their income may be small, and their means of adding to it limited by circumstances which they had nothing to do in creating. In one of his reports to the Boilermakers and Shipbuilders, Mr. Knight says: "As one deeply interested in everything that tends to your well-

being, permit me to remind you that the objects of our association are not limited to the question of wages, or to the distribution of financial benefits; they extend to all questions which affect our present and future happiness. I fully admit that one of the objects of our society is to secure adequate wages for our members, but it is quite possible for a good wage to become a curse and not a blessing. What is wanted is for every working man to have a well-regulated home—that should receive his greatest attention." This idea might form the basis upon which the Newer Unionism might be built. It is time to recognize the fact that the salvation of the workers will never be accomplished merely by the raising of wages and the shortening of hours. The lives of men who have to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow are often blighted by other things than the rapacity of capitalists. Let trade unionism be made the bond of character, and it will become a greater power than it can ever be by simply waging war against employers. Its fighting strength would not, however, be diminished, for its moral force would be increased.—*Westminster Review*.

COUNT MOLTKE, FIELD-MARSHAL.

BY SIDNEY WHITMAN.

MANY, many years ago, the late Emperor William, then Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, was one day inspecting a regiment and expressed his dissatisfaction rather forcibly with the unsoldierly appearance of a dandified subaltern, who was leading his men past his Royal Highness. The subaltern in question was a certain Lieutenant von Moltke. When this lieutenant had risen to world-wide fame, the Emperor still remembered his first meeting with the illustrious soldier, and, jocularly recalling the incident to him, was wont to say: "You see, Moltke, what a poor judge of character I am." Brave old William, in truth one of the best judges of human grit that ever lived, could

well afford to avow his mistake in this particular instance; for a great United Germany—cemented by the blood shed on fifty battle-fields—was there palpably articulate to bear witness to the fact!

During the last years of his life, when not at his country seat in Silesia, the late Count Moltke lived in Berlin in the huge General Staff-building (*Generalstabsgebäude*), just opposite the column of Victory in the Tiergarten. His nephew, Major von Moltke, with his family, lived with him and presided over the household, in which the grace of a beautiful woman and the merry laughter of children did a deal to brighten the declining days of the

old widower. Retired from business, his active mind kept still well in touch with the latest topics of the day. Either politics, art, philosophy, or literature possessed in him a keen appreciator and critic up to the last.

In Berlin, Count Moltke always wore the smart undress uniform of a Prussian general; and had it not been for his thin voice and the thousands of minute wrinkles spread over every inch of his beardless face, there would have been little to denote a difference between a man of sixty and one not far from ninety. He had a habit of stooping slightly when speaking to a visitor, but that could easily have passed for an outward sign of kindly complaisance. The steel-blue eyes had a peculiarly hard, cold glitter—clear and piercing—undimmed by age, something uncanny, as of an eagle or falcon, spelling solitude around, now and then only warmed by a ray of benevolence, of spiritual culture. You could readily imagine the tremor that terrible countenance might inspire in the breast of a subordinate. Seen at a distance, attired in a plain, half-threadbare overcoat and black felt hat—Moltke's favorite disguise when travelling—it might have been possible to fancy the schoolmaster; but that illusion was soon dispelled when you came to peer closely into those adamant features.

Like all Prussian officers of high rank, Count Moltke's manner was marked by extreme, almost courtier-like urbanity; and notwithstanding his reputation for taciturnity, at times he could be full of conversation.

On one occasion he entered into a disquisition of the principles which underlie the organization of the German general staff and the connection of politics with the leadership of the army. He emphasized the importance of the organization and supreme command of the army being kept entirely independent of the daily current of party politics—the advantages of stability, only to be obtained in the hands of permanent authority, etc. He touched upon the difficulties which the military administration had to contend with in countries like Spain, France, and even England, owing to political causes.

Moltke was evidently a believer in

the directing power of one man in military matters; but he did not seem to allow for the difficulty of discovering a *man*, in times when public opinion is prone to produce "popular generals."

The subject of Russia was ever present in his thoughts; in fact, the old warrior created the impression that he would not have been averse to tackle the Russians and push the Northern Colossus a few pegs back toward Asia. It is well known that he believed the conflict sooner or later to be inevitable, and that the present offered more favorable chances than the future was likely to afford. In this he was in direct antagonism to Prince Bismarck, who has always held that there is no need, and that it is not to the interest of Germany to quarrel seriously with Russia. Also with regard to France, it is well known that he was bitterly disappointed at the rapidity with which that country recovered from the effects of the 1870-71 war. On several occasions, notably at the time of the Schnæbele incident, he was almost passionately in favor of utilizing the opportunity to recommence hostilities. It was not so much the influence of the Czar as Prince Bismarck, who strenuously opposed him in this, and thereby originated the coolness which prevailed between these two remarkable men in later years.

The enormous growing power of Russia particularly caused the old man anxiety. Nor could it be merely the over-anxious fears of old age; for in his earlier writings, at a time when the popular phrase was current of the "Northern giant with the clay feet," Moltke had pointed out that Russia possessed among her myriad races a greater nucleus of one homogeneous race (the great Russians) than any other civilized military power—and that this fact constituted a strong guarantee for the stability and offensive power of Russia in time to come.

"It is a great pity," he said, "that the Swedes do not possess a strong military organization; for then, in case of a general war, they might retake Finland*—the civilization of which is Scandinavian and not Russian."

* Finland has only been in the possession of Russia since 1809.

He expressed his views, as was to be expected, without the least bias or tinge of national feeling. He seemed to think the antagonism of the Russians toward the Germans perfectly natural. "The fact is," he said, "the Russians are Asiatics, and hitherto have owed whatever civilization they possessed, in a large measure, to the German element in their midst. They are gradually waking up to a national life and thought of their own, and are naturally jealous of and inclined to throw off the mental tutelage they have been under so long." It was interesting to note the chivalrous trait, so typical of high-class Prussians, and which is so refreshing in contrast to the eternally biassed views of everyday mankind, the impartiality; the tone of high respect in which he referred to a possible antagonist. For your true typical military Prussian, hard and cold though he be, despite all his culture, has *au fond* a far more kindly feeling for the soldier of an inimical country than for the "pékin" of his own. But then his conception of the term *soldier* is unique. It is scarcely credible, but it is a fact nevertheless, that to many men of this type the late Emperor Frederick, for all his chivalrous heroism, was never accepted as a typical Prussian soldier.

Among the eminent men who contributed to the creation of a United Germany, Count Moltke may be said to have occupied an exceptional position, inasmuch as he was never assailed by those angry political passions which did not even spare an Emperor William. He was revered to the last as the modest, unassuming, mathematical-problem-solving, national hero. A type this, peculiarly affinitive and dear to the German reflective mind; although, taken all round, Bismarck's character is in reality far more representatively nationally German than that of Moltke. Yet, strange to say, amid this *unisono* of appreciation, the true keynote of Moltke's character and genius seems rarely to have been struck. Many of the enthusiastic admirers of the modest, cultured old gentleman would have been somewhat startled if it had fallen within his functions to deal in an inimical spirit with some of

their fads and fancies. His vice-like grip would have bid them pause and long for other and gentler methods, perhaps even for those of the man of "blood and iron." For the moment great political aims were in view, they seemed to turn him to stone.

Moltke's was essentially a hard Prussian nature. But it was not the hardness of one constitutionally impervious to the more gentle influences of this world—art, nature, and love. His kindness and benevolence was the result of the momentary intellectual unbending of a naturally stern, and, above all, sensitively proud temperament. His exquisite perceptions, his delicacy in dealing with persons and problems, were purely conventional or intellectual, and only showed themselves within strictly defined limitations. Once these passed, the unbending Cæsarian nature shone forth, and one look of those terrible features was usually sufficient to reveal the man of steel. Allowing for the difference of time and circumstance, there was something of Augustus Cæsar in the composition of this northern Mecklenburg *Junker*. He might have mercilessly decreed the execution of his political opponents; but he would certainly have patronized letters and the fine arts as well.

A deal of claptrap has gone the round of publicity with regard to Moltke's excessive modesty, an explanation for which may perhaps be found in the temper of our time, in which the old type of the "gentleman" is rapidly dying out. Thus the world can find no other label for a sensitively reticent, simple but proud nature, who scorns the trickery of self-advertisement, than that of "modesty." But even this explanation is hardly sufficient to account for German opinion, bearing in mind that no lesser authority than Goethe tells us—

"Nur die Lampe sind bescheiden,
Brave freuen sich der That." *

Germans might well bear this in mind. No; in reality Moltke was a proud, self-contained, constitutionally temperate and sober-minded man. Above all,

* "Only worthless minds are modest,
Honest men rejoice in deeds."

he was plain and simple, like most truly distinguished men ; but not more so than one endowed with a far more fertile imagination—Bismarck. The Emperor William was *really* a modest man, in the only sense in which the attribute is consistent with true dignity ; largely in the sense in which all truly great characters are modest and simple. Moltke was far too self-reliant—too decisively certain of his power of intellect and will, ever to be fairly classed among those whose modesty deserves to pass as a leading feature of their character. A “modest” man, who directs the movements of a million fighting men, and is ready to bleed an enemy to death, as Moltke proposed to deal with France—who instantly sends home the most popular leaders in disgrace for the slightest breach of discipline—who peremptorily refuses commands to reigning princes, yes, even to faithful old personal friends of his own sovereign who pleads for them—to call such a man modest is a misnomer. Besides, the decided views Moltke held and expressed with regard to philosophy and political economy in general were anything else but evidence of excessive modesty—a quality which, after all, would have been almost impossible in one who was bound to take a fair measure of himself unless he was blind to a sense of the proportion of things. But the idea of Moltke’s modesty offered scope for a grievous trait of German character—the love of belittling their great men. And thus it served its purpose and became popular : the purpose of minimizing the greatness of Bismarck by opposing to him the modesty of Moltke. “*Unsinn, Du siegst*”—(“Nonsense, thou art victorious”)—as Schiller bids the doughty Earl of Shrewsbury exclaim.

One distinguishing feature of Moltke’s character may account in part for his reputation for modesty,—his total indifference to popularity ; in which, however, he was in nowise exceptional among the great men who founded the German Empire. Their work would have been absolutely impossible during the arduous years of parliamentary struggles had they been popularity hunters—the Roons, the Bismarcks, the Williams. But fortu-

nately they were all of them born and bred among traditions which did not tend to make a man see the sum of human greatness reflected by the measure of a temporary popularity.

An instinctive reverence for constituted authority, particularly authority handed down by historical traditions and represented by outward worldly pomp, was part of Moltke’s nature. Thus, when visiting in England many years ago, he was immensely impressed by the wealth and influence of the English aristocracy. Whereas Bismarck, on his visits to England, was more amused than impressed ; and often, in his peculiar caustic manner, gave utterance to his conviction that the English aristocracy, for all its wealth, was no longer what it used to be—that it was decaying and had ceased to produce types of ruling men. “They no longer understand the art of governing,” he would say.

Moltke regretted to Bernhardt* that Luther had gone too far in separating himself from the Roman Catholic Church, and thus diminishing unduly the sphere of its authority. Bismarck never took kindly to priests of any denomination, Catholic or Protestant. Moltke, even in his old age, after he had written on religious matters in a tone to suggest that his views were not far removed from those of an agnostic, still cherished great respect for a powerful Catholic prelate. He would immediately return the call of a Prince Bishop Kopp, whereas he might have taken little social account of a Protestant General-Superintendent.

Moltke was a staunch monarchist by conviction. The divine ordainment of kingship was an article of faith with him. Thus the king was his “Herr”—his lord and master. He had a deal of the courtier in his composition, but it stopped short of servility ; for he could show his ill-humor by icy silence, and sulk for days together, even with his most gracious Lord and King. (*Sein allernädigster König und Herr.*) Glorious old William knew this by personal experiences and put up with it. Great-hearted as he was, he bore no

* *Gespräche Moltke’s mit Theodor von Bernhardt.*

malice, for a deep sense of gratitude was a keynote of his lofty character. Thus, on the day of the proclamation of the German Empire, when all the "great of the Crown" were assembled in the Palace of Versailles, and Moltke arrived—a little late, as was his wont on festive occasions—the King went up to him and, grasping both his hands, added to his thanks for all Moltke's achievements the expression of his gratitude to the great soldier for having borne so patiently with all his "ways" and "humors."—(*Launen.*)

Yes; Moltke's loyalty left his self-respect intact. But he was ever extremely sensitive, and could feel a slight, even if it came from royalty itself. Thus, when the present Emperor superseded the successor Moltke himself had designated (Count Waldersee), and appointed Count Schlieffen (the present chief of the German staff) to replace him without consulting Moltke, the latter is said to have felt it. But he only said: "His Majesty wishes to show us that he is capable of choosing his own instruments."

But if Moltke bowed before his own sovereign, there was little of bowing or of the velvet touch in his dealings with outside "Highnesses" and "Serenities." In true Prussian fashion, he could be arch-plain-spoken (*erzdeutsch*). When the late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha impetuously clamored for an independent command at the beginning of the war of 1870, and turned rusty when it was refused him by Moltke,* the latter became very plain-spoken (*deutsch*), very "distinct" indeed! He had no time to lose with "tomfooleries" (*Dummheiten*), he muttered. Also, during the campaign—in the midst of battle—he would give his horse the spurs and ride away, to avoid the pestering questions of battle-loafing "Serenities" about the course of things.

But if Moltke had no time to lose with "tomfooleries" in 1870, he seems to have had ample time at his disposal for other purposes.

One who was always near him during that war was asked, whether "the

Field Marshal" had not been weighed down by anxiety and hard work during that eventful period. "Oh no, not at all," he replied. "Just after Gravelotte, there were a few days during which he was in doubt as to the movements of MacMahon's army. While these lasted, the Field-Marshal was decidedly worried and grumpy. But afterward, with the exception of a very few critical episodes, things went on as smoothly as possible, and he used to play his 'rubber' regularly every evening, and even found time for reading novels. Of course, there were anxious moments before Paris, but mostly with regard to things in the south. He was naturally kept informed of everything that was going on from hour to hour, but, as a rule, even during the severe engagements before Paris, he had rarely anything to say with regard to their course, or cause to interfere in any way."

(As is well known, the wide independent initiative allowed to the commander of an army corps is one of the distinctive features of the German military system.)

With regard to Moltke's genius as a strategist, the popular mind could never rid itself of the dual conception of the schoolmaster in the strategist. And to those who know something of the duties of a Prussian chief of the staff in times of peace—in many ways akin to those of a lecturing professor—there would seem to be ample grounds to explain it. Thus the idea that Moltke previously worked out his strategical problems, and only had to take down a plan of campaign from a pigeon-hole in order to set an army in motion, and by an inevitable development of events to strike the enemy hip and thigh, is still to be met with, and finds its expression in the beautiful German term: *Der Schlachtendenker*, the "battle-thinker." And yet the conception is a fallacious, or rather an incomplete one, as several significant passages in Moltke's own writings, published since his death, abundantly prove; notably the one in which he states that, as a rule, it is practically impossible for a commander to foresee the development of a campaign even for a limited number of days in advance.

* King William had left all important appointments in time of war entirely to the discretion of his trusted Commander.

To a relative who once asked him how he would best define the essence of strategy, Moltke replied, "Simply common sense." In reference to the plan of campaign, he said, that it was only possible to map out the preliminary marching into position of an army (*der Aufmarsch*). Everything else depended on the movements of the enemy. But this "Aufmarsch" constitutes a matter of supreme importance. Moltke worked out plans for such for all possible contingencies which he left as a legacy to his successors.

Moltke's favorite motto—*Erst wäge dann wage* ("First weigh; then dare") may have lent currency to the idea that "weighing things" was the paramount feature which distinguished this great leader of hosts; a sort of Fabius Cunctator on a nineteenth-century scale. But as so often, in our time of rapid and incomplete impressions, a half truth has to do duty while the other half is lost sight of, so also here.

Dann wage—"then dare." Therein lay the kernel of Moltke's greatness as a leader. The bold daring of the man was as stupendous as it was icy cold—cold as if sprung forth from beneath the helmet of Pallas Athene. It is asserted on the most unimpeachable authority that Moltke was one of the most daring strategists that ever lived; that if his methods were open to criticism, it was their too daring boldness which called it forth. This vulnerable spot in the placid schoolmaster! No man ever faced the responsibility of suddenly sending fifty thousand men to their account with a more unflinching will than he. "And if the whole brigade remains stretched on the sod (*auf der Strecke*) it will have accomplished its purpose—that of arresting the enemy for ten minutes, and will thus have done its duty!"

There is an indefinite something in the composition of those rare types of genius, which are destined to lead mankind in hecatombs to the slaughter-house, which no mathematical chess-player's* talent, no mechanical thinking powers, and, above all, no genius for self-advertisement, can suffice to

account for. In great leaders of men there is a "something" reflected in the expression of the eye, something genuine—bare of all histrionic taint—which tells of death and eternity, the capacity to face these calmly and to force legions of men to do likewise. Moltke was endowed with this dæmonic "something" to an extraordinary degree. It is not a product of the reflective faculties, but rather an ingredient of the blood, the beating of a strong heart, a supreme effort of will power. Moltke may have lacked the imagination of a Hannibal, he probably did not possess the fertile fancy of a Frederick or of a Napoleon. His serene intellect was more akin to that of a Cæsar; a comparison which seems borne out by the sober conciseness of the writings of both these great men. The imposing grandeur of the *dann wage* is characteristic of both in singularly striking similitude. Cæsar, at the Battle of Mundæ, leading the Tenth Legion against Pompey's son to the cry, "Are you going to give way to a parcel of boys?" is paralleled by the thrilling episode of the 18th of August, 1870, when Moltke gave those terrible orders which resulted in hurling back the French under the blood-stained walls of Metz!

The king was in a sad state of nervous depression at the thought of the dreadful slaughter. Moltke had quietly ridden away to avoid the pestered questions of the Duke of Coburg and other decorative figures who followed the staff. In the meantime, the victory was won. In the evening the question was mooted, what would take place if the French were to attack again on the morrow? Count Roon was lamenting the valuable lives that had been lost already. Moltke, in his icy manner, merely replied, "If the French attack again to-morrow, there will be another battle, that's all." Beneath the self-contained manner of this man there were nerves of steel and a daring compared to which the dash of the cavalry leader is, after all, but poor stuff.

Essentially conservative and proud by nature and training, it was a matter of comparative indifference to Moltke in what estimate his work was held by

* As a matter of fact, neither Napoleon nor Frederick the Great nor Moltke were exceptional mathematicians or chess players.

the world at large. Thus he allowed the myth of Königgrätz, which in a large measure was calculated to detract from his own share of work on that occasion, to obtain almost universal acceptance. Had he not himself laid down the dictum that it was not always for the interest of the world at large to know exactly how things had taken place, or rather, who was exactly responsible for them? But though personally indifferent as far as he himself was concerned, it was not a matter of indifference to him in which form historical events reached posterity. The historian must know the truth, at all hazards. Thus, nearly twenty years after the Battle of Königgrätz, he sat down and wrote an exact account of the origin and course of that momentous day expressly for the private information of a friend, who sent it of his own accord to Heinrich von Treitschke, the Prussian historian. It was not necessary to inform anybody that, owing to the bickerings of the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles, the Battle of Königgrätz might have been jeopardized; that, in fact, the Crown Prince *did* start later than prearranged; but somebody at least should know that the battle itself was not a haphazard chance which only the fortunate arrival of the Crown Prince had turned into a victory. It was part of Moltke's plan—of his most precise dispositions, carefully taken the previous evening in good time—that the Crown Prince should come. He was bound to put in an appearance, and that at a specified time, not earlier nor, if possible, later. He had received distinct orders from his superior in command to come, and he came as in duty bound—nothing more nor less. So certain was he to come, that several hours before the Crown Prince's arrival, when the king asked Moltke how things were going, the latter replied, "Your Majesty will gain to-day not only the battle, but also the campaign." "It could not have been otherwise," he added laconically, in writing with reference to the above episode many years afterward.

Similarly with regard to the question of personal responsibility on a broader scale. Moltke let public opinion retain

its own conception of facts until, just before the fall of the curtain, a short postscriptum to his history of the 1870 war revealed the startling fact that, from first to last, neither in the campaign of 1866 nor 1870-71 was there such a thing as a Council of War ever held! There were "listeners," but no "councillors"! This silent man with the eagle eye was responsible for all.

It is curious and, indeed, most significant, to find a critic noting it as a great hardship, that Moltke did not get *all* the credit for his work, like As if there was no higher aim in a great life than getting the full blaze of credit for our actions!—like some successful bagman—proprietor of a patent medicine—or charity-monger.

As is well known, this question of the council of war occupied a deal of public attention at one time. It is perhaps less generally known that Moltke was always a decided opponent of councils of war in any shape or form.

At the beginning of the "sixties" a description of the Franco-Austrian Campaign in Italy (1859), edited by the Prussian General-staff, but in reality written by Moltke himself, appeared in Berlin. In it it was sought to show that the disasters of the Austrians were principally caused by the fact that the Austrian General-in-Chief, Count Gyulai, was not allowed to act independently, but had to refer to a permanent council of war, sitting in Vienna. Moltke's ideal was that the Monarch himself should be the Commander-in-Chief and only take council with the chief of his staff, the right choice of whom, of course, must be the supreme crucial responsibility of the ruler. Therefore, it was always Moltke's endeavor, even in time of peace, to see that the General-staff was kept independent of the Ministry of War. In this he met, from time to time, with a deal of opposition from various quarters. Moltke had particularly the future in mind when he insisted on the undivided responsibility of one man. He feared that days would come for Germany in which a monarch, however naturally gifted, might at a given moment be more susceptible to outside

influences than was William the Victorious, and than would be consistent with benefit to the community, when indecision in the leader of an army might be fatal! Thus Moltke's decided conviction and expressed opinion on this matter, of the pernicious effects of councils of war, may well be taken to be a solemn legacy of warning, which he left to the military authorities of his country.

Moltke's injunctions possess an additional value for his countrymen, because of the faculty of prescience with which he was gifted in a remarkable degree. His letters abound in shrewd surmises with regard to the course events were destined to take. To cite but one instance of Moltke's remarkable foresight. On the 4th March, 1871, he wrote from Versailles :—

"The greatest danger now for every country lies, I suppose, in Socialism. The relations that are springing up with Austria I consider very good. Like Austria formerly, France will, of course, snort for revenge; but when she recovers her strength, she is more likely to turn against England than against the mighty Central Power that has been formed in Europe. England will then reap the fruits of her short-sighted policy."

"The truth, or if true, the fulfilment of the words of the last sentence remains to be seen; but there can already be no doubt about the application of the preceding ones; as also that not one man in a thousand would have shared his views in 1871, when they were expressed.* When everybody was thinking of France's revengeful hatred for Prussia, Moltke calmly foretold that she would be likely sooner or later to turn against England. Almost a fit subject for humorous banter at the time; but scarcely one for laughter now."

Many are the anecdotes—the quaint sayings—related of Moltke, most of them bearing the distinct stamp of his individuality. The following told to the writer by a witness has, as far as we know, never been in print. It was during one of the latter days of August, 1870. The whole German army had swung round and was marching toward Sedan, the echoes of its tread sounding the death-knell of French preponderance in Europe. A Prussian infantry regiment passed Moltke and

his staff on the high road. A casual incident may have led the General to exchange a few friendly words with some of the officers of the regiment; for one of them was bold enough to ask His Excellency how matters stood. "All goes well," he replied, not unpleasantly, in his laconic way; "the trap is shut and the mouse is inside." ("Die Klapp ist zu und die Maus ist drin.")

Moltke was an enthusiastic traveller, even in his old age, and always travelled in a plain dark suit and round felt hat, in which attire it was, as already suggested, very easy to mistake him for an old schoolmaster out for a holiday. On one occasion, being in a South German town, the news had leaked out that the great general had arrived. Sitting in the dining-room of an hotel, somebody addressed him, saying that he had heard that Moltke had arrived and that he wondered what he looked like. To which Moltke ingenuously replied, "What should he look like? why, like one of us."

Moltke's private life was marked by an austere, almost ascetic simplicity. The very bread at the table of the field-marshal was the same *commis-brod* eaten by the common soldier. A bottle of *vin ordinaire* did endless duty at table, it being quite an exceptional favor if a younger member of the family participated in a glass. In fact, long after the crowning mercies of 1870, which brought Moltke a handsome donation, the scale of living in his family was such that it was not an impossible contingency to rise hungry from dinner. Three hundred marks (£15) a month was all that was allowed for house-keeping purposes, even at Creisau, where the family gathering often consisted of eight to ten persons. And out of this sum the eggs, butter, and milk had to be paid for; for although they were furnished from the estate, yet they were charged for in the separate account kept of the farm produce. Having been a poor man the best part of his life—a fact, and its hardening effects on character Moltke touchingly refers to in his correspondence with his wife—when comparative affluence came, it found him too old to change him. What would doubtless have de-

generated into the vice of a miser in a smaller man was, however, redeemed in him by the capacity for rising occasionally above his penurious habit. He could be generous at times, as many of his relations have still grateful cause to remember.

One of those nearest to him, starting on a visit to Creisau, was once asked by a penniless relative to deliver a letter to the field-marshal, in which he was asked to give the writer a couple of hundred thalers. He did not quite like the job, knowing what it meant to ask Moltke for money. So on his arrival at Creisau, he thought it more straightforward to tell "Uncle Helmuth" (Moltke's Christian name and common appellation in the family) what it was all about before giving him the letter. Moltke took the letter in silence, read it, and merely said, "He shall have it."

But a trait of earlier years of grinding poverty is even more to his honor. He had earned sixty thalers (£9) by doing some translation, and sent the money to one of his poor relatives, deploring that it was all he had got and that he was only sorry he could not see any possibility of being able to make it a yearly allowance, as work was so hard to get. On another occasion, as is well known, he had agreed to translate the whole of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* for the sum of £80. When he had translated seven of the nine volumes the publisher failed and he got nothing.

These experiences, doubtless, contributed to sour his temper, which could at times, as already hinted, be irritable to a degree. Yes; for all his love of nature, music, painting, and literature, Moltke was hard, even when not intentionally so. Thus the task of living with him was one continual strain on the nervous system. It was like being gradually ground to powder. The fear that anybody should be favored in his career through being a connection of his was almost an *idée fixe*, a monomania, with him. In fact it was rather a hindrance (as far as lay with him) than an advantage to be able to claim kinship with the great strategist. Also, when he retired from active service, and the present Em-

peror bade him retain his nephew, Major von Moltke, as his personal aide-de-camp, it was some time before the crotchety old disciplinarian could get over his uncomfortable humor (and the luxury of showing it), caused by such gross favoritism.

In his country house at Creisau Moltke received the visits of his relatives, among whom were some lovely nieces with their children, who brightened up the house by their presence. The old widower delighted in their presence, for he could be gallant and attentive to a degree when in the humor. We have seen a photograph of Moltke in the centre of a group of his nephews and nieces and their children in the grounds of Creisau. They are all evidently taken in broad laughter, for the field-marshal is standing behind a cannon (one of those taken in '70, and given to him by the Emperor) wearing a lady's straw hat, and his face is quite a study of droll humor. Moltke always wore a wig, for he was perfectly bald. One day an intimate friend ventured to ask him why he wore such a very shabby one. "Ach Gott," he replied, "die hat ja 8 mark gekostet" (Remember it cost 8 mks.).

His great delight was gardening, and for hours together he was to be seen in an old straw hat and a gardener's holland suit handling the pruning-knife or the gardener's scissors. Once when on a visit to his brother-in-law, Major von Burt, at Blasewitz, near Dresden, the news had got about that the great strategist was staying there. A stranger, seeing one who seemed to be an old gardener in the grounds, asked him when would be the best chance of seeing Moltke. "Oh!" said the gardener, "about three o'clock." Whereupon the stranger gratefully gave his informant a mark. What was his surprise when, on returning in the afternoon, he saw the field-marshal—the old gardener of the forenoon—surrounded by his friends. Moltke held up his hand: "Ah! I have got your mark."

It was one of Moltke's peculiarities that he invariably chose to sit on the coachman's seat next to the coachman when driving about the country, or when fetching guests from the railway

station. Some will think it a proof of his hard nature, that he had little regard for horse-flesh, and used up his horses lavishly in driving, when he could never get from place to place quickly enough.

It is still in the memory of all how every honor was heaped on the old paladin during the latter years of his life, wondrously verifying the application of the words, "Semper felix, faustus, augustus." His ninetieth birthday called forth the panegyrics of the whole civilized world, the journalistic testimonies of which were collected at the time and bound in two huge volumes.

The last time the writer saw Moltke

he was lying in state; officers of all denominations—mostly men of huge stature, as if chosen for their untainted descent by a hundred generations from the giants of the German primeval forests—stood with drawn swords guarding the bier. The finely-chiselled head, without a vestige of hair, the aquiline nose standing out abnormally prominent against the sunken face—the cruelly hard lips closed like a chasm to all eternity—not unlike a Roman Cæsar's head in death. Clad in a plain cotton shirt, his arms crossed in front of him, his hands holding violets and laurel, there he lay in peace.—*Fortnightly Review*.

SULTAN ABD-UL-HAMID.

BY AN EASTERN RESIDENT.

LIKE the Pope at Rome, the Sultan is a self-constituted prisoner in his palace. Like Alexander III. he is in constant fear of assassination. There is something pathetic in his appearance once a week, when he visits the mosque at the gate of his palace, to keep up the tradition that the Caliph must be personally accessible to all true believers. There must always be a thrill of sympathy in the hearts of the spectators when this pale, careworn man suddenly appears, guarded by thousands of soldiers, solitary and friendless in the midst of a brilliant retinue—the successor of proud monarchs—at whose very name the world trembled, but the occupant of a crumbling throne for whose defence he trusts no one but himself.

A better acquaintance with him strengthens rather than weakens the feeling of sympathy. He has never failed to win the heart of any European who has been admitted to any degree of intimacy with him. All find in him noble and attractive qualities which they cannot but admire. If we compare him with previous Sultans there is not one during the present century, unless it be his grandfather Mahmoud II., whom he does not surpass intellectually and morally. If we

compare him with those of the last half of the last century, the contrast is so great that it is hardly possible to realize that he is of the same stock. Except in religion he is much more a European than an Asiatic.

He is no more of an Oriental despot than was the late Czar, and many of the fine qualities discovered in the Czar since his death are equally characteristic of the Sultan. In personal ability I should say that the Sultan was his superior. They came to the throne under very similar circumstances and adopted essentially the same policy. They both carried it out successfully, but the task of the Czar was easy in comparison with that of the Sultan, who was almost immediately involved in a war with Russia, and saw his Empire dismembered before he could carry out his plans. Alexander II. was assassinated just at the time when liberal ideas seemed to have gained the ascendancy, and his son, who had become the heir through the death of his brother, crushed out this Liberalism with an iron hand and made himself as absolute as Peter the Great. Abd-ul-Aziz was assassinated by conspirators who undertook to give Turkey a constitutional government, and the present Sultan came to the

throne through the insanity and deposition of his brother Murad. With no experience or training to fit him to govern, with little education or knowledge of the world, he seemed destined to be a tool in the hands of Mithad Pasha. With Russian armies camped at the gates of Constantinople there seemed to be little hope of any revival of the Turkish power. But with the help of England he first rid himself of the Russians and then, in spite of England and all Europe, rid himself of the conspirators who had put him on the throne and established a government as personal and despotic as that of Alexander III. Whether this policy was a sure one or not it required a man of distinguished ability to carry it into execution.

It is also as true of the Sultan as it was of the Czar, that this policy was not adopted through personal ambition or the love of power, but from a sense of duty to religion and country. We cannot eulogize the one and condemn the other. So far as we can judge, the Sultan is a sincere and honest Mohammedan, and regards himself as a true Caliph—a successor of the Prophet—the chief defender of the faith, under God the absolute arbiter of its destinies. He has undoubtedly done his best to reconcile the interests of the Caliphate with those of the Empire.

In short, he is an honest, able man, overworked and oppressed by the task which he has undertaken, of kindly spirit, keenly sensitive to criticism, distrustful of all around him, in constant fear of assassination, with a keen sense of the dangers by which his Empire is surrounded; naturally disinclined to commit himself on any important political question, but yet possessed of considerable moral courage and self-confidence.

It is probably impossible for any Christian or European to criticise the policy of his reign in a way which would seem to him just or accurate. We cannot look at things from the standpoint of a Caliph, but it is not so difficult to understand what its influence is likely to be upon the fate of the Empire. As a national policy we may discuss it as freely as we do that of the Czar.

In one particular it is condemned by most enlightened Mohammedans as strongly as by Christians. His attempt to concentrate the whole administration of the Empire in his own hands has led to the establishment of a dual Government, that of the Palace and the Porte. The whole machinery of government exists at the Porte. There are Ministers and fully organized departments. There is a Council of Ministers and a Council of State. All business is supposed to pass through their hands, and the whole administration is supposed to be subordinate to them. All is, of course, subject to the supreme will of the Sultan, but his official advisers and his official agents are at the Porte.

In fact, however, there is another Government at the Palace of Yildiz, more powerful than the official Government, made up of chamberlains, moolahs, eunuchs, astrologers, and non-descripts, and supported by the secret police. The general policy of the Empire is determined by this Government, and the most important questions of State are often treated and decided, while the highest officials of the Porte are left in absolute ignorance of what is going on. It is needless to add that the Porte and the Palace are at sword's point, and block each other's movements as far as they can.

The Sultan evidently believes that he is equally independent of both these Governments, and decides all questions, great and small, for himself. In form he does so, but no man can act independently of all his sources of information, and of the personal influence of his *entourage*. Under the present system he makes himself responsible for every blunder and every iniquity committed in the Empire, but he has disgraced three distinguished Grand Viziers for telling him so, and seems to have no idea of the causes of the intense dissatisfaction with his Government which prevails among his Mohammedan subjects. If he could emancipate himself from the harpies of the Palace and abolish his secret police, this discontent would disappear at once. It is this dual Government with the practical supremacy of the irresponsible officials of the Palace and

the terror of the secret police which constitutes the only real danger to his throne. If we have another revolution here this will be the cause of it.

There is another evil connected with this system which may lead to serious difficulties with foreign Powers. All foreign relations are supposed to be managed through the Minister of Foreign Affairs or the Grand Vizier, but these officials have no power and but little influence. They can promise nothing and do nothing. The Sultan is not easily accessible and can seldom be reached effectively, except through some of the officials of the Palace, and they are moved only by money. Many are regularly in the pay of foreign Powers, but for anything of special importance large sums are demanded for distribution among the officials. I know one case where £100,000 was demanded, and the Chamberlain had the impudence to assure the broker that one-half of it would go to the Sultan himself, which was no doubt a slander. But these Palace officials have many of them become enormously rich within a few years through such transactions.

It is not simply the corruption growing out of this system which involves the country in danger. Grand Viziers and Ministers of Foreign Affairs have also been bribed; but in all delicate diplomatic questions it is essential to treat with responsible agents, and to discuss them with such agents in a way in which it is impossible to treat with the Sovereign himself. This is as true in countries like Russia and Turkey as it is in England.

The present system has been a serious injury to Turkey. It has roused the hostility of all the Embassies and led them to feel and report to their Governments, that there is no use in trying to do anything to save this Empire; that it is hopelessly corrupt, and the sooner it comes to an end the better for the world.

Another point on which enlightened Mohammedans are generally agreed in condemning the policy of the Sultan is in the administration of the army and navy. It is apparent to all the world that the navy has been allowed to go to decay.

While Russia has been building a

magnificent fleet in the Black Sea, Turkey has not even kept up the fleet built by Abd-ul-Aziz. The old iron-clads which cost so dear, but which held the Black Sea in the last war, have lain at their anchors ever since in the Golden Horn. Turkey has ceased to be a sea Power. She still has an army, and it is said that, if furnished with money, she could in a few months put 400,000 men in the field; but Turkish critics claim that this army is not much better than the fleet; that its officers are named by Palace favorites; that there have been no general manoeuvres for many years, and that there has been no drilling in the use of the new arms which have been bought, and that in case of war the troops would be at every disadvantage in comparison with those of Russia. The Sultan has taken special interest in organizing the Koords into "Hamidic Cavalry," but these regiments will add nothing to the strength of the army in case of war, and they are a curse to the country in time of peace. Another curious criticism comes from Turkish sources. They say that the garrison of Constantinople has been pampered and petted to such an extent by the Sultan that it has lost its discipline. I am not a soldier, and cannot pretend to judge of the nature of the criticisms upon the army, but some of them are confirmed by facts manifest to all the world.

The Turks, as well as the Christians, also condemn the laws restricting personal freedom, which have increased in severity every year. In many ways these laws are more galling to the Turks than the Christians. Abd-ul-Hamid inaugurated his reign by proclaiming a Constitution and establishing a Parliament. These were greatly ridiculed abroad, but they were popular here, and the Turkish Parliament was an astonishing success. Mohammedanism is a democratic religion, and the Turks took to the work of discussing their grievances with even more zest than the Christians. This was especially true of the Arab members. The lower house was a unique assembly, and Achmet Vetrik Pasha was a unique presiding officer. The speeches and the discipline were decidedly Ori-

ental, but it was a success, and, had it not been abolished, it might have revolutionized the government of the Empire. For this very reason it was abolished, and the Sultan, having rid himself in various ways of all those in sympathy with it, gradually built up the present system of universal repression of all freedom of speech and thought. This is secured by a system of espionage by the omnipresent secret police, and a censorship the absurdities of which are beyond imagination. This police system seems to have been modelled after the famous "Third Section" in Russia. It spares no one, from the Grand Vizier down. Nothing is too insignificant to escape its notice. It searches the letters in the post. It reads every telegram. It notes every word spoken. It fills every place with spies; and men are exiled, imprisoned, or disappear without any trial.

The censorship excludes from the Empire every book which refers directly or indirectly to Mohammedanism, or to the Turkish Government, as well as all other books which the censor may consider dangerous. Nothing can be printed in the Empire without his approval. Books are seized and newspapers suppressed even after they have had the censor's approval. A paper was suspended for a week in Constantinople not long ago for publishing the statement that the King of Korea changed his Ministers as often as he changed his wives—this being regarded as a covert attack on polygamy. Certain words—hundreds of them—are forbidden altogether, such as dynamite, assassination, anarchy, all astronomical terms which might apply figuratively to the Star (Yildiz) Palace in which the Sultan lives, all words which might be construed to imply the truth of anything religious or political of which the Sultan does not approve.

These laws apply to Turks and Christians alike.

But beyond this every effort is made to restrict the rights of Christians as such. It is extremely difficult to obtain permission to build a church. All the influence of Protestant Europe has thus far failed to induce the Govern-

ment to permit the erection of a Protestant church in Stamboul. Christian schools are also hindered and hampered in every possible way. And of late Christian religious books—made for the exclusive use of Christians—have been suppressed by the censor if they contain any Christian doctrine which implies the falsity of Mohammedanism.

This general policy of repression probably accounts for the special policy which the Sultan has adopted in regard to the Armenians, a policy which cannot fail to result, sooner or later, in the further dismemberment of the Empire by Russia. It is a simple unvarnished fact that unless Russia does occupy Armenia the Christian population will be exterminated. No other Power can save them; and when England understands the alternative she will applaud rather than resist the advance of Russia, as she did after the massacres in Bulgaria. The terrible massacre of Armenians at Sassoun, near Moosh, in August last, by the Turkish troops, with its accompanying horrors, was not an isolated event. It is not often that four thousand people are slaughtered at once; but the process of gradual extermination has been going on for years, with exactly similar scenes repeated on a smaller scale from week to week. The organization of the Koords into "Hamidic regiments," under the special patronage of the Sultan, has legalized these raids and accelerated the work of extermination.

In Asia Minor the Sultan has had some excuse for the persecution of the Armenians, in the establishment of revolutionary committees; but even there and in Constantinople he has acted on the principle that all the Armenians are natural enemies to be crushed by force, instead of peaceful and loyal subjects, which they certainly were fifteen years ago. No Armenian, however loyal, has been safe from plunder and imprisonment, and, although on two occasions the Sultan has seemed to relent, and has released a very large number of innocent men from prison, the general policy of repression has not been permanently changed.

As all this restriction of the rights of Christians in general and this persecution of the Armenians is in defiance of solemn promises and treaties, it has alienated whatever friends Turkey may have had in Europe, and, however it may appear from the standpoint of a Caliph, it can only end in the ruin of the Sultan. He trusts to the fact that no concerted action on the part of the Great Powers is possible so long as Europe is divided into two hostile camps and England is isolated. But this will not prevent Russia from acting alone, as she has done before, and, as Russia now commands the Black Sea, Turkey could make but a feeble defence. There are statesmen in Turkey who understand this very well, but they are not at the Palace.

The policy of the Sultan in regard to Egypt is also open to criticism from whatever standpoint it may be considered. It has been hostile to England from the first. In the abstract, it is reasonable for the Sultan to oppose the occupation of any part of his Empire by a foreign Power; but when we come to concrete facts, we find that the original occupation of Egypt, and all the subsequent humiliations of the Sultan, grew out of his own mistaken policy, and especially out of his hostility to England or his distrust of her sincerity. There can be no doubt that he secretly supported and encouraged Arabi Pasha, and hoped that this movement would lead to a great Pan-Islamic revival and the overthrow of Christian power in Asia and Africa. His agents stirred up the fanaticism in Egypt and Syria which threatened a general massacre of the Christians and made necessary the armed intervention of England. His faith as Caliph got the better of his discretion as Sultan.

And again when Lord Dufferin used all his skill to induce him to unite with England in a joint occupation, he listened to the advice of his enemies rather than his friends, and rejected a plan which would have saved his honor and given him a new hold on Egypt. If he had followed the advice given him at the time by one of his best friends, he would have put England in a very awkward dilemma. He was advised to accept Lord Dufferin's propositions,

and then go to *Egypt himself* with his troops. This would have been an assertion of his sovereignty which would have increased his *prestige* in the Mohammedan world enormously, and would at least have forced the hand of England.

But he has contented himself with simply intriguing with France and with the discontented in Egypt to make the position of England as uncomfortable as possible—unable to see that whatever may be the final settlement of the Egyptian question his power there has come to an end, that he has nothing to gain but everything to lose by treating England as an enemy. England is really the only country from which he gets honest and disinterested advice, the only country that manifests an active interest in the good government and prosperity of Turkey. There are other Powers as deeply interested in the fate of the Empire as England, but they seem to have given up all hope of saving it, and they content themselves with defending and advancing their private interests, leaving the Empire to go to ruin as it may. There is no longer any concerted action of Europe at Constantinople for the improvement of the condition of the people.

There is little to be said in defence of the policy of the Sultan on any of the points which have been mentioned. It can be explained on the ground of his isolation and the ignorance and corruption of his *entourage*, but it has been none the less fatal to the best interests of Turkey. This is all the more unfortunate since it is evident that under more happy circumstances he might have saved his Empire instead of ruining it. In certain directions, when he has evidently acted on his own initiative, he has attempted and to some extent accomplished great things, and proved himself a wise as well as a generous Sovereign.

He has restored the financial credit of the Empire. When he came to the throne the country was bankrupt. The interest on the debt was no longer paid, and the Treasury was paying as much as 40 per cent. interest on small local advances. A costly war followed and some of the richest provinces in

the Empire were lost. But he recognized his obligations, settled with his creditors, and agreed to an arrangement which must have been more galling to his pride than accepting the Treaty of San Stefano. He agreed to the establishment of a foreign control over a portion of the revenues and the whole administration of the Public Debt. He has supported it loyally and made it a success. He found the vast domains and properties belonging to the Crown in the hands of officials who wasted and plundered them, and he had the moral courage to appoint an honest Christian to be Minister of this Department and to support him in cleansing it and reducing it to order. He tried to do as much with the Ministry of Finance, but failed; and the corruption of the general administration is as great as it ever was, forming a striking contrast to that of the Public Debt, which is managed by foreigners. The taxes are excessive. There is endless oppression and corruption in the collection of them, and the whole administration is rotten to the core. There is no help for it under such a Government as this. It is but little better in Russia.

Still the Sultan has fully appreciated the necessity of maintaining the credit of the Empire, and in spite of all this corruption he has been successful. The credit of Turkey in Europe has steadily improved, and will continue to do so as long as he supports the foreign administration of the Public Debt. There is little chance of his extending its powers, but it can hardly be repudiated except in case of war, when there would be a fair excuse for confiscating its revenues.

The Sultan has also shown his wisdom in the efforts that he has made to improve the roads and develop the industry of the country. The initiative has been taken in many cases by the Public Debt Commission, but the work has been done with his approval, and he has also established model farms and schools of agriculture and the arts. He has encouraged the investment of foreign capital in the building of railways, as well as in mining and manufacturing. This is all the more remarkable from the fact that he dreads

nothing so much as the increase of foreign influence in the Empire.

If the orders of the Sultan had been honestly executed we should have good roads everywhere in the interior of the country, although he has totally forgotten the vicinity of the capital, probably because he never drives out himself. The roads exist on paper, and in many cases have been well made by competent engineers; but even these, when once made, are utterly neglected, and soon go to ruin. In some cases the roads are made with no bridges, in others there are bridges with no roads; but, after all, the means of communication have wonderfully improved under Sultan Hamid. That they are not what he has ordered and paid for is his misfortune and not his fault. The railways are built by foreign companies, with concessions which make the Government responsible for the payment of interest, and they are extending quite as rapidly as these demands can be met by the revenues of the State.

The efforts of the Sultan have not been fruitless. There has been real progress during his reign in the development of agriculture and commerce. The amount of land under cultivation is much greater than it was twenty years ago, and there has been a decided increase in both exports and imports.

The Sultan has also devoted all his energies to the improvement of the sanitary condition of the Empire, the erection of hospitals, the organization of a competent medical service, and the relief of suffering. For the accomplishment of these ends he has been lavish in his expenditure of money, he has sought advice from the highest authorities in Europe, and interested himself in every discovery of modern science, with a purpose that his people should lack nothing possessed by any other nation.

The ignorance and stupidity of most of his agents and his own inexperience in such matters have led to much that was absurd and ridiculous and to some results positively evil; but this is not his fault. He deserves the highest praise. It is a new thing in the world to see a Turkish Sultan attempting to cleanse his Empire from filth and dis-

ease, and rivalling the most advanced countries in the world in his efforts to care for the health of his people. No doubt he has been moved to this in some measure by his natural kindness of heart and sympathy with suffering, which he manifests so often in his gifts to the unfortunate, not only in Turkey, but in other parts of the world, as when he sent £300 to the sufferers by the great forest fires in America. But this is something more than simple philanthropy. It is the far-seeing genius of the statesman, and of a statesman in sympathy with the advanced ideas of the age. We may laugh at the absurdities and incongruities in the execution of his orders. We cannot help it when we see a box of soiled clothes disinfected by squirting a weak solution of carbolic acid over the closed lid; or when we see a circle of chloride of lime put around a man dying of cholera in the street lest the microbes should crawl out and attack the surrounding spectators. But all the same we cannot but admire the wisdom of a Sultan who puts aside the prejudices of his religion and the habits of his race to care for the sanitary condition of his subjects.

In still another respect the Sultan has risen above the traditions of his family and race, and manifested his appreciation of Western civilization. He has done more for the education of his people than all the Sultans who have gone before him. It is true that he does not favor Christian schools, and has devised many new regulations to restrict their influence. Perhaps he feels as one of his Ministers did some years ago when he replied to a protest against the closing of a Christian school, that the Christians were already far ahead of the Mohammedans and must wait until the Turks caught up with them.

But as far as Mohammedan schools are concerned we live in a new era. The Sultan believes in education as a mighty power for the uplifting of his people. He has not only filled Constantinople with schools of every kind known in European capitals, but he has established a regular system of schools throughout the Empire, and all real estate is taxed to support them.

This work was undertaken immediately after the last war, and apparently the Sultan was led to realize the importance of it from what he had learned of the influence of education upon the Bulgarians. But whatever may have first turned his attention to this subject, his interest in it has steadily increased, and the work has been pushed on with unflagging zeal. He was undaunted by the fact that he had neither teachers nor text-books. Buildings were erected, students were collected, teachers were appointed, and the schools opened. Probably such schools have never been seen before, but in the reign of universal ignorance there was no one to ridicule them. It was a beginning, and great progress has been made since, in supplying text-books and improving the teachers. Most of the schools are still of a very inferior order, but their influence is already felt in the country. Whether their influence will be altogether in favor of such a government as that of Abd-ul-Hamid remains to be seen. I doubt it very much.

In many respects the foreign policy of the Sultan has also been mostly of high praise. His distrust of England has been unfortunate, but not unnatural, and aside from this he has managed to keep on the best of terms with all other nations, without committing himself to any of them, since the Congress of Berlin. In the most important crisis of his reign—at the time of the revolution in Eastern Roumelia—he followed the advice of England in opposition to all the other Powers, and refused to send troops into the province. His whole attitude toward Bulgaria has been that of a wise statesman. He has several times dared to offend Russia to support and aid the Bulgarians, accepting them as his natural allies, although they were so little time ago his rebellious subjects.

He has kept clear of all entangling alliances, resisting with equal firmness the advances of his friends of the Triple Alliance and the pressure of his enemies—Russia and France. If war comes he will be free to make his own terms, and will probably follow the lead of England. He has known when to be firm and when to yield to press-

ure. His chief blunder has been already mentioned. He has made his relations with the Embassies difficult by taking away all authority from his own Foreign Minister.

If Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid would come out of his palace, restore to the Porte its full responsibility, disband his secret police, trust his Mohammedan subjects, and do simple justice to the Christians, his life would be far more secure than it is to-day, with all his

precautions; his people and all the world would recognize the great and noble qualities which they now ignore, and welcome him as the wisest and best of all the Sultans.

The sad pity of it is that he will never do it. It is too late. The influence of the Palace favorites is too strong. He will appear in history not as the Sultan who saved the Empire, but as the one who might have saved it and did not.—*Contemporary Review*.

ETHICAL TENDENCY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY.

BY THOMAS BRADFIELD.

BAUDELAIRE'S assertions that "Le but de la poésie est de répandre la lumière parmi les hommes," and that "Le principe de la poésie est strictement et simplement l'aspiration humaine vers une Beauté supérieure" apply with singular nicety to the verse of Matthew Arnold. The aim of this gifted writer was, in his own unwearyingly repeated words, to diffuse sweetness and light among men. This was his conception of culture, or, as he himself expands the term, "a study of harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present." If this is the pervading inspiration of his prose work, in a far higher sense is it that of his poetical; and as he himself says, that in making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, "culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry." As a poet Matthew Arnold illustrates by a clear, delicate, penetrating insight, and by graces of language, rare and inexhaustible, the truth upon which he insists with such unfailing freshness and charm as a prose writer. It is as a poet that his refined and cultured genius reaches its highest point of development; as a poet that his noble individuality evidences itself most attractively in verse the excellence of which is of far-reaching and abiding impressiveness; and it is as a poet that his influence promises to be of a profoundly deepening character.

The peculiar feature of Matthew Ar-

nold's verse may not have received such cordial recognition as that of other singers who have dealt with more pleasing or popular subjects; or it may be that his intellectual refinement and limited interest in the more practical complexities of modern life have drawn a line between him and readers who require a robust, a more stimulating vein of thought behind language of which beauty and delicacy of expression are often the most attractive, in some instances, although rarely, the only recommendation. But still the poet who attempts to elucidate so many deeply interesting problems of heart and mind, who evinces such a profound sympathy with Nature, such minute, attentive observation of her charms, and such rare artistic skill in presenting and describing these; a poet who has such subtle command over language in its most musical expression, and whose insight enables him to appreciate something more than what is passing before the eye, as when he exclaims:

"But often in the world's most crowded streets,
But often in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life;
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us—to know
Whence our lives come and where they go,"

should be able to impart some lesson of practical importance to the struggling,

wrestling minds of an eager, busy, inquiring age.

One of the stereotyped criticisms upon Robert Browning as a poet used to be his lack of feeling for poetic form—that his inspiration was not adequately or fitly represented through the measures in which his wonderful range and depth and susceptibility of soul struggled for expression. If, on the other hand, from among the poets of the century we had to select one whose aim was an art of expression adequate to the thought to be expressed; who sought for decision in his conception as a whole and careful finish of detail, our choice would unreservedly distinguish such a thoughtful and cultured artist as Matthew Arnold. Although the poet of *Merope* or *Switzerland* may not display the consummate mastery over some of the metres in which Tennyson or Swinburne or Morris has attained illustrious success, so as in some instances to be for music of rhythm and sustained splendor of glowing and expressive language unapproachable, yet in finish, grace, and mellifluousness of the manifold powers of choice and lovely verse the accomplished Oxford poet reaches to lofty and diverse excellence. Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* is, indeed, a nobler work than *Merope*, the verse easier, richer, and more harmonious, but Mr. Swinburne has given us scarcely anything so pure, so simple, so tender, so exquisitely bewitching as *Tristram and Iseult*. In the narrative parts, which recall occasionally Mr. Morris, the heroic rhymed couplet has an easy flow and magical musical charm unsurpassed by any of the poems of *The Earthly Paradise* in the same metre. No one would claim for Matthew Arnold any comparison in mastery over every form of sweetness and strength and suppleness of narrative blank verse possessed by the late Laureate; nor would any one venture to dispute Tennyson's supremacy in that elegiac verse which he has made immortal in connection with his revered and poignant sorrow. Yet there are some forms of verse—elegiac verse in particular—in which Matthew Arnold has expressed himself with a finished grace and refined delicacy which

it would be difficult to surpass. *The Scholar-Gipsy*, *Thyrsis*, and *Westminster Abbey* are noble instances of this, in the more stately loveliness of the verse; while *Memorial Verses*, *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse*, and the two fine poems with regard to the author of *Obermann*, are unique as regards the special suitability of their verse for the solemn and inspiring tenderness of the thoughts unfolded. Before leaving consideration of the measures in which Matthew Arnold's imaginative conceptions are expressed, and as further instances of the variety and originality of his metrical powers, we must not omit to mention those recitative pieces which appear to us most admirable—*The Strayed Reveller*, *The Youth of Nature*, *The Youth of Man*, *Rugby Chapel*, and *Heine's Grave*, although after reading these it is always a delight to come back to more definite and happier examples of his skill in versification, such as some of the lyrics of *Switzerland*, or *The Buried Life*, or *Thyrsis*, or the supremely beautiful bursts of song in *Empedocles on Etna*.

In order to clearly appreciate the peculiar characteristic note of the poet's verse, it may be well to briefly recall the principal intellectual influences dominant at the commencement of his career. It is proof of how thrilling and penetrating was one feature of the æsthetical tendency of that time, that upon a mind trained in a severely classical routine of studies its effect was so fruitful and abiding. The impulse of poetical inspiration which arose with the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798 had borne on the tide of its increasing strength a stately succession of gifted spirits and had been illustrated by the dreamy witchery of Coleridge's fascinating visions, by the powerful and passionate reverberating notes of Byron, of whom Matthew Arnold himself says:

"He taught us little: but our soul
Had felt him, like the thunder's roll";

by the exquisite and pervading inspiration of Keats; by the daringly aspiring and ethereally glowing conceptions of Shelley; and the more profound and impressive meditative genius of Words-

worth. If to these, from another direction, we add the absorbing and vitalizing influence of the great teacher who looked

"on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power ;"

and said :

"The end is everywhere ;
Art still hath truth—take refuge there," *

we may form some appreciable conception of some of the spiritual forces which for over a quarter of a century had been at work, when, in 1848, Matthew Arnold, who was then twenty-six, put forth his first volume, *The Strayed Reveller and other Poems*, accompanied by the first letter of his name only ; and "A" was all with which he acknowledged his second effort, *Empedocles on Ætna and other Poems* (1853). In the following year he published, with his full name, a first and second series of poems, in which he included pieces that had appeared in the earlier volumes. In 1858, his fine tragedy in the Greek manner, *Merope*, was produced ; but not until after an interval of ten years was issued, in 1868, another notable volume called *New Poems*.

In addition to the influence of the poets of his own country, and of Goethe's writings upon Matthew Arnold's genius, there was another all-powerful mental and moral force stirring during his college-days, which left a distinct, not to say revolutionary effect, in his after thoughts. The Oxford Movement was the most noticeable religious outcome of the Liberalism of the century ; but it was in reality the scientific spirit of the age—so

* In connection with the lines descriptive of Goethe from which the above are taken we may point out a singular instance of the influence of a former poet over the thought and expression of the later singer. Surely Virgil's melodious lines :

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas
Atque metæ omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque acherontis
avari,"

were ringing in Matthew Arnold's ears when he wrote :

"And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror and insane distress
And headlong fate be happiness."

astutely seized upon and reflected in the works of Goethe—that was responsible for this, as well as for the more philosophic views spreading in the sphere of religion everywhere. To this larger field belonged the advanced thought which had already penetrated the Oxford poet's mind, mainly through his intercourse with German literature. A salient phase of religious feeling, as it affected a sensitive, cultivated mind in the first half of the century, is reflected in its most attractive aspect through his beautiful verse, refined and etherealized by contact with the spiritual side of his genius. It was, however, not his to mould or direct the passing impulse of the age, and give to it an enduring and universal meaning ; but this impulse became part of his intellectual heritage, and transfused itself into some of his subtlest and sweetest poems. A mightier intellect might have seized the threads of thoughts, irradiating the paths of his mental activity and, impressing them with a distinct individuality, have formed them into melodious world-utterance for all time ; but it would have required a "starry Galileo" of song to have thus divined the full meaning of these precursors of a new age of light.

But the spiritual awakening of his own mind is what concerns us now, and how this is reflected in his beautiful verse. Before referring to his poems in detail we may quote, as an instance of his deep love and reverence for the old, in the midst of cherished sympathies with the present and tender aspirations for the future, a noble passage in which the poet thus apostrophizes Oxford :

"Beautiful city ! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual light of our century, so serene ! . . . Spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side ?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic !"

It is well, perhaps, to have this picture of the stately city, from which the poet drew so much of his inspiration,

and the beautiful spirit of which he has so finely interpreted and enshrined in his verse—it is well to have this picture before our mind as we now turn to the fuller consideration of his poems.

Matthew Arnold's two most imposing conceptions after the model of ancient Greek drama, are *Merope* and *Empedocles on Etna*. In the former of these the poet's genius is not so distinctly perceptible as in the latter; and we are tempted to ask whether this arises from the circumstance that in *Empedocles* the poet has a character with regard to whom his mind has facile scope to exert all the intellectual play of its fancy. It is in passages which deal with problems which possess irresistible fascination for the author as well as for Empedocles that Matthew Arnold's powers are at their best, and exert themselves with most thrilling effect. In neither work, however, is there a vital dramatic vigor which stirs us to follow the characters with breathless interest; and in *Empedocles* the spiritual excitement would lead the mind in an opposite direction to that which closes the piece. *Merope* lacks conciseness as well as intensity; but *Empedocles* has an undying charm from the exquisite lyrical bursts which occur throughout.

Sohrab and Rustum and *Balder Dead* are poems of sustained power and distinctness of graphic description; the former, in particular, elaborated with rare skill and effective dramatic positions, although we could wish that the stirring human element belonging to the story had been more prominently displayed. The charm of the beautiful and stately verse is rich with a number of weighty and appropriate similes, but the poem receives its loftiest beauty from the pathetic relation between the two heroes who are fated to die each by the other's hand:

"On the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamero."

Balder Dead, eloquent and stirring as it is, with its admirably sustained flow of language and vigorous descriptive touches, would, however, gain by a more rapid and direct treatment in the earlier parts. The passage toward

the end, descriptive of the building of Balder's pyre, is one of rare force and distinctness. Of the longer poems there are two others which require a special word: in the instance of *The Sick King in Bokara* on account of its condensed force, defined clearness, and originality of conception; in that of *Tristram and Iseult* on account of its lovely presentment and equally lovely and musical verse. With regard to this latter, it is difficult to know which to admire the more—the exquisite melody of the descriptions of the hero and heroines in the first part of the poem, or the statelier music of the more impressive heroic measure of the third part, called *Iseult of Brittany*. But the poem throughout is full of grace, charm, and sweetness, and something, too, of a passionate regret, inseparable from the story and foreshadowed from the first, which mingles in the mind with its impression of distinct and ineffable loveliness.

Before passing to those poems which are most distinctly conspicuous on account of their ethical tendency, we must not omit to mention one or two beautiful representative instances of Matthew Arnold's early, thoughtful, scholarly work. Of these *The New Sirens* is perhaps the most attractive—a poem full of sinuous grace and ease in its tender melodious verse and classic antithesis of diction, with throughout touches of exquisite lingering sadness which enhance its beauty, like blue mists softening the summits of hills seen at a distance. In another style, yet full of impassioned thought and fancy, is the fine poem *Resignation*, which is marked by Matthew Arnold's peculiar vein of reflective melancholy, and in its concluding lines is instinct with a resigned spirit engendered by his contemplation of life. A more soothing, gladdening note seems to echo through another of these early poems, *Youth and Calm*, in which we are inspired with the buoyant reflection that

"The bliss youth dreams is one
For daylight, for the cheerful sun,
For feeling nerves and living breath—
Youth dreams a bliss on this side death.
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble sleep;

It hears a voice within it tell :
Quim's not life's crown, tho' calm is well."

Among those pieces arranged as *Lyric Poems* and *Elegiac Poems*, are to be found perhaps the highest and most enduring instances of Matthew Arnold's inspiration. For lovely descriptive passages and suggestive thought, touched with a tenderly reminiscent pathos like moonlight upon the ripple of summer waves, the beautiful series of lyrics called *Switzerland* stand out prominently, and if it cannot be conceded that the "first may be fairest" it will hardly be denied that "all are divine." In this poem Marguerite may be regarded as the embodiment of a sweet and fading delight; nothing can be more suggestive, delicate, or melancholy beautiful than the verses in which the poet embodies his regrets at parting and lifts his reflections into the higher regions of meditative poetry. There intervenes one of the most impressive and lovely instances of the poet's ethical tendency, where he exclaims in bidding farewell to the lake associated with Marguerite :

" And tho' we wear out life, alas !
 Distracted as a homeless wind,
 In beating where we must not pass
 In seeking what we shall not find.

" Yet we shall one day gain, life past,
 Clear prospect o'er our beings' whole ;
 Shall see ourselves, and learn at last
 Our true affinities of soul.

* * * * *

" Though these be lost, there will be yet
 A sympathy august and pure ;
 Ennobled by a vast regret,
 And by contrition seal'd thrice sure.

" And we whose ways were unlike here,
 May then more neighboring courses ply ;
 May to each other be brought near
 And greet across infinity."

Alas ! all Matthew Arnold's most spontaneous utterances seem lit with a negative glory, as it were, or, if one may venture upon the image, are full not of the light and promise of the spring, but of the subdued radiance, the mellow afterglow and deepening shadows of early autumn nights.

From *Switzerland* and *Faded Leaves*, especially those parts which are more distinctly reflective or descriptive than lyrical, we gain a clear insight into the poet's need and yearning for something

beyond his intercourse with Nature, or communion of heart with heart, for assistance and abiding satisfaction, in his struggles and aspirations. This is the longing that runs through all the sweetness of his lyric verse, never more exquisitely expressed than in the lines commencing :

" Come to me in my dreams, and then
 By day I shall be well again !
 For then the night will more than pay
 The hopeless longing of the day."

If we briefly trace this, we shall see that it first rises in the tenderly modulated strains of *The New Sirens*, like the fragrance of a flower lightly blown to us at dawn :

" ' Come,' you say, ' the soul is fainting,
 Till she search and learn her own ;
 And the wisdom of man's painting
 Leaves her riddle half unknown."

This early reference to " the hungry thought that must be fed " seems out of place in a burst of song which at first is like the carolling of a lark at morning ; but the note of the poem varies to one more suitable to the " sorrow-stricken day " when " the winged fleetness of immortal feet is gone." In *Switzerland*, as already referred to, the poet interweaves his restless yearning and discontent with a tender and lovely reminiscence of one whose fascination draws out the longing :

" How sweet, unreach'd by earthly jars,
 My sister ! to maintain with thee
 The hush among the shining stars,
 The calm upon the moonlit sea !"

In *Self-Deception* the restless feeling is again dominant, and in *Dover Beach* reaches a climax of tender but disappointing resignation :

" Ah ! love, let us be true
 To one another ! for the world which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain."

But vigor and buoyance come again to the poet as so wonderfully expressed at the close of *A Summer Night*, a poem which, like *The Buried Life*, is marvellously beautiful for the exquisite delicacy and insight of the touches which reveal the poet's inmost spirit. But it is a conviction which we feel is forced upon the thinker intellectually, not the free and spontaneous result of

a state of feeling; and belief is a state, not an act of mental effort. The poet here is adequate to the thinker, nay, surpasses him, and in the delicate union of thought and language, hides his diviner insight behind a veil of nebulous beauty:

"And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes."

It is when passing to those poems more accurately designated elegiac that a calmer, deeper, and more steadfast spirit becomes dominant; the poet's sensibility has not only grown inured, but something of the force of beneficence in creation seems to have penetrated into his music. In *Thyrsis*, *A Southern Night*, *Rugby Chapel*, and *Westminster Abbey*, the presence of a lofty regret mingles with his thoughts of the mystery of the hereafter, and while deepening the solemnity of the poet's vision, gathers to it a calm, transcendental power of etherealized hopefulness. It is etherealized hopefulness which fills the concluding lines of *Thyrsis*:

"Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear.
Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on! The light we sought is shining
still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the
hill,
Our scholar travels yet the loved hillside."

It is etherealized hopefulness that thrills through the question asked in *Rugby Chapel*, by his father's tomb, fifteen years after Dr. Arnold's death:

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarest thou now?
* * * * *
in some far shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live."

And etherealized hopefulness is the strong resilient note in the concluding verses of the elegy in memory of his friend, Dean Stanley:

"Ay me! 'Tis deaf that ear
Which joy'd my voice to hear;
Yet would I not disturb thee from thy tomb,
Thus sleeping in thine Abbey's friendly
shade,
And the rough waves of life for ever laid!
I would not break thy rest nor change thy
doom."

Even as my father, thou—
Even as that loved, that well-recorded friend—
Hast thy commission done; ye both may
now
Wait for the heaven to work, the let to end."

Inspired throughout as Matthew Arnold's reflective verse is with a melancholy tenderness of regret and longing, this does not incline us to sympathize with the mystic's definition of God as "an unutterable sigh." Some of his poems, no doubt, would at times suggest that religion had been to him little more than "a deep breath of relief;" but our sympathies turn from these toward others, such as *The New Sirens*, or the lovely lyrics of *Switzerland*, or those in which he sets before him the realization of an impossible earthly joy. For we discern in the incompleteness of the poet's aspiration the surest evidence of a tendency that makes for consolation and rest. In Matthew Arnold's work, however, we do not enter the serenest region of spiritual satisfaction—that region where the unsullied loveliness of the soul's conception is seen distinct from any intervening discord or suggestion of earth.

Everywhere, in his passages of exalted longing as in those of plaintive reminiscence, we are sensible that his spirit has been broken into, and how profoundly he feels that if he is to have a religious ideal at all the conception must be independent of intellectual opinions or the still lingeringly-cherished after-memories of a defined system.

Having thus indicated the leading vein of sadness and longing running through his lyric and elegiac verse we will now glance at the influences by which the poet seeks to counteract the regretful tendency of his thoughts. If we may indulge in metaphor we should say that one of the tenderly-subdued but profoundly-touching impressions of Matthew Arnold's more thoughtful poetry resembles that which fills the mind after beholding the secluded attractions of some woodland glade. This reference suggests his rare and sympathetic power of observing, and his exquisite grace and finish in describing the loveliness of the outward world. But there is also, in connection with these, another and more sig-

nificant feature—his peculiar insight into the influence of Nature upon the human spirit. So intrinsic a part is this of his poetical work, so profoundly does it enter into some of his finest descriptive verse, that we may linger a moment to point out its peculiar source and subtlety.

With the recollection that Wordsworth is the greatest poetic interpreter of Nature to our age, it would seem easy to dismiss Matthew Arnold's felicity of discernment by describing him as a disciple of that poet. But this would be hardly an adequate, and in one sense a misleading description. The younger poet is hardly a disciple of the elder as regards the essential gift of spiritualizing his conceptions of Nature, and drawing from intercourse with her loveliness the deeper consoling spirit of hopefulness and calm which is the unique boon vouchsafed to Wordsworth. Moreover, the force, vitality, and impressiveness of Wordsworth's conceptions of Nature lie in the simple fact that he *knew* the truth of what he held; he had faith in the influence of Nature as a spiritual inspiration. Wordsworth had no doubt; he believed in the expression of Nature to the human mind, as wearing, as he says of duty, "the Godhead's most benignant grace." This consideration appears to us of vital importance as regards the views taken of Nature by the two poets. Matthew Arnold, as Wordsworth, refers the mind to her for relief and consolation in the fever of conflicting doubts or in the loneliness of sorrow and disappointment; but, as has been pointed out, Wordsworth consciously brings to his theme "the spiritual forces which determine the lines of meditation." But can this be said of Matthew Arnold?

Is not his "fixed visionary purpose" rather to suffuse the truth he is intent upon elucidating with such a splendor of natural loveliness as to bestow upon it a more radiant meaning, as in the following distinct appeal:

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars and waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

"From the intense, clear star-sown vault of heaven,

Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
'Would thou be as these are? Live as they.'"

Or, again, in the passage at the end of *Obermann Once More*, where the poet glances at the glories of the scenery about him, and gives prominence to their attractions to heighten "the vague impulse" that is stirring within him. It is not "Sonchard's piny flanks," or "domed Velan with his snows," or the "Valais-depth profound" which breathe joy into his soul as daisy and daffodils breathed love into Wordsworth; but Matthew Arnold selects these as lovely and impressive accessories to his own emotions. One might almost say that the "use" he makes of Nature is, in a way, similar to that suggested by the words uttered to St. Brandan in his fine poem of that name:

"I stannch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain.
O Brandan! to this hour of rest
That Joppa leper's ease was pain."

None of his poems, perhaps, will better illustrate the difference of effect and treatment when, instead of the spirit of Nature being reflected in the poem, the outward charm only is utilized to grace a picture or to heighten a fancy, than *The Forsaken Merman*. To clearly apprehend the contrast between this use of natural loveliness and that of Wordsworth, it would seem only necessary to read after it the elder poet's lovely conception of the effect of Nature in moulding the human spirit as illustrated by his exquisite poem, *Lucy*.

Here, perhaps, before endeavoring to point out what we think Matthew Arnold's more explicit treatment of Nature, we should say that in our use of the expression we do not mean to limit our references solely to the outward world. A poetic interpretation of the wonders and loveliness of the earth without any relation to man would, to say the least, be one-sided and imperfect. Beyond the keenly observing eye and the mind sensitive to beauty, we must also include a spirit tenderly alive to what most deeply affects human life as necessary for a full appreciation of natural influences. Mr. Ruskin, in

one of his thoughtful passages, reminds us that "each great artist conveys to us not so much the scene as the impression of the scene on his own mind;" and reading Matthew Arnold's poetry after Wordsworth's seems to us to indicate clearly the difference between their respective impressions of Nature. Wordsworth spiritualized everything in the outward world; but the later poet does not attain this lofty position. His nearest approach is that of a lovely *intellectualized* representation; and that he did not possess the secret of the higher and sublimer conception is the spring of his most disappointing note. More is involved in this than may at first appear. It marks how his genius lay in a different plane; and suggests why in treating subjects of paramount interest, these are not touched with universality, that certain characteristic of the poet's genius which proceeds from what the Germans term his *Unendlichkeit*. The writings of some of the loftiest intellects—Sophocles, Shakespeare, Goethe, Wordsworth—have been concerned about the great questions, man's destiny and the mysteries of the unseen, references to which fill so large a space in Matthew Arnold's poems. But in the work of none of these great writers is the disquieted spirit of the artist thrust upon us, or allowed to overshadow his page. We are not consciousness, from what is before us, of the individual experience from which the wise and magnanimous treatment of the most intricate of human problems is derived. The influence of a personal, omnipresent Deity seems to pervade their work like the calm beneficent beauty of sunshine, imparting an epic largeness and clearness to their grand imaginings. But the inspiration of Matthew Arnold's verse is emotional and intellectual rather than spiritual; a "lyrical impulse" which reflects the soul's inquietude at being driven back upon itself and forced by mental convictions to relinquish what had once been so precious. Henceforth existence, instead of being a ripening of faith for sight, becomes for him a struggle through the shadows in the strength of love and resignation—at best, an enduring cheerfully, even

buoyantly, "the ills we have," with the help of a radiant conception of Nature and an exhilarated aspiration that there is a Beneficent Will at the heart of the universe. But if he has attained to something of Goethe's luminous view he has not reached Wordsworth's calm. There is still unrest; and in the desire of his spirit for some loftier conception that will satisfy its longing he seems to resemble—in his lyric utterances—one of Plato's men in the cave, and to stand hands tied, with his back to the light, while attempting to guess the meaning of shadows passing before his eyes. His longing to arrive at some meaning—some solution of the riddle—was intense; and although the intellectual clearness of his mind could never quite prevent our seeing the shade travelling over the disk of his thoughts, to adopt a fine image of De Quincey, yet in the light and glow of his poetical rapture, these at times become transmuted into a resigned gladness. There is, after all, something spiritually progressive in his vision when we regard this as the expression by a cultured fancy of truths which thoughtful minds had long recognized, but which had been too often left veiled in philosophic vagueness or leniency of decisive language. His meditative poems afford a curious and interesting study as reflecting a mind that has passed through a remarkable experience, that while it has freed itself from the tyranny of decrepit doctrines, still feels the influence of the old attractions, and is still flushed with a fascinating but melancholy light springing from the after-glow of faith.

As we have now seen, the lyrical inspiration of Matthew Arnold's verse is bound up with a thread of engrossing interest distinct from the imaginative impulse. That this interest enhances the beauty and wonder of the poems may not always appear evident; but as long as the human spirit has its intervals of yearning and struggle after truth, as well as its passionate awakenings from the validity of preconceived impressions, too long regarded as exceptionally sacred, its connection with the poet's lovely verse must possess an irresistible charm. A similar

instance of the spiritual influences of the age being reflected in enduring verse occurs in the late Laureate's larger treatment in *In Memoriam*, where some of the most pregnant thoughts of the century unfold themselves as naturally as the sap and vigor of a tree into the color of its bloom. After this reference to Tennyson's masterpiece it is only just to add that, although Matthew Arnold's elegiac verse does not possess the same immutable loveliness, it has yet a marble perfection of its own. But the essential difference lies in the treatment; while Matthew Arnold's falls short of the larger inspiration of Wordsworth's *Ode to Immortality*, Tennyson's is consciously derived from that great poem, and *In Memoriam* is instinct with a living faith.

It is this absence of a living faith or, as we may term it, a satisfying spiritual impulse, that constitutes the gravest insufficiency of Matthew Arnold's beautifully attuned verse. The loftiest idea which he constantly presses upon our mind is the conviction that earthly satisfaction cannot be the end of our aspirations. The stress, the storms, ay, the failures of existence, keep keen within us our thirst for the divine. The longing after the beauty within the veiled sanctuary may find some satisfaction in natural loveliness, but the "clear, calm vision of Hellenic eyes," for which Keats prayed, requires what will convince the head as well as the fancy. If his genius had possessed less intellectual sympathies, he might have contented himself with idealizing his imaginative conceptions, and interweaving with these the problems of man's nature and destiny. But the influence of his classic studies, and also the potency of the most pervading literary inspiration of the century, gave a philosophic independence to his turn of thought; and, under the glamour of Goethe's teaching, he was driven to exclaim that his faith was now "but a dead time's exploded dream." He has marked his position in lines which, though often quoted, may not inappropriately bear repetition here. In *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse* he describes himself as

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride—
I come to shed them at their side."

Again, after reading these fine but mournful lines, we exclaim: "If his poetry had only been animated by an invigorating, vitalizing tendency, sprung from a sterling integral faith, instead of this note of irretrievable sadness!" Of all his exquisite poems we can hardly remember one that is distinctly progressive and hopeful; that soars with the wings of an insight that would cleave its way through the pathless future without a pulse of hesitancy—without a thrill of spiritual doubt. When he abandons the moorings of the religious hope in which he had been educated, it is not, as in Shelley's instance, to become the teacher of a transcendently sublime faith in humanity; not, as in that of Keats, to substitute idealized devotion to beauty as his most intense conviction, and unite himself to truth by his rapture. Matthew Arnold's sympathy with Wordsworth, as we have suggested, hardly constitutes him a disciple of that poet in the sense that the master's teaching—in its purest, loftiest essential spirit, in its tranquil passion which never passes the extreme limit of art, and verges on pain, in its power of being able by the imagination to transfigure emotion into spiritual life, in its fervent renunciation, in its rapture of conscious communion with the highest—is his own. Notwithstanding the exalted feeling in which the later poet's verse reflecting Nature and Nature's influence is steeped, the calm which it evinces is intellectual rather than spiritual; its reassuring gladness springs from a mental rather than a religious source; its aspiration to rise through the natural to the divine, a wistful rather than a realized delight.

What, then, is the ethical tendency of Matthew Arnold's poetry? It is to sympathize with the human spirit in its feeling of regret and loneliness at the loss of a loved faith; it is to solace and strengthen it in its sorrow and depression; to assist it in its longing

after something certain and satisfying ; it is to aid it, by intercourse with the refining and ennobling influences of Nature, human as well as material, to derive strength for the trial that is passing, and hope and reassurance for the struggles in the future ; it is from a contemplation and understanding of the beauty and order of the universe to realize a conception that can satisfy as well as reassure :

" Calm soul of all things ! make it mine
To feel amid the city's jar
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar."

It is, further, to strengthen us in the conviction that the intuitions of the spirit which take us to Nature, as a source of the divine, by an inscrutable impulse carry us still further, and reveal to us, if not the mystery, at least the beneficent attributes of the mystery beyond.

But with this we reach the final conception of Matthew Arnold's insight—a finality which marks the limit of his charm and influence. For the thought arises that ordinary men require more assured stimulus for the struggle of active life than the poet's teaching affords—that practical workers are not satisfied with intangible mental conceptions, as scholars and thinkers, who find in themselves or in the thoughts and sympathies which belong to the lives and writings of others, an impulse and exhilaration. For busy men have little leisure or inclination for this kind of mental or moral sustenance. The clear, definite realization of a loving divine Power sustaining man in his labors here, guiding, consoling, inspiring him with the hope of the reward of all true, noble, and unwearied effort, if not here, at least hereafter, with the consciousness of possessing the deep, tender, unfailling sympathy of a Father's love in all our ways—these, men could ill afford to exchange for the mental subtleties or emotional refinements of a poet's exquisite verse.

But when we leave the ethical tendency of Matthew Arnold's poetry and return to purely literary consideration, what a delightful store of unfailling loveliness is afforded us :

" Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive tho' a happy place :"

and what a stream of glorious associations from the world of imagination as well as thought. In his descriptions of Nature, whose touch is more clear, exact, or delicate? His pictures, too, not without a music tenderly appropriate :

" He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

In his more sustained and impressive presentments, as in *Thyrsis*, how concise, vivid, imaginative, of which the reflective vein is instinct with sympathy and aspiration, and the subdued glow of an enthusiasm for immortal destinies. A great German critic reminds us that in every species of intellectual development there is a short period of complete bloom, and the conceptions which seem to belong to this period of Matthew Arnold's mind are *The Scholar-Gipsy* and *Thyrsis*—poems, or rather sculptures, wrought in every line with dignity, simplicity, grace, "whole and immutable in the marble of memory."

Dignity, simplicity, grace—these are the abiding charm of Matthew Arnold's best verse ; these are the distinctive marks alike of lyric and elegy, of dramatic and narrative pieces ; dignity, simplicity, grace, rising in some instances into rare imaginative power of description, or at others enthralling us by a refined tenderness and fancy ; dignity, simplicity, grace, in union at times with a thoughtful pathos and mellifluous sadness of regret, as in that sheaf of lovely lyrical poems entitled *Switzerland*. Dignity, simplicity, grace—these again unite in those lofty and inspiring bursts of song, which are marked by a profound sympathy with humanity in its longing for rest and immortality ; dignity, simplicity, grace—and if we should add another epithet to characterize a yet rarer merit, it would be one which should suggest the harmony between the poet's language and his thought, and that would be—adequacy.—*Westminster Review*.

STONY SINAI.

BY E. N. BUXTON.

"ABOUT noon we saw a beast standing on a mountain top looking down at us. When we saw it, we thought that it was a camel, but Calinus said that the beast was a rhinoceros or unicorn. It hath a horn set in the midst of its forehead, four feet long, and whatsoever it butts at, it runs him through and pounds him against the rocks. It is said by writers on natural history that they place a young virgin in his way, whereat he puts away from him all his fierceness, and lays down his head, and is held thus entranced until he be taken and slain."

Thus wrote that delightfully naïve observer, Father Felix Fabri, who visited Sinai 400 years ago. Modern pilgrims, who have followed in his footsteps with their eyes open, will at once recognize that the animal he saw was the "bedan," or Sinaitic ibex, which gazes down on passing caravans from the cliffs which tower above their route. He is seldom visible to them unless his shapely figure happens to be silhouetted on the sky-line. This wild goat inhabits the mountains on either side of the Red Sea and the steep gullies of Moab, and is the only representative of the deer or goat tribes in these regions.* Esau doubtless hunted it, and those few sportsmen who have followed his example will not be surprised that the uncertainties of the chase cost him his birthright.

In the spring of 1893 I had visited the granite ranges on the west of the Gulf of Suez, but, after a fortnight's quest, I returned without having once fired my rifle, though I captured alive an adult female ibex, perhaps a unique experience. The range of Sinai, on

* Unless we believe Diodorus the Sicilian, who wrote in the second century B.C., and perhaps took his traditions from a much earlier age. He describes many strange beasts as inhabiting the countries bordering on the Red Sea; e.g. sphinxes, which he says are "bred near to the Troglodytes, not unlike those which the limners draw, save that they differ in being rough. They are of a gentle nature, very docile, apt to learn anything presently that is taught to them."

the opposite side of the Gulf, is loftier than the peaks which face them, and therefore precipitates more moisture, and, where water gathers, there is food for man and beast. Here then, in January last, I hoped to retrieve my previous defeat, and to do my hunting in the company of men of an unfamiliar race. In travelling a new country and hunting a new beast it is part of the game to study the habits, not only of the animal, but also of the human animal. Sinai being isolated on two sides by dangerous coasts, and on the third by a desert, the thin thread of communication with their fellow-men has not disturbed the customs of these Amalekites since kings of the Third Dynasty sent expeditions from Egypt to delve for turquoise and copper, or when, many centuries later, another invading host, under one Moses, drove them from their wells.

The romance of camel-riding soon wears off, and, as a pastime, it is to be avoided whenever possible. To-escape the week's land journey to the great granite range which occupies the point of the Sinaitic peninsula we arranged to be lauded by a Khedivial steamer at the little fishing village of Tor, which lies opposite to the highest peaks. The coast of the Red Sea and Gulf of Suez is lined with coral reefs, and there are no harbors, except where some torrent course brings down at rare intervals such a weight of water as to force a channel through the outer barrier. Tor commands such a gap, but its harbor is hardly worthy of the name, and our steamer did not venture inside it. Even the fishing-boats, which took us off, could not reach the shore, and the last thirty yards of our voyage were accomplished on the shoulders of Arabs.

The score or so of houses are all built of coral, great masses of the radiating kind, with others like fossil sponges. Our dragoman, Joseph, who had arrived by land, awaited us on the little pier; but he had prudently removed his camp to a palm grove two miles off, to be out of the way of the village

russian. There is a Government official here, in whose house we drank a ceremonial cup of coffee, and a branch establishment of the convent of St. Katharine. With the monks who occupy the latter we also thought it prudent to establish friendly relations. Here, too, lives a patriarchal Greek merchant, who was anxious to do the honors of the place. He was disappointed to hear that I was not a Lord, but I told him that I was a brewer, which is the next thing to a Lord. He was glad of that, and was sure I should be a Lord the next time I came that way. We had no desire to remain at Tor, for the whole granite range from Serbal to Jebel et Thebt rose majestically like a ruined wall at a distance of fifteen miles, and we hoped to escape as soon as possible from the dismal plain, and invade its most secret recesses. Um Shomer was the most striking peak. The sacred summit dedicated to Abou Mousa was invisible, being hidden by the loftier Jebel Kattarina. At this distance the deep ravines which carve the granite into fantastic folds, before debouching on the plain, could not be distinguished. Of these one only, Wady Hebran, is easy for camels, and another, Wady Isleh, twenty miles to the south of it, is barely passable by them. The latter is rarely followed by travellers, but it contains the finest defiles, and is in a more direct line to the country which I desired to hunt. It was therefore by this staircase that I proposed to penetrate to the interior. On announcing my intention, I was at once met, as was to be expected, by the statement of the camel sheikh that it was impossible. Joseph pleased me by seconding my view, instead of backing the sluggard, as most dragomen do, and I insisted on adhering to the route chosen until insurmountable obstacles were reached, feeling tolerably confident that, at the critical point, a way would be either found or made. It must be admitted that loaded camels are nervous and clumsy on declivities which would scarcely puzzle a London cabhorse, and it is to the credit of the Bedawin that they take extreme care of their beasts, their only wealth. They have a saying that "A camel is

better than a wife," and though the animal has a phlegmatic temperament, it appears to reciprocate its master's affection. On one occasion I was nearly bucked off my beast because its owner had left its head to take the leading cord of a rival.

The palm grove where camp was pitched contains a sulphur spring, which first issued, according to the Arab tradition, at the command of Moses, to cure the Israelites suffering from disease. Throughout the Peninsula one finds the Arab beliefs inspired by the Mosaic story, and Abou Mousa is revered by Mohammedans as well as Christians.

Two miles further back lies the low sandstone range of Jebel Nagus, whence issue mysterious sounds. Here once stood a monastery—so runs the tale—established in this secret place by monks fleeing from persecution. The retreat was betrayed to their pursuers by a wandering Arab, who had received alms, but when the band of marauders sought to surprise it, the building had been miraculously enfolded in the mountain, and nothing remains but a vast slope of sand; but ever since the sound of the wooden gong, which the monks use, is heard at sunset summoning to vespers.

I should have been glad to reach the gates of the mountains that evening, and hastened off our long train of camels as soon as they could be loaded up; but it is always desirable to allow plenty of time to shake down at the first camp, so we halted early, in the middle of the plain. The sun set behind the fine cone of Jebel Gharib on the opposite side of the sea, and far to the south of it we recognized the faint outlines of the Porphyry Mountains and the Kittar range, on the slopes of which we had disported ourselves the previous year. Our camp looked pretty on the sandy plain, which glowed in the sunset, while the still waters of the Gulf reflected the slanting rays. Reddest of all were the stately buttresses of Um Shomer, "made for wild goats," we said to ourselves, as we closed our glasses with a snap at the summons to dinner. Anastasius, our cook, distinguished himself, and it was pleasant to watch him over his iron trough of char-

coal, blowing it up in one part to a hot glow with the wing of a chicken, and deftly moderating it at the other end with lumps of dead charcoal.

The plain of El Gaah, which separates the sea from the range, is a dreary strip, fifteen miles wide, waterless, and therefore lifeless. From it the mountains rise abruptly, and without a transition stage. In the morning, after four hours' march, we rode straight into the cavernous portals of Wadi Isleh. Once within its narrow walls shade and trickling water were quickly attained.

On a rock face at the opening of the valley we found Sinaitic inscriptions and archaic pictures chipped out, in a grotesque style, of camels and ibex, similar to some which I had observed on the Egyptian side of the Gulf. Here, too, we met a solitary and ragged Arab, who looked in keeping with the wildness of the spot. This was a hunter who had been sent for by our camel sheikh. His name is Sbhr. I do not know if this is the way he spells it, but it is pronounced like that. As we got very fond of Sbhr, I mention him where he entered our little stage.

That afternoon we climbed the sides of the gorge to look for "sign" of goats. What little there was was old, but there had been no rain here, and consequently the *hasheesh*, or herbs, had not begun to grow.

Our tents were pitched by groups of palms and groves of giant reeds with yellow stems. Palms are found in all the Sinaitic ravines where there is water, but that is by no means everywhere. In such torrent-swept gorges only those are able to hold their own whose roots are anchored in jutting rocks. The great smooth boulders by which they are surrounded add very much to the incomparable beauty of the groups, which have survived by their aid, and give them a wayward and natural grace which they want when planted on the plain. A tree still more remarkable for its holding power is the *tarfah*, or tamarisk, which we encountered in many places at a higher elevation. This is perhaps the most tenacious-rooted tree in Nature. The largest specimen which I saw grew in a narrow rocky gorge, where the

weight of the flood must be all but irresistible. Three or four stones, as large as tea-chests, were jammed among the forks of the branches, higher than the top of my head. These must have been whirled and wedged there by the force of the current.

The flat, gravelly bottom of the ravine was the road which we travelled the following morning. In places the rocky walls approached within six yards of one another, and, 200 feet overhead, were scarcely further apart. In such narrows, though the bed of the stream is ordinarily dry, the torrent had left its mark unmistakably, in polished edges, to a height of at least 150 feet. The tropical storms, or *Seils*, which occasionally burst on these mountains, run off the bare walls of rock as from the roof of a house, and where, as in this case, a large area is drained by a narrow trench, the flood pours down with amazing suddenness and power, and subsides with almost equal rapidity.

Further up the bottom was cumbered with boulders, and difficulties began. Progress was slow, for many times the heaviest loads had to be removed and carried over some granite shelf, while our sheikh stood on some commanding rock gesticulating his orders. When there is the slightest dampness on the rocks, the smooth pads of the camels' feet slip like india-rubber. The necklaces of cowrie shells and shirt-buttons, which they wore as an amulet against stumbling, did not always avail, for two or three of them fell and made the rocks echo with their protests. Camels have a shrewd eye for the weight of their loads, and expostulate freely if they think too much is being exacted from them. When M. opened her white umbrella her beast objected strongly. The first time she did it he stopped dead, turned his head round in her face, and roared. He evidently wished it to be understood that he could not possibly stand another package of that size; but finding that his complaints were not attended to, he satisfied his conscience by walking at the slowest pace which could be called any progress at all.

At three o'clock we stopped, as for several hours' farther there was no

other camping-place safe from a sudden invasion of water. This was annoying, as we had hoped to reach that night the foot of a mountain said to contain ibex. Camps have also, of course, to be chosen with some reference to the proximity of water, but it is not an essential condition; it was the business of the camel sheikh to see that our barrels were kept supplied, however far he had to send for it.

Leaving the ladies to make a short move of ten miles with the camp, we who designed to hunt started by moonlight the next morning, and reached our proposed beat by daylight. Here we left our riding camels and followed a ravine full of tamarisk, and, when that came to an end, struck straight up the side of the mountain. When the proper elevation had been reached, we turned along the side of the ridge, keeping a few hundred feet below the top of it. Soon we noticed ibex beds, little bare places where they had scratched away the stones before lying. Sbhr wore a confident air, and removed his sandals of fishes' skin, to walk more silently, and to get a better hold on the rocks. He said the wind was "kidy, kidy, ouf ouf," an opinion in which I concurred on this and many subsequent occasions. He tested it continually by throwing up handfuls of dust, the lighter portions of which floated as a little cloud. He also prayed fervently that the wind might keep steady. He showed his intelligence by quickly accustoming himself to use the opera-glass. But the telescope was beyond him. I was pleased to find that my Arabic, though limited, was sufficient. I made him understand that Celestin, my companion in many hunts, was a *Sayad* or hunter like himself, and must have time to use the glass. He himself, of course, relied mainly on his eyes, and presently showed that they served him well. Arrived at a corner, a fresh turn of the valley and wild chaos of rocks came into view. Sbhr's gaze became fixed, and he carefully shaded his eyes from the sun. Then he turned to me for the field-glass, adjusted it, looked again, gently withdrew, and held up one finger; then, behind the rock, he executed a triumphant caper. I soon had my glass on

a fine *Taytal*, or male ibex, lying on a large slab of granite in the full sunshine, like a sphinx on its pedestal, and presently made out part of the back of another.

I had now to diplomatize with Sbhr, and to explain to him how important it was that he and W., who had generously abandoned his rights in my favor, should remain there to watch while I made the approach with Celestin, in whom, of the two, I still had the greatest faith as a stalker. He covered himself with glory by submitting with a good grace. The ibex were nearly on a level with us, and about 500 yards off. We had to retreat and mount to the ridge so as to approach them from above. Arrived at the top, we again sighted them, but while we moved to a better place they had disappeared. For some time we sought in vain with the glass, and at length, in some humiliation, had to return to our companions. Sbhr wore a triumphant air, thinking we had given it up, and pointed to himself. The ibex were still visible from this point. We now made out four, and, for greater certainty, waited till they lay down, specially noting the position of the biggest. Then together we climbed once more to the top, and took a hasty lunch by way of steadying our nerves for the steep downward climb. When Celestin and I again started, Sbhr seized my hand and pointed to heaven, with great earnestness invoking the blessing of the good Allah upon our success. I thought this was nice of him. He also showed his zeal by pressing his skull cap upon Celestin, a privilege which the latter declined. Reclining with their heads over the edge, he and W. watched us from above. The rocks were good, and in twenty minutes we had made the descent. We reached the point from which, from above, it had seemed we should get a shot, but on arriving there we could not make them out. Once more we moved on: Celestin looked over, and beckoned me up. There was the big ram still lying in the same position. A small one standing close to him saw the movement of our heads and looked up, but without alarming the others.

The Sinaitic ibex is perhaps the

smallest of the wild-goat tribe. They are not only extremely difficult to see, but offer what seems a very inadequate mark. This one looked both far and small, though I dare say it was not more than a hundred yards away. I thought I had held straight, but at the shot he went off with the rest and disappeared instantly into a little ravine. There was a great clatter of stones, and when they reappeared on the other side we counted no less than six ibex, but none of them seemed big enough for the gentleman I had marked as my own. One of them offered a fair shot, but I reserved my fire in case the wounded one should appear. Then, after a pause, we hurried down and looked into the ravine. For a time we could see nothing, but presently something groaned; then the poor old goat stumbled out from behind a rock, turned round, and fell dead. We raised a shout to inform our friends above, and descended to smoke a pipe and gloat over the first success. The head was a very pretty one, but by no means of the largest. It taped nearly thirty inches.

Before turning homeward we climbed once more to the summit of the ridge, which rose to a height of nearly 7,000 feet. We failed to make out any more goats, but were rewarded with a wonderful view of splintered peaks to the east, through a gap in which we looked down on to the Gulf of Akaba, the eastern branch of the Red Sea. A heavy cloud overhead cast the jagged ridges into shadow, and they looked sombre against the pale gleam of water. Beyond that was an immense yellow plain, and far into Arabia the lowering sun behind us shone on faintly luminous mountains, which seemed loftier than those we were on. In this climate the evening and the morning light reveals many mysteries. In the other direction, the double peak of Um Shomer, grandest of all, though not quite the highest of the range, was flecked with snow patches on its northern side.

Returning to our quarry, we found Shbr engaged in stitching his garments, an occupation in which he always spent his idle moments, only varying it by sewing up the cuts in his feet

and legs, which, after a few more days of rock jumping, wanted repair as much as his clothes. I particularly remember a fantastic pattern in blue cotton on his heel, which he exhibited with some pride, and which showed a dawning of decorative design. The ibex was hastily skinned and cut up, so that it should pack close and Shbr might carry it *more arabico* in its skin, a task which, for three hours, he performed without a murmur over a rough country. It grew quite dark before we reached the camp on the plain of Rahabeh, and the beacon-lights which Joseph had providently set for our guidance were welcome.

We had now reached the central plateau of the peninsula, and henceforth for a month the average elevation of our camps was over 5,000 feet. Frosts were often sharp at night, and the air, even at midday was fresh and bracing. Meat which had been brought from Suez was in excellent condition at the end of three weeks. I sometimes wonder whether our northern medicos in search of new sanatoria will discover the healing virtues of this Southern Engadine. Only our poor Bedawin, clad in the meanest rags, suffered severely at night. They lay in half a dozen little camps, with no other protection against the weather than their fires of desert scrub, which gives a moment's flame but little heat. In the morning they were so torpid with cold that it was hard to get them to start. At the first pause they would pull up two or three dry plants, and in less time than it takes to write would be crouching over a blaze. At every opportunity during the day an Arab repeats this process, and so constant is the collection of fuel that, if in hunting the ibex are disturbed, the hunter endeavors to disarm their suspicions by stooping and moving slowly about, as if engaged in the one occupation which is always going on. Certainly it often has the effect of causing the herd to stop and gaze.

Each night we called a council after dinner and discussed many things with our people. Our hunters were summoned, and while Joseph interpreted, their swarthy faces peered through the tent door into the light, and when the

conference was over they received a handful of tobacco, coveted even more than food. These men were as anxious for a successful hunt as we could desire, but their advice was not always sound. They are like children, and think that if they have observed a thing once, it will always recur. In my opinion, the sinister reputation which has, to some extent, attached to these Arabs of Sinai since the tragic murder of Professor Palmer at the time of the Arabi rebellion, is undeserved. They were probably induced by secret messages from Cairo to regard his mission to obtain camels as an act of war, and they treated him and his companions as they and their people have always treated their enemies. I found them trustworthy. They drive a hard bargain, but, this ratified, the conditions are faithfully kept. Their goats are tended on the mountains by the unmarried girls, a sure sign of good manners. My daughters soon found that they could wander, unattended, for many miles from camp, secure of an unaffectedly gracious reception from any casual tent-dweller that they met. Could this be said of any civilized country on the shores of the Mediterranean?

Though living in tents, the Sinaitic tribes are not strictly nomadic, but have summer and winter quarters, following the feed. Their little stores are generally deposited in stone built granaries, which are often left unvisited by the owner for months. The Arab's only capital is his camel. That the return is not large may be judged from the fact that when I had occasion to send to Suez and back, to take and receive letters, a distance of 240 miles, my messenger received thirty shillings. Violent crimes are not common, but occasional blood feuds are relentlessly maintained between families — the blood vengeance being, by custom, *obligatory* on the next of kin.

They are full of terrors of the invisible world. At the same time charms and love-philters are much in vogue. I have been told that if the loved one be stroked with the nose of a cold boiled hyena, the effect is surprising. Like other orientals, they profess a fatalism which is sometimes an excuse for laziness. I told Achmet to take

my gun and shoot me some *Wabhr* for specimens. Returning early to camp, I found him still sitting over the fire, and asked him why he had not obeyed my instructions. He said: "If it is Allah's will that I should shoot *Wabhr*, he would send the *Wabhr* to me." I told him that if Allah wished Achmet to have backsheesh, that Arab would find it up his sleeve, but he would get none from me. This man was a hanger on of the convent. There was a marked contrast between his features and the keen, hawk like faces of the ordinary run of Bedawin. His prominent dreamy eyes and sleepy expression pointed to an origin far to the east of Arabia. The convent, which is a holy place to Mahommedans as well as Christians, has attracted the blood of many races. The dried bodies of two Indian princes clad in armor remain still in the mortuary.

I have already mentioned the striking peak of Um Shomer. The Arabs have many superstitions with regard to this mountain, and Palmer mentions their belief in mysterious explosions which are heard proceeding from it. Now, some time later, when I was on one of the peaks near Mount Serbal, and about thirty miles from the former mountain, we heard a single very loud report, which resembled the distant boom of a heavy gun. My Arab at once said, "Hark! Um Shomer." The native accompanying W., who was hunting on another range, made the same remark. My daughters at the camp far below also heard it, and their followers told them the same thing. In the evening we tried through our dragoman to elicit an explanation. This was Sbhr's story. "Long before Abou Mousa lived, an ibex hunter on that mountain met a beautiful damsel with hair that swept the ground. She was gracious to him, but forbade him to follow her. He, however, tried to pursue her, but she placed an enormous rock in his way, and it is there to this day. She has been angry ever since, and makes this noise two or three times a year."

"But isn't the noise made by a big rock falling?"

"There are big rocks everywhere, but this noise is only heard from Um Sho-

mer. It is not outside the mountain at all, but inside."

"How do you know this, Sbhr?"

"My grandfather told me, and his father told him."

That is the only source of knowledge, but that such traditions are handed down with little alteration is proved by their practical identity in all parts of the peninsula.

Joseph then offered the following lucid explanation. "You see, Sare, there is an image in that mountain, and when the metal get hot he burst. But I b'lieve nothink." I am no nearer to a solution, but the boom which we heard was real enough.

The Bedawin have a profound faith in every European as a *hakim* or healer. At El Mayer I noticed a poor woman signalling to me from behind a rock. She was evidently very anxious that her forwardness should not be observed by the other Arabs. The two babes, which she had brought from a considerable distance, were living skeletons and beyond my aid. I can only hope that the hot lemonade and soup which I prescribed comforted the mother's heart, and did not hasten the end which came a few days after. Owing to exposure and wretched food the infant mortality among these people is great. To put it bluntly, the population of these barrens is kept at its proper level by starvation.

The first night at Wady Nasb the storm rattled over our canvas roofs as if the mountains were made of sheet iron and all the stones were loose, but we were not otherwise affected. We had placed our tents on a raised bank well above the valley bottom, and the kitchen tent occupied a similar position on the opposite side. As I peered out into the darkness, it was fitfully illuminated by the flashes, and I wondered whether we should be separated from our breakfast by a raging torrent. Though we escaped even this inconvenience, the storm was the most disastrous which has occurred since that of 1867, described by Mr. Holland. Two other camps of Europeans in different parts of the peninsula were invaded by the flood, and some of their possessions lost. We soon heard news of Sbhr's camp, which he had passed

three days before. Though his family had had time to escape to the rocks, many of his goats and donkeys had been swept away, but he announced with great cheerfulness that his tents had been caught on the bushes lower down the valley, and recovered. We were told of two Arabs who were known to have entered the gorge of Wadi Isleh, which we had ascended. The bodies of their camels were found washed out on to the plain; the bodies of the men were never seen again. We had projected a return later on by the same route, but the ravine had been so wrecked with boulders that it was impracticable. In other parts of the peninsula many lives were lost.

Our hunting next day was accompanied by an unusual sound of many waters, but the rivulets disappeared as soon as they reached the wider ravines, being absorbed by the grit and sand which form their bed. Ibex were numerous, and I soon annexed another ram, but the herds generally consisted of females or very small rams. Accompanied by my daughters, I made another successful approach, which was not the less interesting that, when we got within range, there proved to be nothing worth shooting. This happens frequently when the herd is viewed from below, in which case it is impossible to see every member of it at once. The worst of such a stalk is that it is discouraging to the Arabs, who hunt for the pot, and regard it as wasted labor when it results in no meat. The females, which in this species are so small as to be easily mistaken for kids, are very alert, and when a slight movement attracted their attention, began whistling. This, which is their characteristic alarm-note, is more like the thin pipe of a bird than the snorting hiss of a wild sheep. Even when we rose and waved at them they continued to stand, covering the retreat of the main body. This habit of theirs spoils another stalk the same evening. In that case there was a ram of good proportions. They had had some inkling of danger, and began slowly climbing upward, while I stealthily followed. Twice I got within easy range, but the bodyguard of females stood sentinel while his majesty re-

treated with great deliberation, and I could only see his horns. At last they were fairly frightened, and set off at full speed. I tried to cut them off, but only succeeded in getting a long running shot, which I missed.

I had secured two rams within a fortnight of leaving London, but it must not be assumed from this that the chase is an easy one. My companion hunted on twelve successive days without getting a shot. Of the only two Englishmen who, within my knowledge, had come here previously to our visit to hunt these goats, one obtained a single specimen, and the other struck his colors at the end of a fortnight, for the sufficient reason that he had worn out all his boots before he had achieved even that measure of success.

Although there are a fair number of goats on all the ranges throughout the peninsula, the primary difficulty is to find them. Their color is almost indistinguishable from the broken rocks among which they live, and which baffle even an expert telescopist to "pick them up," though after a time he learns that the horns and the small black mark on the knees are the points best worth looking for. Even when found, the restless habit of the *bedan*, in common with all other goats, breaks the heart of the hunter. When he has reached the last corner, and thinks success assured, they have vanished into one of the unsuspected breaches or hollows which honeycomb the cliff. It is the habit of the males to rise suddenly on their hind feet and butt one another. The crash of horns thus made sometimes betrays them to the enemy. In the absence of such guidance it is generally safe to predict that they will be low down after a cold night, and will slowly move higher and higher as the heat of the day increases. The wind in these ranges is a treacherous friend. Even on fine days it comes whirling round the wrong corners at critical moments. In stormy weather it blows in every direction within five minutes, and the hunter may e'en sulk in his tent, for a successful approach is a sheer impossibility.

Few of the Arabs are sufficiently enterprising to stalk the goats in their rocky fastnesses. The strategy which

they prefer is to wait in ambush by some water-hole to which the animals must resort in a drought, and, if the chance comes, neither age nor sex is respected.

In case any one should think of following in our footsteps, I may mention, as a fair measure of their chances, that I actually hunted on twenty-four days, and that I used in all eleven cartridges, which included all "shots of despair"—that is, running or second shots, and some fired at long distances when I had waited in vain for a better chance. I secured six *taytal*, i.e., rams, and my companion, W., had four; while C., who came out with us, but made a separate camp, also had to be contented with four, but one of his was better worth getting than all the others. I reckon that I climbed in that time about eighty thousand feet vertical. And we thus perhaps wasted more tissue than we captured. As the rocks are big and loose, and there are no soft places, the jar caused by jumping down steps of four or five feet at a time tells on joints which have seen service. Even in sitting down the nether man pays a price. Spying is a delightful occupation, but after half an hour the perch on these rickety rocks becomes a veritable stool of repentance. Here, however, the resources of civilization are not exhausted. On the same principle that pilgrims boil their peas, I carry a small tough pillow in my *rucksack*, not for my head, but for the solace of the other end. Something must be conceded to the wrong side of fifty, and I commend this discovery to sportsmen who are not well cushioned by nature. It is good for the temper and saves tailors' bills.

It is surprising that travellers who reach the convent do not extend their journey into the southern part of the peninsula, where the scenery is incomparably finer than any to be seen on the customary routes, and where the natives are unspoilt by the contemptuous patronage of the monks. Our camp in Wadi Nasb* was pitched at

* This must not be confounded with the minor valley of that name near Serabit el Khadem, on one of the ordinary routes to the convent.

the entrance to a ravine grander than anything I saw elsewhere in stony Sinai. It had, perhaps, never been explored, and certainly has not been described, by Europeans. The cliffs of this splendid gorge, which not even the ibex can climb, exhibit all the richest tints—pink, ochre, and purple—which distinguish the granites and porphyries of those regions, and the wealth of color reaches its climax in the masses of golden-stemmed reed lining the little perennial stream, which here flows over silver sand, and there expands into an oozy bottom. So rankly do these grow in this hothouse that their white plumes mingle with the waving fronds of the palms thirty feet from the ground. When we passed through, our cavalcade of thirty camels was completely hidden by the tropical vegetation, but the crashing of the canes, the loud-voiced complaints of the camels, and the wild shouts of their owners, were magnified by the walls of the narrow chasm as by the throat of a trumpet, and made such thunder-music as I shall not soon forget.

Above the gorge there is a large grove of Tarfah trees and a colony of Arabs. Here there were some signs of cultivation, and partridges called from the rocks. Animal life is scarce in Sinai, and what there is is extremely invisible. In a well-watered country there is every variety of color, and, however closely matched Nature's children may be by their favorite covert, the moment they stray from it they become conspicuous. Not so in a desert country, where there is little range in the warm sandy tones to which bird and beast conform for their protection. The only exception to this rule which I observed is a certain "chat" with a black body and white head, one or more of which birds were generally to be found near camp, and always prominently perched on a rock. So easy a prey must have some other protection, perhaps a detestable flavor. I carried small traps and a block-tin case of spirit, into which I popped things with four legs, things with two, and things with no legs at all. Sometimes it was a fat-headed lizard, sometimes a "porcupine" mouse, so called from the stiff bristles with which his back is armed,

and which, no doubt, make him unpleasant to swallow. More often a sandy lark or tit. Once W. brought home in his telescope-case a thin dust-colored snake, four or five feet long, with a dangerous-looking flat head, of which the Arabs stood in great dread. He was only partly stunned, and when we shook him into the fiery liquor he took the bath with a vicious hiss. I think that my bag of small deer would have been larger but that most of them were still hibernating at these elevations. One morning on waking, I noticed a small heap of freshly turned sand close to my face. I was sure it had not been there when I turned in, and proceeded to investigate. On turning back the ground sheet I found a newly-made tunnel quite a yard long immediately under it. My bed had been laid on the concealed hole of one of the desert rats, which in some places honeycomb the surface. He had found his quarters getting so hot that he must have jumped to the conclusion that the genial spring had arrived. He had gnawed through the ground sheet, but finding my mattress, or me, too tough, had bored his way out through the sand. To prevent their injury I made little mummies of most of my catches by wrapping them in sections of the above-mentioned cane, which grows in the wet wadis. When I finally opened my cauldron at the British Museum, and revealed the precious broth it contained, Mr. Thomas pounced upon one of my mice, a fellow with big transparent ears, and called it by my name. Afterward the mouse and I had to descend from this pedestal, for somebody, it appeared, had discovered it before.

Of all the mammals that exist in Sinai, the leopard is the largest and the one which we most desired to see. Though we constantly found fresh tracks, and our telescopes were always exploring likely places, we never set eyes on it. It is, of course, of nocturnal habit, yet it must often take its siesta in places exposed to view. We frequently found remains of ibex newly killed by it, and, as it was thus in pursuit of the same animal as we were, it was strange that we never ran against one. Once, when we were out before light, I heard a feline growl, whereat

the native with me exclaimed, "Hark! the Nimr!" But I am bound to say that the sound was not unlike the peevish snarling of one of our camels in the camp below. At one lair where an ibex had been devoured, masses of hair lay about, but no skin nor any other remains except the horns. Sbhr explained that the leopard's tongue is very rough, and that he licks off the hair, and then devours everything else. There is evidence that in the process he swallows a good deal of the hair too.

Gazelle are scarcely in Sinai, but my daughters had a strange encounter with one, the only one seen by any of us. They were riding along the sandy bottom of a wady, when one of these animals was seen retreating in front. Their Arab attendant said there was a tarfah grove beyond, and that he would not pass through it, fearing an ambush. Nor could he scale the steep rocks forming the sides of the ravine. Sure enough, after some hesitation, back he came at full gallop, and passed within five yards of the party, turning a complete somersault in his haste and terror. The kodak, hastily withdrawn from its case, of course would not go off at the critical moment.

The *wabhr*, or coney, is a quaint tailless beast like a marmot, but with an unusual dentition. The upper pair of incisors, instead of meeting the lower pair like those of rodents, pass on either side of them, and have the appearance of small tusks. Its nearest relative is the hippopotamus.

The plain of Es Sened, about ten miles south of the convent, was one of our favorite camps. It is studded with strange smooth bosses of granite like inverted teacups, as though the molten mass had been thrown up in bubbles; but doubtless wind-blown sand was the potent tool which carved and polished them. The plain, though sheltered on the west by a semicircle of tall crags—the home of many ibex—is sufficiently elevated to overlook the lesser ranges to the north and east, so that we could watch the magic of the evening light on the long white cliff which forms the edge of the "Tih," or Desert of the Wanderings, and which brought out in conspicuous rose color the lofty Arabian range beyond the great trench,

of which the Gulf of Akaba fills one end and the Dead Sea the other.

It was at Es Sened that I had the worst luck, and as this article would not give a faithful picture of goat-hunting unless I described some of the disappointing vicissitudes which befell me, I will describe a part of my experiences there. Two *Taytal* with unusually massive horns had been more than once observed by us on the peak of Um Alawi, and were the object of our keenest desire. I had been going all day without seeing anything, and, to finish up, went right over the top of that peak, the tallest of the group. Now my enterprising ladies had taken it into their heads to explore in this direction, and, crossing the ridge at a lower point, must have given the wind to the family party to which these patriarchs were attached. We saw the band about 300 yards off, galloping toward us as hard as they could. They seemed to be making for a pass on the other side of a certain group of rocks. Could we reach it before they did? We ran for this shelter, and when close to it caught a glimpse of a young one not twenty yards above us. It passed without perceiving us, and I made another dash for the rocks. When I looked over, there, at a distance of fifty yards, or maybe less, was the father of the flock, standing at attention, his great horns—I have no doubt they were forty inches; they always are under such circumstances—curving over his flanks. Now I ought to have known from the fixity of his gaze that he had seen something, and that the pause would be a very brief one. I should have fired instantly as I stood. Instead of that I tried to make more certain by drawing forward a few inches for an elbow rest. The slight movement was sufficient. He recognized an enemy, and began that series of bouncing jumps, now up four feet, then down six, which is so annoying to the rifleman, and he continued to do so with unabated vigor after my bullet had sped. But there was another as big. I jumped down the rocks and sat down on the other side, in a firm position, waiting for him. As I expected, he came along, and behaved beautifully. Not seeing his companions, he stopped in the

right place, offering a perfect chance. Here, at least, was, seemingly, a certainty; but the cartridge missed fire, and he was round the corner before I could slip in another. There were words about that gunmaker. Nothing was left for us but the long clamber downward to camp. We had reached the level of the plain, and were going carelessly, because nothing was to be expected there, when I saw the same band again quietly feeding in front of us. Celestin, usually so much quicker sighted than I, did not observe them, and, as he was a few yards in front, I failed to stop him in time, or get the rifle in hand. Even this did not fill up the cup of my misfortunes. On another day we again saw the two veterans, keeping a bright outlook on the top of the peak. They disappeared, but, later in the day, we re-found them lying in the middle of a cliff. Their position was well chosen for security, as they commanded every approach, but, while they were in brilliant sunshine, we were in the shade, and were able to take advantage of this fact to creep within 300 yards. Further advance was impossible, but we made sure that they must take their supper in the ravine which divided us, and, buoyed up by this hope, for three hours we endured a piercing wind. This the females did, feeding unconcernedly to within easy range, but the rams had unaccountably disappeared. At length they showed far below, at an impossible distance having descended by a gully invisible to us. After all, these are the bitters which one takes for an appetite, but it must be admitted that the taste remains long in the mouth.

My Arab was much troubled by my ill-fortune on this and other occasions, and he regarded it as a bewitchment which might be cured. He urged that some spell should be used which would counter-work the devil. From the recesses of his sleeve a mysterious packet was solemnly produced, which contained a powder like chopped hay, and he told me that a sovereign specific against the bad luck was for the hunter to load his gun with a portion of the dried contents of the stomach of a bedan previously killed by him. He offered to give me some of the precious com-

pound, but he doubted its vicarious efficacy. I ought, so he said, to have reserved some from one of my own bedan; but, in default of this, he was good enough to say a little prayer over each of my cartridges, which precaution he thought would be sufficient, and for this he charged nothing.

In the early centuries of our era pious men crowded into Sinai to escape persecution, or to seek a retreat from the world. In numerous gorges, even among the wildest surroundings, where there is permanent water, there are remains of walls and gardens—the attempts of these pioneers to reclaim Nature. The Convent of St. Katharine, built by Justinian, is all that remains of these extensive monastic settlements. Toward this all routes and all pilgrims converge. It has a varied literature, which I will not attempt to extend, for it strikes me that there has been a trifle too much sentiment wasted on the monks already.

The lofty walls have the appearance of a fortress, which purpose indeed they are intended to serve. The garden is a small oasis surrounded by uncompromising rocks. Out of a cloud of gladsome almond-blossom rise cypresses—thin dark spires—the only things which seem to point to heaven from within the stern enclosure. The Oeconomus, or bursar, offers a friendly greeting to strangers, but the monks—two or three dozen of them—seem sodden with dulness. With vacant faces they doddle to the well, wag their dishevelled beards, and turn their praying-wheel, but for the poor "Saracens" to whom these valleys belong there is no message and no medicine, for body or soul. When a monk dies he is buried for one year, after which his withered mask, as empty as the life it lived, is disinterred, and added to the ghastly stack which has been slowly piling up for a thousand years.

An old writer informs us that there used to be "three Abbots learned of tongue—that is to say, Latin, Greek, Syriac, Egyptian, and Persian." At the present day the world-famous library is a standing reproach. The volumes, which the monks are too unlearned to read and too lazy to tabulate, lie, hugger-mugger, in three small

chambers, on shelves or piled in heaps, and some open, face downward, on the floor, the prey of every kind of destructive agency. I, for one, am glad that the great White Father of the north borrowed, and forgot to return, the chief treasure which it contained.

When we visited the convent a party of some ninety pilgrims of the Greek Church, chiefly Russians, were leaving it. They appeared to be of the peasant class, and their pilgrimage is said to be "assisted" by the Government. Many of them were women, who seemed to be in the full enjoyment of their spree. It was curious to note the contrast between these fat faced northern *fraus* and the lean starveling Bedawin who attended on them. One and all they had ascended both Jebel Mousa and Jebel Kattarina—no light labor. The body of St. Katharine, who is an object of peculiar veneration to Russian peasants, is said to have been miraculously transported to the top of the latter mountain.

The sacred summit of Jebel Mousa, which towers for more than 2,000 feet above the fortress-convent, has been venerated by too many generations to be vulgarized even by the over-numerous sites of Mosaic incidents which have been accumulated round its base by the monks. We climbed the ancient rock staircase, thinking of the countless processions of pilgrims to whom this final sacrifice has been, for ages, the climax of their labors. The summit is crowned by two little chapels, the one devoted to Islam, the other to the Cross. In the mountain stillness they seemed to forget their bloody rivalries, and to tolerate one another. We had ascended in the night, and reached the final ridge before the sun rose out of a sea of cloud—an unusual phenomenon. The island peaks rose out of the white fleecy plain, showing black against the growing light. Between two of them the shining lake of vapor seemed to pour over in a broad Niagara to a lower level, curling up again in wreathing masses, between which were black depths which the eye could not penetrate. Perhaps Antoninus Martyr, who was a pilgrim here in the sixth century, saw something of the same sort, for he says:

"Upon those mountains rain never falls, and in their recesses during the night unclean spirits are seen rolling about like fleeces of wool or waves of the sea." Turning our backs to the sun, the rounded summits of Ras Suf Safah glowed like burnished copper. We tried to descend by a steep gully facing the plain of Er Rahab, where, according to the tradition, the Israelites were assembled to receive the law; but if Moses carried the tables by that way, we could find no practicable route, and had to retrace our steps and effect a descent by a somewhat less direct passage; but even this was rather critical, owing to the hoar frost, which still clung to the rocks and made them dangerously slippery to our rubber-soled boots.

After leaving the convent our course lay to the north, and, though we explored the recesses of many mountains and glens hitherto unvisited, our camps were generally pitched in comparatively familiar valleys, which have been often described.

Ultimately we brought our wanderings to a close by following the Wadi Hebran to the coast at Tor. Here a steamer should have called for us, according to arrangement; but it did not arrive, and we were left in suspense. Now the surroundings of Tor are not agreeable. It lies on the edge of a dead flat; I might almost say a deadly flat. It is here that the Mecca pilgrims are brought on their return from the Shrine of Mahomet, and quarantined, by thousands, for such time as may be necessary. Three hundred of them had died here of cholera in the previous autumn. Our only recreation was to wander along the shore, picking up shells and some of the *disjecta membra*, which I observed were not calculated to raise the spirits. The authorities, whom I have mentioned before, made as much of us as if we had been occupants of the condemned cell. The Sinaitic army of occupation is quartered at Tor, and consists of twelve men. One third of this force was told off as a guard of honor, and presented arms when we looked out of our tents. At the end of the third day of our enforced detention, although the steamer failed to arrive, the cap-

tain of it did so, *on a camel*, and with his leg bandaged up. We then learned that his ship was well fixed on a coral reef some leagues to the south, and we seemed to be more stranded than ever; but, fortunately for us, a small steam-launch had brought down a party of Germans. I succeeded in chartering

it, but by that time so heavy a wind was blowing that the skipper declined to risk his light craft. When we did at last escape, the waves were still chasing one another from the north, and through or over their purple crests we danced a joyless dance all the way to Suez.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE CRIMEA IN 1854 AND 1894.

BY GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, G.C.B., V.C.

PART IV.

I CONCLUDED the previous article* by narrating the courageous self-possession of Michael Hardy, able seaman of H.M.S. *Leander*, in a trying moment; but a few days later our soldier fellow-workers in the batteries gave us proofs of sustained determination never perhaps surpassed in even the grand history of the Royal Artillery Regiment. Hitherto, as regards the siege operations, I have written almost entirely of the sailors' work as carried on in the batteries of the Right Attack; and this is natural, for, except while carrying messages, I spent most of my daily life therein, and to all of us "things seen are mightier than things heard;" moreover all those serving in the Right Attack realized that from the nature of the ground, it was on their front the ultimate struggle must be decided. The reason for this can be seen from a glance at the map. The original batteries on Green Hill in the Left Attack were of great use in beating down the fire of the Redan and Barrack batteries, but the Ridge on which our Left Attack batteries stood, descends gradually till it terminates at the head of the Inner Harbor, the end of the spur available for breaching batteries being from 60 to 40 feet below the Redan, and other opposing Russian works further to the Westward. Thus an advance toward the Karabelnaia suburb on this line, practically brought us merely to the foot of the steep, and in places almost wall-like, cliff, bounding the Northern side of the Woronzow road ravine.

Immediately after the arrival of General Niel, who came out to the Crimea to explain the French Emperor's views on the siege, he pointed out the impossibility of effecting anything decisive by advancing from our Left Attack. Nevertheless the parallels of that Attack had been carried forward, and in the 3rd parallel, opposite to and 700 yards from the Crow's Nest, two batteries had been constructed, styled Nos. 7 and 8, but up to the April bombardment they had not been armed. To get the guns down over the open space from the 1st parallel was impossible during the daytime, and when the nights were dark the roughness of the ground at any time, and especially just then when continuous rain had made the soil very heavy wherever the rock was not near the surface, rendered the work extremely difficult. The task was completed, however, during the night, 11th-12th, and about two hours before sunset on the 12th, the battery opened fire without attracting much notice, or suffering serious damage.

Captain Oldershaw, Royal Artillery, who had received orders to fight his guns at all risks, marched next day into the battery with 2 officers and 65 of all other ranks, and so thoroughly executed his orders that he silenced the guns in the Crow's Nest of the garden batteries, after two hours' work. He was, however, overwhelmed later by the fire of 30 guns, many of heavy calibre, which concentrated on his four 32-pounders, struck down half the company, dismounted three of the guns, and in the words of the officer in command, "literally swept away the battery." Eventually the fourth

* *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1894.

gun was disabled, but neither Captain Oldershaw, nor the men still untouched, offered to leave the position, in which they remained until, having sustained this unequal conflict for nearly five hours, an order was received to withdraw the men. Three of the dismounted guns were lying upset, but with their muzzles in the air, and as the survivors marched out a salvo was fired from these disabled pieces. Of the 65 non-commissioned officers and men who marched into battery, 18 had been sent away with wounded men, leaving 47 in action. Their casualties were 44 killed and wounded.

Next morning an order was given (in error) for Captain Oldershaw to fight the battery again with fresh detachments. He was on parade when the 18 men employed as stretcher bearers, and the three survivors of the previous day's fighting, sent a message through the senior surviving effective non-commissioned officer, a corporal, begging to be allowed to accompany him. Another officer had, however, already been detailed, but although he and his men behaved remarkably well, and their efforts in the rebuilt battery were supported by six guns in No. 8 battery, which had been armed during the night, yet by sunset on the 14th the two batteries were crushed, the gun detachments were withdrawn, and were not replaced.

The British soldier does not often require speeches to raise his courage on going into action, but every one of us is the better from the contemplation of heroic deeds; and were I a Royal Artilleryman, I should try to so record this achievement that young gunners might learn the names of those three survivors of the five-hours' artillery duel on the 13th of April, who, having seen ninety-three per centum of their comrades fall, begged for permission to recommence, with their captain, the same deadly work the following day.

Before nightfall on the 9th April the batteries on one face of the Redan had been silenced, and when darkness closed in, and we could no longer see to lay our guns, a shower of mortar-shells*

was directed on the Russians, who nevertheless worked so unremittingly throughout the night, that early next morning they reopened fire on us with no perceptible loss of power. The French had, however, breached the Central bastion and inflicted terrible loss on the Flagstaff bastion, and by the evening of the 10th had practically destroyed the so-called "White Works," which had been erected by the Russians on the lower spur of the Inkerman ridge at the end of February.

Early on the 11th April I was sent by Captain Peel from the 21-gun battery with a note for Captain Lushington, the Commander of the Naval Brigade, and by him was ordered to take it on to Lord Raglan. Scribbled on a scrap of paper were these words: "If the Allies intend to assault, a better opportunity than this will not offer. The fire of the Russian batteries of the Malakoff is completely crushed." When galloping to head-quarters my pony put his foot into a hole, and turning right over, rolled on me, covering my face and clothes with mud. I thus appeared before Lord Raglan, who was in the farmyard at Head-quarters, casting troop horses, apparently belonging to his escort. He astonished his Staff by warmly shaking hands with the very dirty midshipman as he offered me breakfast. He then read the note, but merely remarked, "Impossible, I fear."

As I was re-entering the battery I met four men carrying away the body of my friend and messmate, Lieutenant Douglas, the top of whose head had been knocked off by a round shot. He could not have suffered, as on the handsome face there was a smile such as I had often seen. He was a great favorite with all, but I, living in the same tent for six months, had become especially attached to him. Singularly unselfish, he had by his undaunted courage attracted the notice of Captain Peel, who admired his demeanor, calm under the hottest fire, and he was one of the four officers whom Captain Peel invited in the first bombard-

* When once the requisite charge of powder has been ascertained, accurate observation of

the objective is not absolutely essential for mortar practice.

ment to affect, even if they could not feel, a perfect disregard of fire. This Douglas never failed to do, but not in a spirit of bravado, and I cite his case to contradict some false impressions given in Mr. Kinglake's volumes. He describes the sailors as performing monkey-like tricks under fire, and attributes to this cause the severe loss incurred by the Naval Brigade. I never saw any such behavior in the Right Attack, and am confident it was not permitted in any of our batteries. Neither Mr. Kinglake nor any other civilians came often into the Right Attack batteries during the bombardments. They would have been silly to have done so, for the higher ground, a mile farther back, was not only safer, but afforded a better view. This they enjoyed, but had to accept their information of our work at second-hand, and it was often very inaccurate.

Captain Peel endeavored to induce his officers to assume that "heads up and shoulders back" deportment under fire, which I saw carry the [42nd] 1st Royal Highlanders into Coomassie twenty years later. My Chief was years in advance of the age. He was not only a practical seaman, but an acute observer of human nature. He realized long before his contemporaries, that an undue, excessive regard for men's lives, does not conduce to victory over a brave enemy. I am glad to have lived to see the principles of Peel's teaching accepted. Our Drill Book of 1893, reversing the instructions for the serpent-like method of approaching an enemy formerly taught, lays down for our recruits that "moves from cover to cover, unless specially ordered to the contrary, must be made in an upright position." The Germans have gone further in this direction, and practise their men to march to the assault of a position with serried ranks, and in step regulated by beat of drum. Peel recognized the enormous moral force exerted by a courageous leader, and Douglas gave us the best example of conduct when under fire.

When I got back to camp on the evening of the 10th, Douglas observed to me while at dinner, "You lost a good many men to-day; perhaps it

will be my turn to-morrow!" I replied laughingly, "Oh, yes, and mine next day." He recurred several times to the subject, meeting my argument that we had often been under fire without being hurt by quoting, "the pitcher goes often to the well, but gets broken at last." After dinner he strolled out, and on his return said, "I've been over to the *London's* tent, and they are in trouble, for poor Twyford, their mess caterer, has been killed, so I shall close my accounts now, and you shall all pay up to-night." This we did, and in spite of my earnest remonstrances he insisted on giving back some money he was keeping for me. Captain Peel told me he saw the shot pass close over the parapet, and hearing the dull thud, emitted by a solid projectile striking the human body, said to an officer at his side, "I feel sure that has told on some one."

During the ten days of this bombardment the Russians were, as we heard later, short of powder, but their practice was much better than in October. One shell dropping into the magazine of the 8-gun battery in our front killed one man and wounded nine, and although the guns were uninjured they were buried so deeply in rubbish as to be unworkable until they were cleared next day. I saw a shell burst on striking the parapet, which, killing two men, literally buried three others. We went for picks and shovels, which took time, and the men were insensible when we dug them out; but they all recovered.

Close to a magazine which supplied the gun I was working, we had some tools for fitting fuses. A man was sawing a fuse clamped in a vice, when a shell bursting on the parapet scattered bits all around. One fragment struck the fuse and exploded it, but the man escaped with merely a scorched wrist, burnt by the composition in the fuse. On the other hand, a shell bursting over one of our 68-pounder guns killed or wounded thirteen men.

Lieutenant Graves, Royal Engineers, who was killed close to me at the Abatis of the Redan on the 18th June, had a remarkable escape on the 10th April. He was standing in an embrasure which

required repairs, when a round shot struck the sole (i.e., ground surface) immediately under his feet, but although he was much bruised yet he was soon again at duty. The Engineer officers set a fine example to the men, which was now growing daily more necessary, as the recruits were very different in fighting value from those we had lost in the winter, and these boy soldiers are not spared in the Engineer journal. On the 14th April the officer on duty writes eulogizing the conduct of Privates Samuel Evans, and James Callaghan, 9th (Norfolk) Regiment for gallant conduct, adding: "In the midst of much conduct quite the reverse, perhaps it might be useful, and certainly it would be just, not to let the conduct of those men remain unnoticed."

Two days previously there is a complaint in the Engineer journal that our sharpshooters fire when it is not necessary, and do not fire when it is essential. The writer adds, "Very few Regimental officers on duty in the trenches exert themselves or take any interest in the duty they are employed upon, leaving the men to extend themselves along the trenches in any manner they like, and to fire as much or as little as they please." It must, however, be borne in mind that there is no record available of the replies made by the Regimental officers. No doubt in a long siege officers and men get slack, but I believe the apparent want of interest arose from ignorance of what was required, and that if the Engineer officers had pointed out daily the principal objects on which fire was to be directed, there would have been very few such complaints. It was not till late in the siege that the senior officers on duty learnt they were responsible that every one under them did his duty, and on the 17th April a memorandum was issued for the instruction of the General on duty in the trenches.

In an adverse report by the Royal Engineers there is a quaint indication of our still regarding men as machines:—"There is a good deal of irregularity in regard to the men sent down to the trenches, many complaining they had been two consecutive nights on the working party." A month later,

in another Engineer report, we get an interesting clew to causes of the Line soldier's slackness:—"The working parties appear to have exerted themselves and performed their tasks to the satisfaction of the Engineers. This favorable change may be attributed to fine weather and the better condition of the men to undergo fatigue."

During this, the second bombardment, it was computed the Allies threw 130,000 projectiles into Sevastopol, the Russians answering with about three to our four shots. The losses were, however, out of all proportion, and the reason for this difference will be understood from a glance at the map. The Russian shells, unless actually impinging on our parapets, guns, or batteries, exploded harmlessly behind the batteries. Many of their works were to some extent enfiladed* by our guns, and thus a shot or shell missing its object often slew some one further back. The Malakoff presented to our 21-gun battery a frontage of 200 yards, but it was 400 yards deep from South to North, and thus few of our shells failed to burst somewhere inside the work.

Moreover, it never occurred to our enemy any more than it did to us that all our labor and losses were to be incurred for no immediate result, and thus besides the nightly losses incurred in repairing the daily damage, troops were necessarily kept close at hand to repel the expected assault, and in spite of strenuous efforts to shelter them by bomb-proof cover, the Russian losses were terrible. The French had about 1,500, and the English under 300 casualties, but our foes lost over 6,000 men in these ten days of fire. Those Russians who were killed outright were buried near where they fell, and these, by the end of the war, amounted to over 50,000.

The scenes inside the city were ghastly beyond adequate description. Sir Edward Hamley, quoting the words of an eye-witness, writes:—

"During these days and nights the great ball-room of the assembly-rooms in Sevastopol was crowded with the wounded incessantly arriving on stretchers. The floor was half an inch deep in coagulated blood. In

* Taken end on.

an adjoining room, set apart for operations, the blood ran from three tables where the wounded were laid, and the severed limbs lay heaped in tubs. Outside, fresh arrivals thronged the square, on their blood-steeped stretchers, their cries and lamentations mingling with the roar of shells bursting close by. Many more were borne to the cellars of the sea-forts; and those capable of removal to the North side were conveyed thither to permanent hospitals. In a church near the harbor the mournful chaunt of the office for the dead resounded continually through the open doors of the building. It was there that the funeral service was celebrated of officers dead on the field of honor."

I have shown* that neither at Balaklava nor at Inkerman was the courage of the Russian soldiers sufficiently aggressive to reap victories within their grasp, but their enduring patience under fire has never been surpassed, if indeed ever equalled.

By the 18th April, the Allies had beaten down the fire of the opposing batteries, and Todleben has recorded he momentarily expected the works opposite to the French would be successfully assaulted. Then it was we were told the French had run out of ammunition, and on the 19th April, we practically ceased to bombard the works, for reasons now known to be connected with the proposed visit of the French Emperor to the Crimea.

The arrangements for the service of the Naval guns were far better matured than in the previous bombardment. The supply of powder was adequate and was brought into battery through the "covered ways." All this, however, indicates expenditure of vital energy, and although our transport establishment had been materially augmented, yet the Naval Brigade was still employed in carrying up powder, shot and shell from Balaklava, to provide for the bombardment. Each man carried a 32-pound shell, two men being told off for each 68-pound shot, and it was about this time a sailor gave a quick though good-humored reply to an officer on the Staff who reproached him for grumbling, saying, "I thought you blue-jackets were always cheery and contented?" "Oh, that's where you are wrong. I ain't a blue-jacket now—nothing but a broken-down *blessed*

commissariat mule." Nevertheless, in spite of the increased efficiency of the batteries, our losses were heavy. The father of War Correspondents, Mr. W. H. Russell, wrote the following brilliant tribute to the work of the blue-jackets. "The sailors' brigade suffered very severely; although they only worked about 35 guns in the various batteries, they lost more men than all our siege-train, working and covering parties put together."

On the 20th April, we agreed to forget our work for a time, and organized a large picnic, spending the day at St. George's Monastery, which is beautifully situate on the sea cliffs near Balaklava, with gardens going down to the beach. There, with a cricket match and other games, we enjoyed our peaceful amusements, and to a greater degree from the contrasts of the scenes of the previous ten days.

On the 25th April, our battery had a fortunate escape, for the Russians managed to drop a 13-inch mortar-shell right through the roof of a magazine. It broke the magazine man's neck, but did not explode. Although the regular bombardment had ceased, there was at this time always sufficient fire of some sort to prevent perfect repose, and the following day Captain Peel had a narrow escape. I was following close behind him through the covered way to the advance trenches, when a bullet passed between his legs, and cut a groove in my left gaiter, but such incidents were so common that I should not have recorded it had I not been so anxious for his safety.

Toward the end of the month there was renewed activity in advance of the Right Attack trenches, in which many officers won distinction, but there were also many unrecorded acts of heroism, one of which is remarkable also for the hero's contempt of praise. During a struggle for a rifle pit an Irishman collared two Russians, and having slung his rifle over the shoulder, led them back into our advanced trench, one in each hand. Said he, "Sit down with ye," and having relit his short pipe, he was enjoying it while contemplating his prisoners, when several soldiers of all ranks came round and warmly congratulated him

* *Fortnightly Review* for November, pp. 596 and 610.

on his prizes. He was sitting with his back to the enemy, and listened for some time in silence, till, without removing the dhudeen from his mouth, but pointing significantly over his shoulder, he observed, "'Deed, but there's many more for the bringing.'"

During this week I saw one evening, an hour before sunset, a curious scene. A Zouave, so drunk that he could not walk straight, left the French advanced trenches under the Mamelon, and passing near the Russian rifle pits, reeled along till he reached where the French lines joined our advanced works. With his rifle on his shoulder he staggered about, singing at the top of his voice "The Marseillaise." No one fired, and we watched him till re-entering the French trenches he was made a prisoner by soldiers of his own nation.

Next month the Russians showed a like generous consideration. A man was lying wounded on the right of the 2nd parallel, Left Attack, and a comrade who went out to carry him in was at once knocked down. The Russians were shooting well, and our men might have bled to death, but that the enemy holding the Quarries hoisted a white flag, to show the men might be removed, and this was done without further loss.

Although our hopes of an immediate assault had been checked on the 19th, yet they were revived a week later. There was a growing feeling that with a parallel opened by the French within 100 yards of the Flagstaff Battery, and the greatly reduced strength of the Russian batteries, we ought to put an end to the struggle; and on the 23rd General Canrobert proposed to Lord Raglan an assault for the 28th or 29th, to which he agreed, although our storming parties would have to cross over half a mile of open ground from the advanced trench to reach the Redan. On the 25th, however, Canrobert informed Lord Raglan that he and his generals had come to the conclusion it was "desirable to postpone the offensive operations against Sevastopol," the assigned reason being that the Reserve French Army then forming at Constantinople would not be ready till the 10th of May. The space at my disposal does not admit of my attempting

to explain the causes of the vacillating orders issued at this time, but both armies were certainly, if not discontented, amazed, when an expedition which started on the 3rd of May to Kertch to destroy stores, was recalled three days later on the receipt of a telegram from Paris.

Lord Raglan on this occasion gave another proof of that generous readiness to accept responsibility for subordinates for which he was remarkable. In writing to Admiral Lord Lyons, he surmises that with the recall of the French troops, which formed three-fourths of the expedition, there could not be a fair prospect of success for the English alone, but, he adds, "if you and General Brown think it advisable to go on and reconnoitre with the view to take advantage of any opening which may present itself, I am perfectly ready to support any such determination on Brown's part, and be responsible for the undertaking."

During the second week in May the Sardinian contingent of 15,000 men, under General Della Marmora, landed at Balaklava, to act under Lord Raglan's directions, and a week later occupied the left bank of the Tchernaya from the aqueduct opposite to Tchorgoum to the Tractir Bridge, which the French had held for some weeks. The little army of Sardinia, in its bright uniforms, perfect equipment, and generally well-organized system, formed a strange contrast to the British troops. The best feeling toward the British troops was evident in all ranks from their first arrival, and this increased as our acquaintance ripened.

We were often puzzled after a night sortie, in which our officers and men asserted that they had killed many Russians, by finding scarcely any bodies on the ground. Thus, during the night of the 9th-10th May, a determined attack was made on the extreme right advanced trench of our Right Attack. The Russians got to within fifty yards, but were there stopped by the guard of the trenches, who, in the words of the commanding Royal Engineer, "behaved nobly." Nevertheless, there were few or no dead Russians lying about at daylight. This is explained by what we learnt later, and

is told by Mr. W. H. Russell in his book on the war. A British soldier, taken prisoner in one of these night attacks, was being hurried away into the Karabelnaia suburb, and passed through a large number of unarmed stretcher-bearers. The Russians had ample forces of non-combatants, dockyard and arsenal laborers, who were sent forward behind the fighting men in all night attacks to carry off not only the wounded, but also the dead.

On the 16th May Canrobert resigned the command, resuming the charge of a division, and recommending Pélissier as his successor. This was approved and carried out on the 19th May. His successor inspired great confidence among the British troops. Canrobert was very pleasant, and invariably complimentary to our army, but the Rank and File, following the opinion of their officers, believed we should get more effective aid from the short, stout Norman, who, in manner and bearing, greatly resembled one of our rough North countrymen, though, in fact, he had a cultivated intellect. He had none of his predecessor's personal advantages, who was a handsome, well-preserved man, and who looked well on horseback; while, either because he was a poor rider, or that his corpulent body made riding beyond a foot's pace inconvenient, General Pélissier generally went about in a carriage, in spite of the absence of roads. Notwithstanding an unwieldy body, and his threescore years, his active mind and iron resolution put fresh vigor into the siege operations, and the successful though costly attacks on the Cemetery near the Quarantine harbor, which was taken on the night of the 23rd May, with a loss of 2,300 men, showed the French army it had a Chief who would shrink from no sacrifice in order to attain the mastery over our enemy. It would, however, be a great mistake to believe that this man of hasty speech, and rough seventeenth-century sort of humor, which occasionally reminded one of stories in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, was wanting in kindness of heart, or incapable of the warmest affection. The "Staff officer," in his *Letters from Head-quar-*

ters, in describing the visits of the French generals, on the day following Lord Raglan's death, to the room in which the body was laid out, observes, they were all overcome by grief; but of this man we all had believed to have an adamant heart, he writes, "Pélissier stood by the bedside for upward of an hour, crying like a child."

On the 18th May, Lord Raglan showed General Della Marmora round the siege works of our Right Attack. One of Lord Raglan's staff, pointing me out to the Sardinian Chief, endeavored to convey in French that I was Captain Peel's aide-de-camp, but left him under the impression I was Captain Peel. Della Marmora looked me over closely, observing, "He seems to be very young for a Post Captain, and so distinguished an officer." Captain Peel was just behind the speaker and overheard with great amusement the conversation.

On the 20th, there was a tragedy in the Middle Ravine on our Right. A French non-commissioned officer having some grievance against an officer waited for him until, on being relieved, he was returning at the head of his company from the trenches. There the soldier rushed at his captain, and striking him with a knife the officer fell dead. We were all impressed with the promptitude of our Allies' justice, for the man was seized, and shot almost immediately.

During the second week in May cholera reappeared in the Army, and the Naval Brigade moved its camp from the sheltered ravine in which we had lived since November, to the top of the hill near the 3rd Division. We did not, however, escape entirely, and in passing a Divisional Hospital on the 21st, I counted 21 bodies sewn up in their blankets, ready for the burial parties.

It is not easy to picture the delight we felt, after being kept strictly within the limits of the Upland for seven months, in being able to extend our rides over the ground taken up by the French and Sardinians in the Upper Tchernaya and Baidar valleys. Lieutenant Dalyell, H.M.S. *Leander*, who, after Douglas' death, was my usual companion, and I, left our camp at

4 A.M. on the 26th May, and rode down the Southern (Balaklava) Valley. The ground over which our Light Brigade charged on the 25th October was covered by luxuriant grass, reaching in some places over a man's head. The French outposts on Tractir Bridge stopped us, but going on up the left bank we were allowed to cross the aqueduct by the Sardinians, who, mistaking the gold lace band on our caps for the dress of Staff Officers, raised no objection to our advancing toward Tchorgoum on the opposite side, after telling us it was occupied by a Russian picquet. We saw no one, however, except two vedettes on the hill overlooking the village. One of these dismounted from his horse, and fixing his lance in the ground as a rest for his gun, had several shots at me while I was holding my comrade's pony. He was searching a house to see what he could find. Some of the bullets fell near me, and three mounted men, hearing the firing, came into the road of the village 300 yards off. I called to Dalyell to mount. As he emerged, six more Cossacks joined the three men, and they formed up in two ranks facing us. Dalyell had in his hands a cat, which I put into my haversack, while he carried an article of domestic crockery much prized in camp. After a hasty consultation we decided that the Cossacks would overtake us if we attempted to regain the aqueduct, and so firing one barrel from my revolver at the most troublesome vedette, who was, however, a long way out of shot, we cantered at the group. They must have imagined we had reinforcements behind us, for they instantly turned and galloped off. As we rode back we met a company of Sardinians advancing to our assistance. We returned to the village some days later, when the Cossacks again left it in a hurry.

I have stated that concurrent with the appointment of a General to command in the trenches there was more harmonious work, but we had still something to learn, for on the 23rd May, a working party employed in throwing up an advance battery on the Left Attack, having finished their task early, was withdrawn by the Field Officer, who left no one to guard the work,

and the Russians entering it carried off unmolested a number of gabions.*

It is curious how unprepared we were for siege operations even at the end of eight months' experience. During the night of the 20th May, the Engineer officers wished to light up the glacis of the Redan on which they could hear a number of the enemy at work, and they applied to the general officer in command of the trenches to give the order. It transpired, however, the Royal Artillery had but two light balls in the batteries, and the General decided they must be kept for use in the event of the Russians making a sortie.

A fortnight later, June 3rd, we find in the official record—"Left Attack—The Artillery fired carcasses at the town in the early part of the night, but the greater part of them burst almost immediately after leaving the piece, and I did not observe any effect from them." The Left Attack was more fortunate than the Right Attack, for our official report runs—"Almost every one burst at the muzzle, causing great consternation, and injury to the troops in the advanced trenches."

I see by my journal I looked at some of these missiles next day, and observed they were made in the last century!! This was unsatisfactory after eight months of a siege which cost England over half a million sterling a week.

During the forenoon of the 3rd June, several men of the Relief for the gun detachments were passing into the battery from the Woronzow road. There was but little firing at the time, and the men, disregarding the orders which prescribed that they should enter by the covered way, came up straight across the open. Just as the last of the party approached the 21-gun battery, there was a shout of "Look out, Whistling Dick!" This induced all the men to hurry, for the appalling size of Whistling Dick struck terror even in the firmest heart. Although a bullet no thicker than a French bean is as capable of killing a man as is the largest shell in the world, yet most of us are so constituted as to fear the heavier missile to a degree entirely out

* Hollow cylinders of basket-work used for building parapets.

of proportion to its relative destructive power.

For my civilian readers I may mention that a mortar-shell is projected at an angle of 45°, and having attained its greatest altitude over the spot where it is intended it should fall, descends vertically to the ground, its range being regulated (and this can be done with great accuracy) by the charge of powder which projects the shell into the air. The wooden fuse used by the Russians was of rough construction and protruded a couple of inches outside the sphere of iron, and thus when the shell, having attained its greatest altitude, began to descend, as it revolved, the fuse, caught by the wind, produced the peculiar sound which gave rise to the name.

Now it is obvious that if a mortar-shell, as in most cases, does not burst until it reaches the ground, the whole force of concussion from the resistance of the surface of the earth will be upward, and thus men may be close to the shell and yet incur but little risk from the lateral spread if they are below it, when the only danger indeed is from falling fragments.

All of the party except John Blewitt, ordinary seaman of Her Majesty's ship *Queen*, safely reached the trench, and were crouching in it awaiting the explosion. Blewitt, as he bent forward to start running, was struck by the enormous mass of iron, thirteen inches in diameter, immediately at the back of the knees, and fell to the ground crushed under its weight in sight of his horror-stricken messmates. He called out to his chum, Stephen Welch, "Oh, Stephen, don't leave me to die!" The fuse was hissing, but Welch, jumping up from under the cover of the bank, which must, humanly speaking, have ensured his safety, called out, "Come on, lads, let's try," and, running out, had got his arms around Blewitt, and was trying to roll the shell from off his crushed legs, when it exploded, and not a particle even of the bodies or clothes of John Blewitt or the heroic Welch could be found. Captain Michell* assisted Welch's

mother, I believe, till her death. I did not witness Welch's Divine-like act of self-sacrifice, but, passing soon afterward, searched for his remains, and I recognized the spot this August* when visiting the 21-gun battery.

On 4th June, three of us had been up the valley of the Tchernaya to Kamara, and as we returned by Tchorgoum we were riding in Indian file on the left bank of the river. Lieutenant Campbell H.M.S. *Leander*, who was in front, saw a Sardinian, who had been bathing, sink almost opposite to him. The bank was several feet above the water, but Campbell, without hesitation, turned his pony, and spurring it, made it leap in, the two disappearing under the water. Campbell's cousin, a Civil Engineer employed on the railroad, who was riding next, dismounting, jumped in and pulled out the Sardinian, for Lieutenant Campbell had some difficulty in extricating himself from underneath the pony. As Mr. Campbell jumped his spectacles fell into the water, and I, knowing their value to him, dived for them, but without success. Thus we were all three in the water at one moment.

On the 6th June, I accompanied Captain Peel as he went round the sailors' batteries of the Right Attack to ensure that everything was in readiness for what we hoped might be the beginning of the end of the siege. About 3 p.m. we fired our first gun at the Malakoff, and immediately afterward from the Inkerman Ridge, overlooking the Sevastopol harbor to Kamiesh Bay, on a frontage of five miles, there burst forth from some 550 guns a volume of sound grand beyond description. The Russians had still about double that number of pieces in position, half being of heavy calibre, but they were slow in answering our missiles from the Malakoff and Redan. We fired incessantly till dark, when the bombardment was taken up by the pieces throwing vertical projectiles, which scarcely left the Russian works in darkness all night, so constantly were they lit up by the bursting of mortar-shells. Up to 10.30 p.m., when I returned to camp, our casualties had been very light, not more

* Afterward Admiral Sir Frederick Michell, K.C.B.

* 1894.

than a dozen. The "White Works" batteries fired slowly till sunset, but those in the Malakoff and Redan were silenced some time before the sun went down. Todleben describes the fire of the English as "murderous, entailing havoc and ruin."

General Pélissier, when riding back that evening to his Headquarters from the Victoria Ridge, passed near the Light Division, and got a singular ovation. Our men knew he was acting in close concert with Lord Raglan; they knew that after persistent and desperate night fighting, involving a loss of over 2,000 men, he had driven the Russians from the Cemetery Works on the Western face of the city; they knew a fresh struggle was imminent, and they realized that their comrades of the French army had in their new Chief a man who would spare neither his men nor himself in order to conquer the foe. Thus, as he passed along toward Cathcart's Hill there rose spontaneously a shout of welcome from the Light Division, which was taken up and repeated by the Fourth and Third Divisions with an enthusiasm which brought tears in the eyes of this reputed Iron-hearted man.

At 1 A.M. on the 7th of June, after snatching an hour's sleep, I returned to battery with fresh gun detachments, and at daylight we reopened horizontal fire, which silenced the Mamelon and Malakoff batteries during the day, and during the afternoon the guns in the "White Works" ceased to reply. It does not follow that all had been dismounted, but in the Mamelon, as I observed next day, and in the Malakoff, as Todleben states, the guns and their carriages were buried under the ruined parapets. During the afternoon we saw those French troops which were to assault the Southern and Eastern faces of the Mamelon gradually filing into the trenches, and small detachments from the Light and Second Divisions passed through our battery toward the front, exchanging good-humored chaff as they went by, the men's faces radiant with the pleasure of the approaching fight.

The Lunette which crowned the Mamelon hill dominated the French trenches, and was nearly a quarter of a

mile distant from the nearest, a Russian trench interposing about half-way. The ground in front of the Redan sloped down gradually for 500 yards to some disused quarries which the Russians converted into rifle trenches. Here the ground fell abruptly, enabling the enemy to overlook our advanced trenches, which were on lower ground. The quarries our troops were about to assault were well protected in rear by fire from the Redan down the gradual slope.

The sailors kept up a slow but accurate fire on the now silent Malakoff and Mamelon. Captain Peel had given me charge of two 8-inch 65 cwt. guns, with orders to fire during the assault as much as possible consistent with running no risk to our Allies.

We were anxiously waiting for the signal for attack at 6 P.M. The setting sun cast a broad red light over the sky, and a soft mist rising from the ground obscured occasionally for a minute or two the troops assembling for the assault. It has been alleged the Russians had seen these preparations, but the small numbers present in the threatened works clearly negatives this assertion. For my account of the capture of the White Works and Quarries, I am dependent on others, but I had a perfect view both of the troops assailing the Mamelon and of those defending it, and shall endeavor to describe it first of all.

Soon after 6 o'clock the expected signal—a group of rockets—was sent up from the Victoria Ridge, and the French advanced. Three assaulting columns had been formed under the Mamelon—Algerian troops were on the right, the 50th Regiment, led by Colonel de Brancion, was in the centre, and the 3rd Zouaves on the left. At the moment there was only one Russian battalion in the Mamelon, nine, however, being held in reserve under cover. By chance Admiral Nakimoff was visiting the work at the moment, and having left his horse at the gorge,* was looking round the battery, when the cessation of fire from the Allied guns, and the shouts of the stormers, made him look over the parapet.

* Opening at the rear of the redoubt.

When the signal went up I saw 25 men jump out abreast from the French trenches, and run rapidly up the slope of the hill of which the Mamelon was the summit. Only one cannon-shot was fired from the Lunette, but some Russian sharpshooters lying in the pit half-way between the Mamelon and the French trenches, fired, killing three or four men, and then ran, they and the leading Frenchmen jumping the ditch almost at the same moment. The centre column, led by Colonel de Brancion, who was throughout well ahead of all, streamed into the Lunette, and the Algerian column captured the (proper) left flank of the work at the same moment. A Frenchman, jumping on the parapet, waved a Tricolor, and in three or four minutes the Russians were driven out. My two guns were ready with fuses accurately set, and I got several rounds into the retreating Russians before I was obliged to cease firing for fear of hitting the French, who came rushing out in pursuit. The leading group of Zouaves was led by one man who, sixty yards in front of his comrades, pushed the Russians as they ran. I kept my field-glass on this man until he had crossed the Abatis, when he fired his rifle and disappeared into the ditch. He did not accompany his comrades as they fell back a few minutes later, so must have been killed or taken prisoner.

While this was occurring two heavy columns of Russians were assembling to the East of the Kornileff Bastion of the Malakoff, on the Northern slope of the Mamelon-Malakoff ridge. I had looked carefully over this ground during the flag of truce in March, and, knowing the lie of it, could, when standing on our parapet, see over the slope to the Northward as low down as the Russians' waist-belts. I was thus enabled to pour on them a terrible fire from the 8-inch guns, the shells of which bursting just short enough for effect* literally cut lanes through the columns; but the survivors closed up as fast as their comrades were knocked down. In a few minutes the Russians advanced, and, entering the Mamelon,

drove the French out. They rallied momentarily outside, but the Russians were not only in great force, but were well in hand, and the French being disorganized, were driven back. Through my field-glass I saw the man with the Tricolor struck down and replaced four times by others, and then the flag went up and down several times in rapid succession; eventually it disappeared, and the Russians came on like a rolling wave from the Mamelon down to the French trenches, out of which our Allies were pushed. The batteries of the Allies now reopened fire on the Mamelon, which received a shower of projectiles till the French advanced for their final attack. During the above struggle a heavy French column was descending the Victoria Ridge, with drums and fifes playing, under a long-range fire from the Russian ships in the harbor. They never ceased to send up shot and shell, which, though adding to the pictorial effect, had but little effect on the moving target. To the inspiring march of "Père Bugeau" the column came on at a steady double, with an appearance of overwhelming power which recalled Jomini's statement that troops previously shaken often gave way during the Napoleonic wars, before such masses reached the position. The column disappeared into the ravine, where it was halted for a few minutes to reform ranks. Just as the day closed in, the darkness, coming on quicker from the clouds of smoke in the air, we saw the French left and centre column again advance from their trenches in our right front, while a heavy column of Algerian infantry moved on the Mamelon from the Southeast, and in a few moments the sound of the fire, and the flash of the muskets in the falling darkness, showed us that the Russians were once more retreating.

Simultaneously with the advance on the Mamelon, General Bosquet sent two brigades at the "White Works," in each of which there was only half a Russian battalion. These could not stand against the overpowering numbers of the French, and a supporting battalion coming up was also easily swept away. The Russians now pushed two battalions forward across the

* Shells should burst about 50 yards short of a human target to obtain the maximum effect.

Carenage ravine, but Bosquet, foreseeing this move, had sent two battalions down the ravine, and these ascending its right bank behind the Russians, took them in the rear, and captured the greater part of the Russian supports.

When Lord Raglan saw the French drive the Russians out of the Mamelon he gave the signal to assault; our guns ceased to fire on the Quarries, and 700 men ran forward to the flanks of the work, from which the Russians were easily driven, with a loss of 100 men. Our casualties were but few at the moment, as the men, having been ordered to advance on the flanks, avoided generally treading on a number of fougasses which had been laid down in front of the Salient. These were boxes holding from 30 to 40 lbs. of powder sunk flush with the surface of the ground, and so fitted with detonators as to explode when touched. They were not always fatal, for I saw a soldier who had stamped on one returning from the attack absolutely naked, every part of his clothing having been burnt from off his body.

Although the Quarries were easily taken, to hold and reverse the work was a task of great labor and danger. The enemy's batteries looked right into the intrenchment and after firing heavily into it, the Russians made repeated attacks on our working parties striving to obtain cover before the day broke. Our soldiers, who were digging or guarding the working parties, welcomed the sorties, as they brought relief from the showers of shells which were poured on the Quarries, except when Russians were approaching. The Russian officers did not spare themselves. The battalion commander of one column was killed, and the leader of another was wounded and taken prisoner, being recaptured, however, in a renewed struggle. During the ten hours of fighting and digging, many of our men became so exhausted that they could not stand up, even when a Russian column was on them. Colonel Campbell, of the 90th Light Infantry, who was in command of the parties employed, did not recover from over-fatigue for some weeks, and at daybreak

Lieutenant Wolseley,* acting as Assistant-Engineer, collapsing from exhaustion, fell helpless to the ground, soon after the last attack had been repulsed. The bodily strength of the Rank and File, less well-nurtured, gave out sooner, and the gifted historian, Kinglake, describes graphically how in the last attack delivered just before daylight, when a Russian column, coming from the Dockyard Ravine, got to within 200 yards of the Quarries, Colonel Campbell and Lieutenant Wolseley, with difficulty, aroused their men who were stretched on the ground, so exhausted by ten hours' incessant fighting and digging, as to be nearly incapable of movement; even when lifted on to their feet they could scarcely stand up, and the prize for which the combatants had striven since 7 P.M. lay absolutely open to the Russians, when suddenly panic-stricken from, to our people, an unknown cause; they absolutely declined to advance in spite of the orders, entreaties, and even blows of their officers, and just as day dawned the column fell back, scared by some freak of imagination.

In this 24 hours the French took 73 guns, suffering a loss of 5,500 casualties. The English had 700 casualties, 47 being officers. The Russians lost nearly 5,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Next morning I went down to battery at 4 A.M., as the fire was to be continued. Soon after 8 A.M. I missed Captain Peel, and hearing he had been seen going toward the Mamelon, into which the Russians were pouring fire from mortars, I hurried after him, but he was coming out as I got up to the ditch. He ordered me back, but I begged hard to be allowed to go inside, so he said I might look round and follow him. The ditch where I saw the men jump overnight was not more than four or five feet wide. Following, apparently, our Royal Engineer's Report, Mr. Kinglake states "the ditch was broad and deep." This is an error, as I stepped over it with but a slight effort.

I sat down in an embrasure alongside

* Now Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

a Zouave, who talked English well. He declared he was the only survivor out of his squad of twelve men. The effect of the heavy fire on the demeanor of all was noticeable. Every face was grave. Men spoke in whispers even when transmitting orders. During the short time I was there I saw upward of a dozen men wounded, and carried away, and dead of both nations were lying thick over the slopes. These had all been killed the previous evening, for the Russian mortar-shells fell with remarkable accuracy, and thus while no one could stand inside with any certainty of living long, the Southern and Eastern slopes just outside the ditch were quite safe. Inside the scene was indescribable in its horrors. Dead men were lying heaped in every attitude imaginable; some half-buried in craters formed by shell; other bodies literally cut into two parts; and one I noticed had been blown twenty yards by the explosion of a mortar-shell. Some corpses were lying crushed under overturned cannon, while others hung limply over injured guns, but which were still on their carriages. There was a truce in the afternoon, during which, freed from all sense of danger, I had a better opportunity of examining the construction of the work. The amount of labor expended in obtaining cover from fire was extraordinary. The bomb-proof galleries and magazines consisted of earth on top, then a row of gabions, then baulks of timber 2 feet 3 inches in diameter. The thickness overhead was nearly 10 feet. Our Engineers argued, and apparently with reason, that all this cover, though good for its purpose, impaired the defence of the place, which was so crowded by the huge earth traverses that the defenders could not use their rifles.

When I next stood on the Mamelon, in August, 1894, the circumstances were very different in some respects, though singularly alike in other aspects. The hill remains to-day a chaos of holes, excavated by shells, and by men searching for iron and projectiles; but it is easy for one who knew it in June, 1854, to trace the original work. A visitor new to the place might be puzzled by the French additions, and by a deep, well-cut trench,

which the Russians have recently excavated. Thus the outer ditch of proposed new fortifications encircles all the English Left Attack, and crossing the Woronzow Road close to our covered way, made by and named after "The Sailors," runs to the Southward of the 21-gun battery, and thence by the Middle ravine outside the Mamelon down to the harbor. In June, 1854, when I stood there, we had a temporary truce for two hours. In August, 1894, the Russian fleet, carrying out its annual manœuvres, was bombarding the forts North of the harbor, and was first answered by what we knew forty years ago as the Wasp Fort, and then by a long line of batteries erected since 1879. The scene reminded me greatly of October, 1854, when our ships were doing in earnest what the Russians were now doing in peace manœuvres for practice.

When Captain Peel and I had examined the Mamelon, we strolled up to the Russian sentries, who were about two hundred yards outside the Malakoff. I recognized a Circassian to whom I had spoken at the truce in March, and we exchanged mutual compliments on our being alive. Captain Peel's starched shirt collars excited the admiration of the Russian officers, to one of whom he replied, in answer to a question, that "we had our laundry-women with us." The Russian soldiers and sailors, for their duties in garrisons are interchangeable, showed up grandly in stature among our immature recruits, for most of those soldiers who landed in Kalamita Bay were no longer with the Light and Second Divisions.

As I showed in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, nearly all our losses during the winter were directly due to preventable causes, but we were now suffering from the effects of the enemy's fire. Besides the losses incurred in capturing the Mamelon and the Quarries the Allies lost from the canonade between the 6th and the 10th of June, 750 men, while the Russian casualties amounted to 3,500 men. When we read these figures of such terrible import, it is easy to understand the bitter feelings expressed in the reply a Russian officer made to one of

our own people who, during the flag of truce, observed our losses had been heavy. "You talk of your losses! Why, you don't know what loss is in comparison with what we are suffering!"*

On the 10th June, Captain Peel, Lieutenant Dalyell of H.M.S. *Leander*, and I, were discussing the chances of an assault for which the whole Army was anxious, when Peel asked us if we had to lose a limb, which we could best spare? I replied without hesitation

"Left Arm," and Dalyell agreed with me, but our Chief argued that arms are more necessary than are legs to sailors. Eventually on my suggesting a one-leg man would probably become very fat, he came round to our view. Within a week all three were engaged together in the assault on the Redan, and it is remarkable that we were all wounded in the left arm. How this happened I propose to tell in the next and concluding part of these Reminiscences.—*Fortnightly Review*.



A LITTLE GIRL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, AND THE LATE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

BY HENRIETTE CORKRAN.

LOOKING back through the mists of time I distinctly remember a visit that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barrett Browning paid to my mother in Paris. We were then living in the Rue Basse des Remparts, on the Boulevard des Italiens. As I was then a mere child, I think what has impressed this particular visit on my mind, is the fact that my mother had told me that two poets were coming to see her that afternoon. I had never beheld a poet, and imagined that they must be wonderful beings, walking about with wreaths of laurel round their heads—I had seen pictures of Dante and Tasso—so I was keenly disappointed when the French servant opened the door and announced: "Monsieur et Madame Brunig."

Could that frail little lady, attired in a simple gray dress and straw bonnet, and the cheerful gentleman in a brown overcoat, be great poets? They had brought with them their little son, Penini; he had long, flowing, fair, curly hair, and wore white drawers edged with embroidery. These peculiarities impressed me, for I thought he looked like a girl. The trio were followed by a beautiful brown dog, with golden eyes. We lived on the fifth floor; Mrs. Browning was quite exhausted after climbing so many stairs;

she was pale, and she panted a great deal. My mother gently pushed her into a large, low armchair. How thin and small she looked, lying back in the big seat. I remember staring at her, overpowered by a kind of awe, wondering where was the poetry; and then I felt sure it was in her large dark eyes, so full of soul. She wore her thick brown hair in ringlets, which hung down on each side of her cheeks; she struck me then as being all eyes and hair, not unlike a spaniel dog.

After a few minutes of general conversation, which I thought commonplace talk for such great poets, Mrs. Barrett Browning beckoned to me. I approached her feeling very shy; what was this great woman going to speak about to a little girl like me? But I was soon put at my ease; she kissed me and, turning to Penini, placed his little hand in mine, saying, "You must be friends, you and Pen. He is my Florentine boy," stroking his head lovingly. "Has he not got beautiful hair—so golden—that is because he was born in Italy, where the sun is always golden."

The tea-things were brought in; on the tray was a big plum cake. The dog wagged his tail, and then Mrs. Browning said to me, "Flush is a dear old dog; I love him. When I was so ill about a year ago, Flush never left my side day or night. Every time I

* Letters from Head-quarters. By a Staff Officer.

put my hand out of the bed, I could always feel his curly head and cold nose."

Flush now looked up in his mistress's face with intense devotion in his wistful eyes.

We gave Flush some slices of bread and butter, which he accepted, but instead of eating them, he disappeared underneath a big yellow satin divan; when I presented him with a piece of plum cake, he swallowed it there and then with much gusto.

I remember that Mrs. Barrett Browning whispered to me that if I looked under that divan, I would find the bread and butter hidden there; she said that Flush was far too polite a dog to refuse anything offered to him, but from personal observation, she knew that he could not eat bread and butter when he saw any chance of getting plum cake.

Penini and I crept on all fours, and looked under the divan. Yes, there were three slices of thin bread and butter all in a row, and untouched.

During her visit, Mrs. Barrett Browning kept her right arm round her little boy's neck, running her fingers through his golden curls. She struck me as being very loving.

A few days after I heard that the Brownings had left for Florence; my mother often received letters from "Casa Guidi," but I never met again Mrs. Barrett Browning.

A few years ago, a paper of mine was published in *Temple Bar*, "A Child's Recollections of William Thackeray." Two incidents in which the great writer appeared in a charming light had then escaped my memory. I feel they will not be out of place if I give them here.

When Mr. Thackeray came to Paris, he continually visited my parents, who lived there, my father being the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, etc. We had at that period of my existence, a French woman servant, called Reine, a despotic being who ruled our household with a rod of iron; she often made us little ones tremble in our shoes. Among her many manias on the proper rearing of children was that of nourishing us with a soup, consisting of flabby pieces of bread swimming

in *bouillon*. As we disliked this *potage*, Reine insisted upon feeding us herself, i.e., we five children had to stand round her, while she, holding the tureen in one hand, and a spoon in the other, thrust the soup in our open mouths, like birds in a nest. Reine had a will of iron; no use grumbling. I was the most troublesome, and often kept my mouth tightly closed when the awful spoonful approached me.

One sultry afternoon—we were then spending the summer months in a pretty house near the Bois de Boulogne—Reine had determined to feed us in the garden in front of the house. I can see her now, in her black dress, black lace cap; hook nose, small piercing gray eyes—she reminded me of a vulture. She hugged the tureen, with its greasy contents, in her left arm; in the right she held the spoon; it was her sceptre.

"*Allons enfants!*" she called out to us all. Her voice was like herself, despotic. We gathered round her. The humiliating fact of my still being fed like a baby was becoming unbearable, and that day I was in a particularly rebellious frame of mind.

Just as Reine was digging the spoon in the soup, there was a ring at the front gate. As everybody happened to be out, Reine had to leave us children in order to answer the door. She deposited the tureen on the grass plot, and departed.

"Horrible, most horrible soup!" I hissed out, making ugly faces at the tureen. Then a *diarolina* of mischief seized me; I poured out the contents at the root of a tree.

My brothers and sister were amazed and frightened at my audacity, and cried out, "Reine will punish us."

"I would rather be punished than eat this nasty soup," I exclaimed. Just as I uttered these words I looked up, and there, standing on the doorstep, was Mr. Thackeray. He had taken off his hat; his white hair shone like silver in the sun, his face was rosy, he was smiling at me; and what a delightful smile he had.

"Ah! is that *potage à la Bisque* that you are throwing away, little one?"

I grew crimson, and longed for the

earth to open and swallow poor me, as well as the unfortunate tureen, which had dropped out of my hand.

"It is such disgusting stuff," I blurted out, "and I am so tired of having to swallow the same soup every day."

Reine glared at me; her nose grew suddenly more hooked, her small eyes were like steel gimlets: she was the image of an angry vulture. This open rebellion had infuriated her. But now that Mr. Thackeray was near me I felt more secure.

"You will go to bed early, and you will have a piece of dry bread for supper," said Reine, her voice trembling with rage.

"Don't let her punish me," I whispered in English to Mr. Thackeray, clutching hold of his coat.

He walked solemnly toward the tureen, which had rolled down the garden path. He picked it up carefully, asked Reine to give him the spoon, which she did most reluctantly. There was just a wee drop left. Mr. Thackeray tasted it—oh, what a funny expression he had on his face then! He evidently did not relish the soup, for he went up to Reine and, bending his big head, he whispered something into her ear. She muttered a remark; then they both went into the house. After a few minutes, Mr. Thackeray returned.

"Now, little ones, I am going to give you a treat. We shall go to the best *pâtissier* in Paris, and you can eat as many tarts as you like."

"Hurrah, hurrah!" we shouted.

"*Vive* Mr. Thackeray," I screamed out, looking at Reine with triumph in my eyes, for I had won a great victory.

Reine was crestfallen, the vulture-like expression had disappeared.

"Put on your hats and pelisses," said Mr. Thackeray, "while I go and fetch a *voiture*."

Mr. Thackeray was now our king of men; he had delivered us from the dragon, Reine. How joyfully we got into that cab. The *cocher* cracked his whip; the old horse jogged on to the promised land of cakes. We had decided upon going to a well-known confectioner in the Rue de Rivoli.

During the drive, Mr. Thackeray

told us a story about a giant, who had a big bed made of chocolate, which he licked continually, pillows of sponge cakes, blankets made of jellies. (How we envied that giant!) At last the "growler" stopped in front of the famous cake shop. Mr. Thackeray helped us all out so carefully, and heading the small procession, he opened the glass door of the palace of cakes.

"Oh, what delicious tarts!" exclaimed Mr. Thackeray, pointing to a varied display of open fruit cakes, displayed on a big table in the centre of the room.

"Oh, I wish that I had as many stomachs as the camel!" remarked my brother; "would I not then eat a big lot!"

"How nice to be always hungry, and always to have as many tarts as one can eat!" (my exclamation).

Mr. Thackeray's spectacles twinkled with fun.

"Eat as many as you can digest," he said. "I am going to make a purchase, a few doors off." He left the shop, and we began tucking in vigorously. The person who sat at the counter (how happy she must be, for she could eat cakes and bonbons all day long) kept her eyes fixed on us all children. She was evidently counting how many cakes we devoured. And we did devour a great many, especially the little brother who wished he had as many stomachs as the camel.

When Mr. Thackeray reappeared in the shop, our mouths, noses, cheeks, were covered with jam and cream. I remember that he pulled a large red silk pocket-handkerchief out of one of his many pockets and wiped all our faces. When we re-entered the cab, we begged Mr. Thackeray to finish the story of the giant.

"Ah, poor giant!" exclaimed Mr. Thackeray (wiping his spectacles, as if he were shedding tears), "after he had licked up the whole of his chocolate bedstead, eaten his sponge cake pillows, and the blankets (made of jellies), he roared with pain, he had such a fearful indigestion; but," continued Mr. Thackeray (opening a paper parcel), "he had a dose of this medicine, 'a bottle of fluid magnesia.'"

"I bought this at the chemist in

case you have eaten too many tarts, like the poor giant."

When the cab stopped at our door, Mr. Thackeray handed the magnesia to Reine, and I saw him slip a coin in her hand, and from that eventful day the soup we disliked never again made its appearance.

Another little Thackeray incident (which I recall now with a mixture of amusement and humiliation):

I went one afternoon with my mother to pay a visit to Mrs. Carmichael Snythe (Mr. Thackeray's aged mother); I listened for some minutes to the conversation which took place in the drawing room, but getting intensely bored, I made my way out to the dining-room. The cloth was laid, and in a corner of the table was a little dish filled with long vermilion pods. I had never seen them before; they fascinated and puzzled me; were they good to eat, I wondered. An irresistible impulse seized me. I would just taste one, to see what it was like. I picked one—put it in my mouth. Oh! how it burned. I was going to spit it out, when to my utter dismay I saw Mr. Thackeray looking at me, with a broad smile on his face. I must have looked the picture of woe.

"A chili in her poor little mouth!" he exclaimed. "How it must burn! Very funny, very funny," he kept on murmuring.

It was a cruel moment for me. There I stood before him, my cheeks bulging out, tears of pain in my eyes. It was getting unbearable.

Evidently Mr. Thackeray felt sorry for me; he left the room; I then coughed up and got rid of the demoniacal pickle. No, never again would I taste of the forbidden fruit. Mr. Thackeray returned shortly afterward, holding a pencil and a piece of paper. He had sketched me with the chili in my mouth. The grimace, the bulging-out cheeks were so admirably rendered that I laughed heartily; but I begged Mr. Thackeray not to tell any one, especially his mother, that I had tasted the chili.

He promised, saying, "It will be our little secret." Except, now and then, mimicking the grimace I had

made when burned by the Indian product, Mr. Thackeray kept his word.

To be noticed by an emperor, though ever so slightly, cannot but make an impression upon a little girl's mind; and though it is so long ago, the incident stands out from the blurred past with almost photographic clearness.

It was on a lovely morning in May. I remember how exquisitely green and fresh the vegetation looked, lit up by a delicious Paris sunshine. We five children were walking in the Bois de Boulogne, escorted by our French *bonne*. I was bounding along, in front of the small detachment, looking out for wild flowers. I discovered a bush of white hawthorns, and was in the act of tugging unsuccessfully with a branch, when a short gentleman with small gray eyes, and a mustache much waxed at the corners, suddenly stood in front of me, broke off a large spray and handed it to me, with a charming smile and courteous manner, that deeply impressed me. Then gazing at me, exclaimed (in French) to two other gentlemen who were standing behind him: "Ah quelle figure de prospérité!" Then he patted my fat rosy cheeks, saying, "Quelle bonne santé" (what good health). Then perceiving my brothers and sisters approaching, he remarked: "Quel troupeau de beaux enfants Anglais" (what a flock of fine English children). When the three gentlemen had passed on, our *bonne* exclaimed excitedly, "Mon Dieu! c'est l'Empereur avec ses aides-de-camps."

As she uttered this, we saw a handsome carriage and pair, with servants decked in the imperial livery, drive up; it stopped at a quiet corner, and the Emperor and his suite got inside.

That following winter my parents gave me a great treat. They took me one evening to the Opéra des Italiens. It was the first time I had ever been inside a theatre, and never can I forget the vivid impressions of wonder and delight. Driving to the opera, I must have felt as excited as Cinderella probably felt when she approached the prince's palace on the night of the eventful glass slipper ball.

Going up the grand staircase, I took

a peep at my small self in one of the tall mirrors. No, alas! I was not like Cinderella; only a plump little girl, with fat cheeks the color of red apples, my thick brown hair plaited in two big pig-tails which hung down my back to my waist. I wore a pink poplin, striped with black; and was conscious that I was not in keeping with the gorgeous surroundings.

As we entered, the Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie were taking their seats in a box opposite ours. The music, the lights, the glittering jewels, the shimmering draperies of the ladies, the perfume of the bouquets, transported me with delight. I stood up between my father and mother in a state of great excitement, the upper half of my body hanging out of the box. I was in dreamland. A tap on my shoulder aroused me from my reverie.

"The Emperor and Empress are looking at you," whispered my father.

He evidently remembered the little girl he had met in the Bois. I looked at his Majesty; he smiled and nodded. I nodded back. Then my mother tugged at my dress, and made me sit down; interchange of nods had been noticed by the majority of the audience. An army of opera-glasses were levelled at our box.

The Empress Eugénie was a vision of loveliness. I had never beheld such a being. She was in white tulle, sparkling with pearls and diamonds. What an exquisite neck and shoulders! Her golden hair was worn turned back "à l'Eugénie." Her eyes were so blue, that the atmosphere around seemed permeated with blue. The opera

must have been particularly tragic, for there was a great deal of weeping and blowing of noses.

"What a concert of pocket-handkerchiefs," I remarked to my mother, who also was crying.

When the curtain dropped, there was wild applause and cries of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice!" I rushed out of the box, ran down the corridor, for I wanted to have another peep at my friendly Emperor.

I was just in time to hear his Majesty exclaim, while looking at me with a kindly smile—"This little English girl, with her rosy cheeks, does rejoice me." The Empress smiled at me. I watched her, open-mouthed with wonder at her dazzling beauty. When she moved, her walk was undulating and so graceful, she reminded me of a white swan. I ran down the stairs; there was a great crowd, and more cries of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice!" They entered their carriage, which had an escort of soldiers on horseback; more shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!"

As I was standing on the Opera steps, waiting for my parents, Le Comte Alfred de Vigny (author of "Cinq-Mars," "Chatterton," etc., etc.), who was a great friend of my father and mother, exclaimed upon seeing me—

"Ah, Henriette d'Angleterre" (he always called me thus), "and so this is your first night at the Opera. Now, little girl, you have had a treat which you will never forget." He was right, I can never forget that brilliant night. I felt that I had had a peep into fairyland.—*Temple Bar.*

WHY SHOULD WE LEARN HISTORY?*

BY PROFESSOR G. W. PROTHERO.

MR. PRINCIPAL, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,—In rising to address you to-day, I cannot but feel very strongly the difficulty of my task. A special responsibility is laid upon the occupant

of a new chair. He is expected not only to justify the choice of his electors, but, in a certain sense, to notify his subject too. I am, of course, well aware that History has long been taught and studied in this country and at this University. As I speak, the names of Hume and William Robertson, of Tyt-

* An inaugural lecture delivered at Edinburgh University, on 16th October, 1894.

ler, and Burton, and Skene, and Cosmo Innes, and many others, rise up before me. Scotland, as she has taken all learning for her province, is no way backward in this great branch of learning. But it is only lately that History has received full academic recognition. Till the other day she was regarded by her elder sisters, by Mathematics and Philosophy and the languages of Greece and Rome, with the patronizing but somewhat distant air which is natural to seniority and sole possession. They were content to see her represented—and she has been brilliantly represented—but the road to academic honors was to be through them alone. Not that Scotland was, at least till lately, peculiar in maintaining this attitude toward historical studies. It is only within the last few years that schools of Modern History have been established at Oxford and Cambridge. Their rapid development in the English Universities may encourage us to hope for a similar expansion north of the Tweed.

So far as this change affects History along with other subjects, it is due, no doubt, to the recognition of a new principle in education—the principle, I mean, that every great subject, if seriously and methodically taught, affords good training for the mind, nay, more, is especially fitted for certain minds. It may well be maintained that, in the infinite variety of mental endowment to be found among our students, the best educational results will be attained by giving a larger freedom of choice. We are not all of us capable of profiting by mathematics or philosophy, much less of gaining distinction in them. It is in no sense derogatory to the newer subjects to suppose that some students will get both pleasure and profit from their pursuit, who would, under the older system, have toiled through three years of drudgery, and got nothing but disappointment in the end.

But when I look at History, apart from other newly recognized subjects, I cannot help regarding this recognition as, to some extent, due to the advance which has recently been made by the study of the past in almost all departments of knowledge. The historical or comparative method has revolutionized not only the sciences of law,

mythology, and language, of anthropology and sociology, but it has forced its way even into the domain of philosophy and natural science. For what is the theory of evolution itself, with all its far-reaching consequences, but the achievement of the historical method? At a time when present conditions, in the world of nature and of man, are studied as they were never studied before, we are coming to see that these conditions cannot be grasped without also studying the conditions of the past. We are what we have come to be: a knowledge of the “werden” is as important as a knowledge of the “sein.” If this is so, no wonder that society should pay more regard to its own history—if history proper, the story of man in a political state, should be investigated with ever-increasing zeal. Thus when, in admitting History into the regular curriculum of the Scottish Universities, the commissioners have done nothing uncalled-for or eccentric. They have public opinion at their back—they are in harmony with the scientific and educational tendencies of the day.

It is true that the promotion of History to the status of an examination-subject is not an unmixed joy, either to its students or its professor. An elevated position entails responsibilities. A member of Parliament is no longer a free man. The professor of an examination-subject can no longer range at large over the pleasant fields of research. He must keep mainly to the beaten track; he must take care that his pupils know, not what is specially interesting to the professor, but what the well-instructed pupil ought to know. Still I ought to be the last to complain. Recognition may have its drawbacks, but to be excluded from the inner academic circle is to lose some of the chief incentives to active and useful work.

History, then, is on a new footing in this University. It was impossible that such a change should have been made without a struggle, and I do not venture to suppose that all the adherents of the old regime are even yet convinced. It is, indeed, generally allowed that a certain modicum of historical knowledge should be part of the equip-

ment of every decently educated man. But the modicum required is remarkably small, and the concession goes but a very little way. It is quite a different thing from admitting that History should form a regular part of the University curriculum. It will, therefore, not be out of place if I endeavor to-day first of all to meet the objections which may be made, and then to lay before you some of the reasons which appear to me to justify the change.

The objection that History is too easy I can hardly treat as serious. It could only be made by one whose notions of the subject are confined to nodding over Macaulay in an easy chair. There are, however, graver arguments.

In the first place, it is urged that History consists merely of a disjointed and heterogeneous mass of information; that many, perhaps most, of its so-called facts depend on insufficient evidence, while its conclusions are generally controvertible; that its teachings cannot be tested by experiment, and is therefore unauthoritative; that, even if established, its facts are incapable of being deduced from first principles or generalized in the form of laws; that, in short, History neither is nor can become, in the strict sense of the word, a science. It is further held that, owing to these defects, an Historical training tends to produce loose reasoning, and a proneness to take fable for fact. Lastly, we are told that while the older educational subjects stimulate each some distinct and valuable quality of the mind, History can boast of no such peculiar virtue. The sum of all which is that, however interesting History may be as a branch of knowledge, it is comparatively worthless as an instrument of education.

I have put the case strongly, for it is always well to know the worst that one's enemies can say. And I will grant at the outset that there is some force in these objections; there is force, especially, in what the scientific gentlemen say about History from their purely scientific point of view. But I will endeavor to show, in the first place, that History, if not strictly speaking a science, may be taught and studied in a scientific way; next, that Historical study has no intrinsic tendency to en-

courage bad logic, while it does promote the growth of certain valuable intellectual and moral qualities; lastly, that it is just these so-called defects—defects, that is, from the purely scientific point of view—that give History its peculiar value as an instrument of education.

First, then, what place, if any, does History hold among the sciences? Is there anything in the phenomena which she investigates, or in the means of investigation at her disposal, which should exclude her from such a place altogether? Let us begin by making some concessions. The historical student labors under several serious difficulties and is exposed to some peculiar dangers.

His first and most obvious difficulty arises from a lack of information. (The student of modern history feels this comparatively little: the mediaevalist feels it more: the student of antiquity, except for a few short periods in the history of Greece and Rome, feels it most of all. How little do we know of ancient Assyria and ancient Egypt! how little can we hope to know! How dark are the Dark Ages! How shadowy the personalities of Pericles and Justinian, of Attila and Theodoric! How many empires have perished, like the Mexican, and left scarce a wrack behind! How small a portion of the world is illuminated at any one epoch by the light of recorded fact! But such gaps are not found in history alone. Even astronomy has its dark spots. There are shady spaces, to say the least, in evolutionary biology. There survive only tantalizing fragments of the old Etruscan tongue. Shall we ever know what is on the other side of the moon, or bridge the gulf between organic or inorganic matter?)

Natural science, it is true, may fairly hope to pursue indefinitely her wonderful career of discovery. It is difficult to set any limit to our possible knowledge of physical conditions, while it is safe to say of many historical persons and events that we shall never know more of them than we know now. Still in every branch of human knowledge there are gaps, and gaps, we may be sure, there always will be.

There is no difference of kind here—only one of degree.

In the second place, the historian cannot employ experiment either to discover facts or to test conclusions. History has one chance of observing a great man, an epoch-making event: if it loses that chance, the loss is probably irreparable. We cannot raise the dead, or revive a perished empire. Nor can we make experiments in politics: at least the historian will hardly be allowed to do so for scientific purposes, whatever the politicians may do for their own. But here, again, History suffers in good company, along with philology and geology, and all the other branches of knowledge which are concerned with the past. There are many sciences which are sciences of observation only, not of experiment, and History is not disqualified by the fact that it is not experimental.

A more serious obstacle to the scientific investigation of historical phenomena arises from their infinite variety and from the vastness of their extent. The whole evolution of human society is the province of History. What an immeasurable field! It embraces not political evolution alone, but the history of religion and philosophy, of literature and art, of trade and industry. There is not a side of the multifarious activity of man which the historian can safely neglect, for there is nothing that man thinks or does, or hopes or fears, but leaves its mark on the society in which he lives. And in all this there are no two events, no two men, no two institutions exactly similar. History does not repeat itself. All the great branches of knowledge are vast and complex, but none is vaster and more complex than History. And its complexity is a more serious obstacle than its vastness, for so subtle are the connections, so far-reaching the consequences of historical events, that we can never be sure we have taken them all into account. We may analyze and classify as we please; we may distinguish constitutional history and economic history, foreign policy and domestic policy, but we cannot fully understand a single group of historical phenomena without understanding all the rest. The man of narrow

outlook may, no doubt, do good and useful work in lighting up some obscure corner of history; he may write an exhaustive and accurate monograph; but the really scientific historian must be a universal historian, and to be a universal historian is given to very few.

Lastly, there is the peculiar difficulty which arises from the presence of the human element in the subject under investigation, as well as in the investigator himself. Take any great movement you please—the Crusades, for instance, or the Reformation: analyze it as minutely as possible, ascertain all its conditions, its general causes, its immediate occasions—there remains the incalculable human element, which defies the processes of exact science. We cannot be certain of this man's motives, nor measure the influence which that man exerted. Nor can we elude this difficulty. Political Economy, which comes nearest History in this respect, saves its character as a science by treating man *en masse*, and regarding him solely as a wealth-acquiring animal. History cannot so restrict itself. It must take man as he is. But this is not all. The human element in the subject calls out the human element in the student. Not only is the investigation obscured, but the sympathies of the investigator are aroused, and his judgment is liable to be warped at every turn. History alone suffers from this doubly-distorting medium. Other sciences are free from its effects. It is comparatively easy to be impartial about the theory of light or the behavior of a comet, but few of us can discuss Edward the First or Mary Stuart and keep our heads quite cool.

These are obstacles which, it must be allowed, check History on the threshold of science. If indeed the term science is to be restricted to the knowledge and application of general laws—if that alone is science which can foretell with certainty the occurrence of certain results—if science deals with no phenomena but such as can be exactly weighed and measured,—then History is not a science at all.

But this is surely to restrict science within too narrow limits. All sciences are not equally exact or equally capable of generalization. The theory of Gravi-

tation is, I presume, better established than that of Natural Selection, but Biology is none the less a science. The law of rent and the law of diminishing returns are not exact—they are qualitative rather than quantitative. The economist cannot foretell in pounds, shillings, and pence the results of a new gold-mine in Australia, or a disastrous harvest in the United States. But, for all that, Political Economy is recognized as a science. There is, in fact, a regular gradation, from the sciences of abstract reason and mathematical formulæ, through the phenomena of the inanimate and the animate world to the world of man. In proportion as life and its accidents play a less or greater part, knowledge becomes less exact, less scientific. And inasmuch as the phenomena of History are more various and complicated, less capable of complete analysis, more deeply permeated by the incalculable human element than other classes of phenomena, History must, if we look only to exactitude and general laws, give precedence to other branches of knowledge. Thus much every candid student of History will allow.

But what follows? Surely not that History is in no sense scientific—that to distinguish scientific from unscientific History is merely to play with words.

In the first place, History can be scientific in the ascertainment of its facts. Of the facts of History a vast number are established beyond the possibility of doubt, if anything in this world is indubitable. Some persons may think that Shakespeare is merely a *nom de plume* for Bacon, but no one doubts that there was a battle of Marathon, and a battle of Waterloo, and that these events led to certain obvious results. But all historical facts are not equally sure. Between the degree of certainty attainable respecting such facts as these and that attainable respecting, let us say, the *Völkerwanderung* or the Black Death, there is obviously a large interval. Facts of the one class are matter of direct, cumulative, and incontrovertible evidence: facts of the other class are matter of inference from more or less defective indications. It is in the method of

establishing these inferential facts that the scientific side of History first becomes apparent. To discuss the laws of historical evidence, or to consider the advances made in the sciences which the Germans call *Quellenkunde* and *Diplomatik*, would be impossible here and now; all I would point out is, that such laws exist. Between certainty and probability the line cannot be closely drawn: knowledge, judgment, and common sense must decide whether an inference is well founded or not.

Let us take an illustration from the Black Death. The chroniclers make certain statements about the extent of its ravages—vague or exaggerated statements they may be. We may take these statements—some generations ago they would have been taken—as sufficient evidence. On the other hand, we may follow the methods of Mr. Seeböhm and Mr. Gasquet; we may subject these statements to a searching criticism, we may explore the episcopal registers, the monastic archives, and we may thus deduce a result, not exact, it is true, but only a degree less trustworthy than the Registrar-General's reports in the present day. Here are two ways of ascertaining facts: the one is scientific, the other is unscientific.

But to ascertain facts is only one part of the functions of an historian. From these established facts he must draw trustworthy conclusions. He must not only state, but reason. And neither part of his work can stand alone. Without established facts his conclusions are vain; without conclusions his facts are dry and unprofitable. It is true that these two lines of intellectual activity do not often appeal with equal force to the same mind. For some the mere search for facts has an overwhelming attraction; others take delight only in drawing conclusions from them. The really great historian, the Gibbon or the Ranke, possesses both qualifications. We cannot all be Gibbons or Rankes, but let us have a high ideal, let us come as near them as we can. Let us always keep before our eyes the two aims, distinct but inseparable.

Now, in the drawing of these conclusions, there is the same distinction

between scientific and unscientific work as there is in the ascertainment of historic facts. For instance, Buckle, in illustrating his theory that national character depends largely upon food, attributes the weakness of the Hindoos to an almost exclusive diet of rice. A striking but misleading generalization, for, as Sir H. Maine has pointed out, the great majority of the Hindoos never eat rice at all. On the other hand, consider how Mommsen, by a minute and exhaustive examination of literary records, inscriptions, and other contemporary evidence, has been able to restore the fabric of Roman provincial government which the barbarians destroyed. Or, again, examine the brilliant and fruitful conclusions of Professor Seeley and Captain Mahan respecting the naval and commercial struggles of the eighteenth century—conclusions based on an independent and judicial view of a long array of established facts.

There is, then, I repeat, a scientific way, as there is an unscientific way, of studying History. If treated one way, its results are guess work and delusion; if treated another way, if industry, reason, and sober judgment are brought to bear, its results are in many cases matter of certainty, in many others matter of at least high probability. And if we except the science of mathematics, what more can be said of any science?

Nor is History without its great underlying thought, the conception which binds these scattered phenomena into one impressive whole. I speak of the doctrine of historic continuity, the doctrine that every event is linked to other events by an unbroken chain of cause and effect. It is in the discovery of this chain that the supreme interest of History consists. The historian is less concerned with classifying his phenomena than with tracing their causal connection. He must always be asking, What were the causes of this event? What results did that event produce?

Let me give an illustration. A month ago I stood in the cathedral of Lisieux, in which, when the mortar of the church was hardly dry, Henry II. of England married Eleanor of Aquitaine.

That marriage gave the kings of England a great domain in France, and entailed long wars between the two countries. This struggle, lasting throughout the 14th and 15th centuries, was the chief cause of the baronial anarchy which culminated in the Wars of the Roses. The Tudor despotism was the outcome of those wars, and in trying to maintain that despotism the Stuarts lost their throne. The Revolution which overthrew the Stuarts gave supremacy to Parliament, and led directly to the Union. Finally, the Parliament of Great Britain, after proving its capacity by creating the British Empire and defeating Napoleon, formed the model for constitutional government throughout the civilized world. Thus the effects of the marriage of Henry II. are felt to this day throughout the civilized world.

And so we may, nay, we must, treat any great historical event, until the ages are "bound each to each by natural piety." This is what is meant by the continuity of History.

The idea of continuous causation is a comparatively modern idea: it distinguishes the latter-day historian from the mediæval chronicler. The chronicler told a simple tale, for hearers who, like children, wanted a story and nothing more. The historian seeks to discover the underlying chain of cause and effect, and tries to see what place his story holds in the evolution of the world. To some this may seem a change for the worse; they prefer Herodotus to Thucydides; but they do not hold the highest view of History. Their history may be more entertaining, but it will not be so true or so inspiring. For the principle of continuity is to History what the principle of evolution is to Biology, and that of the Conservation of Energy is to Physics. It unifies and vitalizes historical study, and gives the historian a consistent and scientific aim.

If I am right, then, in my contention that History admits of scientific treatment, it does not seem that historical study inevitably encourages loose reasoning or an incapacity to distinguish fact from fiction. Nor am I aware that professed historians are especially notorious for those defects. On the

contrary, the masters of the craft, Thucydides and Tacitus, Comines and Machiavelli, Gibbon and Hume and Hallam, Niebuhr and Grote and Mommsen, are reasoners whose soundness and acumen have rarely, if ever, been surpassed. No doubt it is true that random and misleading assertions about historical matters are frequently made by platform orators and in private conversation. But the fault is not in historical training; it is in the lack of historical training. History is not the only subject in which a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Fortunately for ourselves and for the science of medicine, the law punishes medical quacks. But if there were no such law, it is not unlikely that we should hear as much about the looseness and empiricism of medicine as we now hear about the unscientific character of History.

I come to the third objection which I have stated above—the objection that an historical training has no peculiar virtue, serves no particular end. I venture to hold that this is a mistaken view; that, on the contrary, History has a distinct and unique value as an educational instrument. It is in the close connection of History with Politics that this value is to be found. I am aware that there is nothing new in this general remark. Most persons are prepared to allow that in some way or other History can render aid to Politics. But the precise way in which this aid is rendered is not so easy to state. Let us endeavor to clear up our ideas on the subject.

First of all I will eliminate what I take to be a mistaken, or at least an exaggerated, view of the practical utility of History. It has not unfrequently been held that History teems with examples which may be directly applied to present conditions, and which show the direction of contemporary tendencies. It is supposed that political phenomena constantly recur, and that an examination of the past will shed a direct light upon the future. We may call this the theory of historical analogies. It is a theory which has the support of some great names. Thus the Parliamentary orators of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries drew

copious arguments from the history of Greece and Rome. In our own day, Mazzini regarded the verdict of History as an infallible guide. Sybel, a profound historian and a politician to whom united Germany owes a great debt, applied to history and politics the maxim, "He who knows the whence will also know the whither." But the verdict of History is generally oracular. Its lessons may be read, but they are hard to apply. Historical analogies are often misleading, for they are seldom true analogies. I do not say that the study of history may not sometimes be directly useful to the politician. At all events he may learn caution from his predecessors' mistakes, as the men of 1688 took warning from their fathers of 1642. But every generation has to work out its salvation under new conditions, and to face problems never set before. There were democracies and demagogues, there were political and social problems in the city-states of Greece and early Rome, but it would be dangerous to apply conclusions based upon their experience to the democracies of Great Britain or America, so vastly larger, so radically different. It is possible that some day Mazzini's vision may come true. Some day we may be able to read the future by the light of the past, but this will not be in our time. Political science can classify and generalize: it cannot yet foretell.

It is not here, then, that we are to look for the chief practical utility of History. It is rather in the fact that the present has grown out of the past, that it contains the past, and therefore cannot be understood without it. There is hardly an institution in Great Britain, hardly a law, hardly a custom, which does not contain imbedded in it fragments from a remote antiquity. In a new country, a colony for instance, where nothing extends beyond the memory of living man, this remark would hardly hold good; but it is eminently true of an ancient and conservative state like ours, whose intricate and often anomalous institutions are the outcome or the survival of centuries of slow and stealthy change. To understand the whole which these gradual accretions contribute to make up, one

must enquire into its growth and development. Consider, for instance, the most prominent institution in the country, Parliament: look at the curious anomalies of its composition and its powers, its relations with the Crown and the Cabinet, its theoretical supremacy, its practical limitations. Some think it perfect, some think it the reverse, but regard it as we may, if we want to know what in its essence it is, we must discover how it came to be. For like some ancient and noble building, a castle or a church, it bears about it the handiwork, and embodies the spirit of countless artificers, from the days of Alfred and William the Norman, through the Henries and the Edwards, the Tudors and the Stuarts, to the political craftsmen of our own day.

And what is true of domestic institutions is equally true of international politics. How are we to obtain true views of the relations, say, of England and France, without throwing back our glance a long way into the past? The relations of States are governed by interest and sentiment, and these are forces which vary in intensity, which take different forms and different directions at different times. It is easy to miscalculate them if we look only at the present, or only at the immediate past. How grossly and how disastrously did the French mistake the force of that ancient national sentiment which has re-united the German Empire! Let us beware against a similar error. Consider our relations with France in the Mediterranean and in the colonial world. It is easy to underrate the force of that attraction toward Egypt which has so strong a hold on Frenchmen at this day. A mere sentiment, says the light-hearted journalist. Perhaps; but let us remember that the French are a sentimental people, and that this is a sentiment on which has been thrown the glamour of the Crusades, of St. Louis, and Napoleon. A mere sentiment! History teaches us to beware of sentiments like these.

Or again, consider the colonial enterprise of France. It is a passing phrase, say the wisacres of politics; France is naturally unfitted for colonial expansion; she will soon discover

her unfitness and retire from a rivalry in which she is doomed to fail. Naturally unfitted! Why, France has a colonial history nearly four centuries old; she had colonies before we had; she has repeatedly shown her capacity for conciliating and ruling barbaric races, and nothing but our fleet has made Great Britain instead of France the chief colonizing power of the modern world. No one who reads History will think lightly of colonial interests in France, or will attempt to regulate our relations with her on so mistaken an estimate.

This, then, is one great service which History can render to the politician. It explains his business. But great as this service is, it is not, I venture to think, the greatest. The chief service consists, first, in the influence which historical study, seriously prosecuted, can exert upon the mind and character; secondly, in the political exercise which historical study affords, and in the direct applicability of its aims and methods to the consideration of political affairs.

I will not dwell upon the purely intellectual results of an historical training—the retentive memory, the observant eye, the capacity for accurate and exhaustive statement, the restrained scientific imagination which enables the historian safely to reconstruct the past. These and other valuable qualities are indeed cultivated by History, but they are cultivated by other methods too. I would rather call attention to the moral effects, because on the one hand these are less often remarked, and because on the other they are specially important in this connection. It is on the connection of History and Politics that I am insisting, and it is the ethical side of education which is most important to the citizen. There are many professions in which virtue is not indispensable. The lawyers, for instance, will not be angry with me for saying that you may be an excellent lawyer and yet a bad man. But in the democratic state, at all events, as Aristotle tells us, where the ruler and the ruled are one, the good citizen must be a good man. And it is the State which breeds the largest proportion of good citizens, not the State which produces

the cleverest men, that prospers most in the long run. What, then, does History do to breed the good citizen?

In the first place, the Historian must be devoted to truth. So, it will be said, must the student of mathematics or science. Quite true! I do not claim that the Historian is more addicted to truth than any other serious investigator, but I wish you to observe that he is called upon to practise this virtue under peculiar temptations, and that these temptations are closely analogous to those which assail the politician. There is no advantage in being inaccurate about the fifth proposition of Euclid; on the contrary, there is usually the strong incentive to be accurate. But even the most respectable politicians occasionally yield to the temptation to be inaccurate in the statement of political facts, or unfair in drawing conclusions from them. To this danger the historian is also exposed, for in dealing with any prominent historical character or any tumultuous epoch, his sympathies inevitably draw him this way and that. And he is bound always to be on his guard, for the first, the indispensable qualification for an historian, is the love of truth. He may wield a brilliant pen, he may be ingenious and epigrammatic, he may possess every literary qualification, but if he is not veracious and accurate, his work is worse than useless. And the man who habitually aims at extracting truth from the politics of the past, will surely be both able and anxious to speak the truth about the politics of the present.

In the second place, if History stimulates the desire for political truth, so too it widens, tempers, and strengthens the political sympathies. The historian must be in sympathy with every side of his subject, or he will never understand it. He must identify himself with the men of whom he writes, he must regard things from their point of view, saturate himself with the ideas in which they lived, or it is but barren work he will do among those "far-off, old, unhappy things, and battles long ago." History without sympathy is like Ezekiel's valley of dry bones: let the breath of sympathy breathe upon them

and they will live. This is what Emerson means when he says: "A Gothic cathedral affirms that it was done by us and not done by us. Surely it was done by man, but we find it not in our man. But we apply ourselves to the history of its production. We remember the forest-dwellers, the first temple, the adherence to the first type, the decoration of it as wealth increased. When we have gone through this process and added thereto the Catholic church, its cross, its music, its processions, its saints' days and image-worship, we have, as it were, been the men who made the minister; we have seen how it could and must be." That is historic sympathy. It is the best practice for understanding the ideas and aspirations of the present day. As Mr. Lecky has very wisely said: "He who has learnt to understand the true character and tendencies of many succeeding ages is not likely to go very far wrong in estimating his own."

But this combination of truthfulness and sympathy, what does it produce but a temperate judgment, an enlightened impartiality? There is an impartiality of ignorance; there is also an impartiality of many-sided knowledge. It is true that few even of the greatest historians have been strictly or in all cases impartial. But their partiality, where it appears, is not, as some think, a quality to be imitated, a necessary spice to flavor dulness withal. It is a common error to suppose that impartiality is negative or colorless. The just judge may quite impartially send one man to the gallows and let another go free. Many historians appear to hold a brief; but in so far as they are advocates rather than judges, they miss the highest excellence. For the great historian, in his most elevated mood, views all mankind with a kindly but judicious eye; he metes out equal justice to Elizabeth and Mary, to Cromwell and Charles I. His characters are all human, and he parodies the poet; *Historicus sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto*. He feels, perhaps more deeply than any one else, the force of that great saying, as wise as it is generous—*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*. The picture of the past which such an historian paints will perhaps

be somewhat gray: there will be no violent contrasts: the lights and shadows will fade imperceptibly into one another. Some may call it dull; it is of more importance that it should be fair. To follow the methods of such work and to imbibe its spirit is an excellent discipline for the student who has acquired the habit of regarding History thus, who has weaned himself from taking sides, has made a long step toward performing the hardest task in politics, the task of doing justice to his opponents.

Lastly, the patriotism which History fosters will be tempered by caution and generosity: it will be an intelligent patriotism. It is not the narrow, insular pride which despises everything foreign, for History teaches us that, while we have good reason to be proud, we have no monopoly of success or virtue. Nor is it the blind self-confidence which, trusting in former triumphs, takes no thought for the morrow, for History holds up endless warnings before our eyes. It impresses upon us, in fact, above all things, the immense responsibility of the citizen and the state. But at the same time, as if to save our sense of responsibility from sinking into indecision, it inspires us with rational courage. He who observes the abundant vitality, the persistent if irregular progress, of the human race, will not indeed be over-sanguine, but still less will he despair. Knowing that the law of heredity and the law of change prevail in political communities as in the natural world, he will be tender and grateful to the past, but will look forward hopefully to the future. He will eschew revolution, but he will know that life is change. He will be neither pessimist nor optimist: he will be a meliorist.

Such then are some of the qualities which I conceive a thorough historical training should impart. Surely they are the proper equipment for a member of a self-governing state. Such a training will hardly make a vehement partisan, but it will make what is better, an intelligent, temperate, and well-intentioned citizen.

Finally, let us lay to heart the fact that the study of History and the study of politics are studies *in pasi materia*.

It has passed into a commonplace that "History is past politics, and politics present history." The historical student deals with institutions and laws, wars and revolutions, the struggles of parties, the rivalry of class with class. Are not these the phenomena of politics here and now? Past and present politics are not identical, but they are very similar. The experience and practice gained in investigating the one is directly useful in investigating the other. By no other kind of study is a man so directly prepared for practical affairs. The atmosphere of the laboratory is not the atmosphere of public life, its methods are not the methods of political discussion, because its material is entirely unlike. "Thou canst not draw out Leviathan with a hook," nor can you apply the scales and the microscope to the forces that move mankind.

But as the material of history and the material of political discussion are similar, so also, to a large extent, are their methods of argument. We are told, rightly enough, that in a large number, perhaps the majority, of historical questions, probability is all that can be attained. Science aims at certainty, and is content with nothing less. What follows? Surely, that great as are the educational merits of the severer studies, they are inferior to History as a preparation for politics. For in politics there is only probability. We can never say exactly what effect our laws will have; not even Ministers can tell what line their Party is going to take. And the style of argument which is indispensable in a field where scientific certainty is aimed at and attainable is out of place in another field where probability is all that you can hope to attain. Political reasoning is just as rational as scientific reasoning, only it is something different. What is irrational is the attempt to apply to politics the rigid rules which hold good in grammar, or the serried arguments of a mathematical theorem. Politics are not susceptible of that close and accurate logic, and if you attempt to apply it, you fail to produce conviction. You may possibly make points, but you will certainly make mistakes. For in politics there is a greater than logic, and that is the subtle but often inar-

ticulate reason which we call judgment or common-sense. And it is History that best helps a man to apply this faculty to politics. Do not let me be misunderstood. To say that a man cannot excel in politics without knowing History would be grossly absurd. There have been great statesmen without History. Cobden, as we know, preferred a page of *The Times* to all Thucydides. What I mean to say is, that the politician who has had an historical training, is probably the superior of him who has not; that there is no politician so able as not to be the better for knowing History; and that

in the training of the politician no other study can take its place.

Such, I apprehend, is the connection of History and politics, such the educational value of historical study. There can be no higher task for a University than to train the future citizens and rulers of our State, those who in office or in Parliament, by the pen or simply by the vote, will control the destinies of this land. And if I am right in my contention, then it is chiefly in History that these citizens and rulers should be trained.—*National Review*.

CELIBACY AND THE STRUGGLE TO GET ON.

BY H. E. M. STUTFIELD.

THE end-of-the-century young man is on his trial. The lady novelist is his judge, and the jury, packed largely with New Women, will have little hesitation in finding him guilty. Manifest are his crimes, if but the half one hears be true. He is selfish, luxurious, effeminate, and vicious. He has no pluck. The modern analytical spirit has so paralyzed his natural impulses that he cannot make up his mind to propose. He tyrannizes abominably over poor, weak, defenceless woman. He is overfond of his club. To sum up, he is a worthless and somewhat disgusting creature, and Woman—the New Woman—rebellious against her natural instincts, will no more seek intercourse with him, but rather shrink from him with aversion and loathing.

The indictment is a heavy one, and it is variously framed. It is chiefly contained in the works of the new female school of physiologico-psychological fiction, with which novel-readers are becoming so unpleasantly familiar. The neurotic story has long since supplanted the erotic. We are forced now to read of heredity and pathology, of diseased babies, and of anæmic, morbidly introspective damsels full of self-torturings and soul-questionings. Formerly the French and Scandinavian novelists, with their numerous male imitators, had this field to themselves,

but now the "monstrous regiment of women," who have carried by storm so many man-garrisoned citadels, have invaded the domain of pathological story-telling. And, strange as it seems, the novel-reading public, or at any rate the female section of it, seems to prefer perusing these tales to any others. If in the process they devour much garbage and more bad grammar, it still seems to suit their mental tastes and digestions.

"Ah, why is each 'passing depression'
Of stories that gloomily bore
Received as the subtle expression
Of almost unspeakable lore?
In the dreary, the grubby, the grimy,
Say, why do our women delight,
And wherefore so constantly ply me
With *Ships in the Night*?"

So sings Mr. Andrew Lang, not without cause. But for the multitude of feminine readers, much of our popular modern "literature" would find its proper haven of rest in the waste-paper basket.

"And why ladies read what they do read
Is a thing that no man may explain,
And if any one asks for a true rede,
He asketh in vain."

As these highly seasoned stories are presumably written with a lofty moral purpose, one is forcibly reminded of Swift's epigram, that "nice persons are persons of nasty ideas." They are

written by ladies for ladies, and pater-familias will be wise if, before taking one of them up, he first ascertains from his daughters whether it is fit for him to read. As a rule, he is so much more easily shocked than they. Besides, his ears may tingle and his feelings be harrowed when he finds what nasty things the lady novelist has been saying about him and his unregenerate male compeers. According to her, Man is a vile, degraded being, diseased and enfeebled, as a rule, both in mind and body, and in every respect thoroughly objectionable. No decent-minded girl ought to touch him with a barge-pole. The ladies have picked and pulled his character to pieces till he has not a rag of reputation left, and he stands naked, so to speak, yet, I regret to say, not ashamed. His most truculent critic, as every one knows, is Mrs. Sarah Grand, though Mr. Grant Allen has recently added that shrill *vox clamantium* of his to the feminine clamor against the wickedness of his sex.* Mrs. Grand gave us a taste of her quality in "The Heavenly Twins," but she has since greatly improved on that peculiar performance. The modern Caliban, the Man of the Moment, finds his ugly lineaments vividly portrayed by her with a hand that does not spare. She has ruthlessly torn aside the veil which hitherto shrouded his iniquities, and he stands revealed, like Mokanna, in his utter repulsiveness.

" 'Here—judge if Hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am !'
He raised the veil—the maid turned slowly round ;
Looked at him—shrieked—and sunk upon the ground !"

The modern woman shrieks, like Zeli-ca, on beholding the monster (was there a Shrieking Sisterhood even in those days, I wonder?), and probably joins the Pioneer Club.

A volume might be filled with the flowers of Mrs. Grand's vituperative rhetoric, but I cannot refrain from culling a few of her choicer and more

recent specimens. "Man," she tells us, "has shrunk to his true proportions" in the eyes of the ladies. What those proportions may be the shrinking male creature shudders to contemplate. Probably they are very insignificant. It is, however, consoling to know that, while men have been thus shrinking to their true proportions, the ladies are "expanding to theirs"—*subaudi*, I imagine, in their own eyes also. For we are told with refreshing frankness, that, in spite of the decay of male manners and morals, "the manners of the New Woman are perfect." I would we could say the same of her literary style ! To the just modern girl thus made perfect in manners "the man of the moment is not of much account." A strong dislike for him is arising in her mind. She makes merry over him, and thinks him "a subject both for contempt and pity." For is he not "a skulking creature"—indolent, feeble, and nerveless ? Does he not lie long abed, while the New Woman is up and doing ? Does he not "grow ever more effeminate" ? Small wonder, then, that to the New Woman "he appears a common creature, of no ideals, deficient in breadth and depth, and only of a boundless assurance." Only when he appears as a suitor, or "candidate for marriage," does he cease to puff himself out and comport himself with proper humility. And we may be quite sure that the girl of the period will not accept him unless he can show a certificate—medical or otherwise—of a blameless life, from which one gathers that the world must be getting in a parlous state. For if, as it seems, man is almost uniformly vicious, and woman will only wed such as have no "horrid past," the human race must be in some danger of final extinction. Perhaps in view of its widespread corruption this is a consummation more to be desired than dreaded. If I mistake not, there exists already in Russia a religious sect which is putting these principles into practice. Similarly our noble British Pioneers declare that Man, a necessary evil, is to be no longer flattered but fought—a policy which should delight the shade of Malthus. Probably, however, Nature, even though the New Woman expel her with

* See "The Humanitarian" for September, and "The North American Review" for March and May.

a pitchfork, will speedily return and assert herself.

One feels tempted to ask what is Mrs. Grand's warrant for the assertion that men "grow ever more effeminate," and that idleness and luxury are making them flabby? From the physical point of view the evidence all points in the contrary direction. The records of athleticism, so far as they can be taken as a guide, seem to prove that man is improving rather than degenerating. The spirit of adventure is as rife as ever, though the field for its exercise of necessity becomes more limited. Even your young Guardsman, who is usually represented as the type of all that is lazy and dissolute, is not behindhand in volunteering for a Soudan or Nile campaign whenever he gets the chance. Men are as ready as ever to risk their lives in distant travel and exploration, if only for amusement. In the Alps, the Caucasus, the Andes, and the Himalayas, peaks are scaled and climbing feats performed which twenty years ago would have been deemed impossible. I do not say that all these things are wise or admirable; but at least they are evidence of latent energy that must have an outlet somehow, of steam that must find its vent somewhere. When we come to the moral sphere one is on less sure ground. Here we are forced to descend to generalities, and in this field one is necessarily somewhat at a disadvantage when arguing with a lady. No doubt we are less impulsive in these ratiocinative days; but, speaking generally, I should say there is more serious purpose in men's lives than formerly, and also a greater desire to do some good in the world. If there is less plain living, there is also more high thinking. It would be strange were it otherwise in our altruistic age, when the worship of humanity in one form or another is so prevalent.

Of course, as I have said, all this cannot be proved. I am merely stating my views in opposition to those of the lady novelists concerning the moral degradation of the masculine creature. Happily, however, his feminine censors do not leave him without hope of consolation in the future. Fallen as the big baby Man is, Woman—the New

Woman—"holds out a strong hand to the child-man, and insists, but with infinite tenderness and pity, upon helping him up." Our feelings in return, Mrs. Grand may rest assured, will be those of unutterable regard and gratitude. From our clubs, from the moral gutters where we lie wallowing, we will stretch forth our hands to meet those of the lady novelist and her angel help-mates. With "infinite tenderness" will we welcome their clasp, and when they have assisted us to rise and set us on our legs again—why, words fail to express the emotions we shall experience then.

Now all this, with much more to the same effect, is of course intensely comical, and none the less so because the humor is so obviously unconscious. The question naturally suggests itself, however, Why is the "trumpet of sexual revolt" being blown so shrilly and continuously? What is all the pother about? Does it represent any real feeling or want, or is it merely one of those passing dust-storms which sweep periodically across the barren wilderness of magazine and newspaper controversy? According to one lady critic* there is nothing new in the Woman Question, which existed as far back as the days of King Charles the Second. It is the same old trumpet that is being blown, only different performers are exercising their lungs upon it. In other words, the New Woman is no more of a novelty than, let us say, Mrs. Humphry Ward's new theological ideas. This is quite possible, though I cannot help thinking that woman's rebellion in its latest form springs from the altered conditions of contemporary social existence. If "the sex" are going on strike there is a reason for it. I may be wrong, but I suspect that the movement arises in the main from the celibate tendencies of modern mankind. What is called the Sex Problem, or the Woman Question, resolves itself largely into the question of marriage. In the words of Mrs. Grand, "the Woman Question is the Marriage Question." To speak plainly, man's chief crime in the average woman's eyes is that he does not marry

* Mrs. Gosse in the "New Review."

her. This is the head and front of his offending, though, as we have seen, many other crimes are laid at his door. Herein we have the real origin of the revolt of the daughters, as the perfectly natural demand of the girls for rather more liberty is somewhat unreasonably called. Matrimony has ceased to be the sole aim and end of women's lives. In not a few cases it is not an aim at all. Many women are unable, and some have no desire, to marry. This being so, small blame to them if they are rebelling against the tyranny of the chaperon, who not unfrequently is more youthful than her charges both in years and discretion. No wonder that they are calling out for latch-keys, *Wanderjahre*, rational bicycling costumes, new religions, boxes at the music-halls, and a variety of other hitherto forbidden joys and privileges. They ask to be allowed sufficient freedom to follow their bent, to develop their own personalities and talents, so that when man comes up humbly and submissively as a "candidate for marriage" they may be free to take him or leave him just as they please. If, as is highly probable, he does not come at all, they will be perfectly well able to get along without him. Nobody now thinks that a woman has necessarily missed her mark in life merely because she never marries. In the days that are to be, let us hope, the girl of the moment, if Mrs. Grand will permit me to coin the phrase, will never be tempted to make a loveless match merely to secure emancipation from burdensome home restraints.

All this, in my humble opinion, is quite as it should be. In fact it would seem to be the inevitable outcome of our altered social conditions, now that marriage is so notably on the decline. And one may well hold these views without committing one's self to approval of the ravings of the New Woman or the prancing of the over-advanced girl. I do not know whether Mrs. Grand means to give us an accurate description of the chaste and delicate communings of the modern maiden who, we are told, says in her heart, "Don't offer me the mutilated remains of a man," or, "I shall never marry unless I can find a man of honor with

no horrid past." If, however, such a maiden exists, I fancy that in the majority of cases she will be spared the pain of refusing her unwelcome suitor. In the words of the old song, slightly altered,—

" 'Nobody asked you, Miss,' he said."

In future times, perhaps, the bashful girl of the period will come forward herself as a "candidate for marriage;" but at present, in flat contradiction of the French proverb, man no longer proposes. Many and varied are the reasons given for his remissness. The subject has been frequently ventilated, and, "Why men don't marry" has more than once formed the theme of a copious newspaper correspondence. Some attribute it to the selfishness and luxury of the "skulking" male creatures; others to his shilly-shally and want of pluck; others, again, lay the blame on those odious clubs. One brutal person of my acquaintance says it is all the fault of the modern girl, who has such expensive and luxurious habits; but then I do not hesitate to characterize him as a "man of the moment" of the worst possible description! Mr. Grant Allen in his "Post-Prandial Philosophy" disagrees with them all. He thinks that in most things the modern young man is an improvement on his progenitors, but he nevertheless discerns in him a distinct and disastrous weakening of the matrimonial impulse. He attributes the present crisis in the English marriage-market to the cumulative effect of nervous over-excitement, consequent upon the wear and tear of modern existence. *Tot homines quot sententia*: no two people can agree as to the cause; only the distressing fact remains, patent to all mothers of marriageable girls. The decline of marriage is, in fact, a new social phenomenon that has to be reckoned with and, if possible, explained.

For my own part, I doubt whether any of these things have much to do with the celibate tendencies of the latter-day male. They are very possibly contributory causes, though I cannot but think that their influence is greatly exaggerated. The real reason must be sought in the bad times, in the gloom

and uncertainty of the present business outlook. I do not believe that the men of our day are any more misogynists than their forefathers. They are not so romantic, perhaps, for they have lost most of their illusions; but their instincts are no less sound and healthy. They remain bachelors, not because they are selfish and vicious, but because they cannot afford the luxury of a wife. Of my own rich or well-to-do friends by far the larger proportion are married, which would seem to point to the permanence of the matrimonial impulses, so long as the means for satisfying them exist. For most of the others a state of single blessedness is a matter of dire necessity, or at any rate of ordinary prudence. Never was a living so difficult to make as now; never, from a monetary point of view, was the prospect more cheerless. Never was there so much distress in the upper classes, or so many families among the multitude of the outwardly well-to-do struggling to make both ends meet. Mrs. Grand is very severe on the idleness and luxury of the "man of the moment," as she calls him. Is she merely indulging in a journalistic scream, or does she really think that her effeminate slug-abad is fairly representative of the modern male? Does she know nothing of the daily wear and tear, the mental strain and worry, of commercial and professional life? For myself, I confess that, viewing humanity as a whole, the follies of the idle few bulk far less largely on my imagination than do the pluck and perseverance of that greater number of men who in these times are bravely fighting a losing battle against adverse circumstances. Mrs. Grand suggests that the alternative of work or starvation should be offered to the lazy and luxurious. The pity of it is that for not a few people nowadays it is a case of work *plus* starvation—or something like it. I am in the City myself, and, though in such matters it is obviously impossible to descend to details, I know something of the silent tragedies that are daily being enacted in our midst. I say "silent," because not the least cruel of the hardships of genteel poverty is its obligation to mask its sufferings. The lower-class

working man, who cries out loudest, is less to be pitied, for his wages have risen during the last few years coincidentally with a general fall in prices. The upper and middle-class bread-winner, on the other hand, finds the sources of his income gradually diminishing, while, if he has children to feed and clothe and educate, retrenchment is practically impossible. The present state of affairs all the world over is surely calculated to make thoughtful men pause before they undertake the responsibilities of marriage, unless they possess a good and fairly assured income. Nor is it easy to discern signs of permanent improvement, and the bachelor with only a few hundreds a year of his own may well be excused if, seeing the dangers and pitfalls in his path, he prefers to encounter them unencumbered. His critics may ascribe his conduct in this matter to the feebleness and flabbiness which are said to be his most prominent characteristics. It all depends upon the point of view. To me it seems that he is only displaying common prudence and the discretion which, in matters matrimonial at any rate, is certainly the better part of valor.

It will be argued, no doubt, that all this is stale pessimism; that the same has been said many times before; that things are no worse than formerly, and will right themselves ere long. I sincerely hope they will, though I have my doubts about it. To make the matter clearer, I propose to set forth a few of the reasons that lead me to believe that the present times are quite exceptionally bad, and also that our generation is not likely to see the prosperous days our fathers enjoyed. And, lest I should seem to be generalizing overmuch, I propose to examine the point somewhat in detail, dealing more especially with one or two representative professions and occupations of the upper and upper-middle classes. I shall endeavor to look at the facts as they are, or at any rate as they appear to me, for unfortunately I am not gifted with the ostrich's happy faculty of hiding his head from things he does not wish to see. It is always best to know the truth, even though it be unpleasant.

Let us begin with the legal profession, confining our attention for the present to the Bar, which seems still to be regarded as the natural career for youths of good abilities who are not destined for the Church or either of the Services. Personally I always assume that every University graduate I meet is a barrister until I hear the contrary. At present the members of the various Inns of Court number over seven thousand. Of these many, no doubt, are barristers in name only, for the Bar is something more than a mere profession or means of livelihood. It is also the favorite pseud-occupation of the dilettante who dislikes real work, but thinks that "every man ought to do something, don't you know?" Beyond question, therefore, the Bar contains more ornamental members than any other profession. But it is equally certain that there is not work to occupy half even of those who take it up seriously. I have never quite understood why the career of a barrister is so specially attractive, or for what occult reason a wig and gown are supposed to confer social status on the fortunate owner. It seems incomprehensible that people should keep crowding into a profession which, if we are to judge from the average earnings of its members, is certainly the least remunerative in the world. Many fond fathers of fairly talented boys still hug the delusion that by sending them to the Bar they are opening to them the most promising avenue toward a successful career. They imagine that, even without interest, their abilities are sure to win them, if not fame, at least a sufficient competence. Alas! there are so many clever people about nowadays! We are all educated up to such a high level of mediocrity, and our intellectual stature is so uniform, that pre-eminence is doubly difficult to attain. There is much work to be done, but far too many to do it. The harvest is there to be gathered in, but among the multitude of reapers many must come short. Young Briefless may think himself fortunate if, after five or ten years' hard work, he is earning as much as the head-gamekeeper or the family butler. Meanwhile he will very likely have the mortification

of seeing other men, intellectually his inferiors, making comfortable incomes almost from the start. As a legal friend once remarked to me, "The really trying thing is, not so much the good men who fail to get on, but the awful duffers who do." It is a great mistake to suppose that a colossal intellect is necessary for legal advancement. A hard head and a strong stomach are far more essential qualifications, though, of course, good backing is the one thing needful. A recent writer declares that the "qualities which ensure a successful bagman" are in these days no less valuable at the Bar. This sounds a trifle strong, but certain it is that modest and retiring talent stands a poor chance against "push" and blatant self-assertiveness.

Everybody is agreed that the Bar stands not where it did as a money-making occupation. Complaints are rife of the falling-off of work, and men who not so long ago were making their thousand a year, or thereabouts, are now earning barely the half. For the decline in legal business the reasons are neither few nor far to seek. Our old friends, hard times and trade depression, are of course largely responsible. Overcrowding and consequent competition and the scaling down of fees are scarcely less obvious causes. Nor has the aggregate of legal work increased relatively to the number of lawyers who seek to obtain it. Indeed, if figures are to be trusted, it would seem doubtful if it has increased at all. From statistics recently published, it appears that the number of lawyers in England and Scotland has augmented about forty per cent during the last twenty-five years. Meanwhile, in spite of more than a proportional growth in the population, the volume of litigation has remained almost stationary. Educated people think twice before going to law nowadays, and no wonder. Of course there is a great deal of work quite apart from litigation; but legislation has greatly simplified procedure and other matters during recent years, and the process is likely to extend further. The solicitor can now dispense with the barrister's services in many cases where they

would formerly have been indispensable. Another point which should be noted is the gradual breaking down of those barriers between the two branches of the law which have been set up by etiquette and the unwritten rules of the profession. One by one they are giving way before the pressure of an ever-augmenting competition, so that many barristers now think that the inevitable outcome is the amalgamation of the two branches of the profession. The middleman has a natural tendency to disappear in these days of diminishing profits, and the law will probably have to follow the example set by trade in this respect. Indeed, the change would almost seem to be taking place already. The old idea of marrying a solicitor's daughter is out of date; but the sons and brothers of lawyers are often called to the Bar to co-operate with their relations, and these snug little family parties are in many cases partnerships in everything but name. Barrister and solicitor are thus "tied" one to the other as effectually as are brewer and publican.

Perhaps the most serious thing for the Bar nowadays is the gradual but persistent decline in its commercial work. Business men are learning to settle their disputes among themselves. They dread the worry, the delay, the expense, and the uncertainty of the law courts, and will sacrifice a great deal sooner than face them. They are conscious also of the extraordinary ignorance of business principles which exists both among barristers and judges; and, whether rightly or wrongly, they do not always feel sure of securing an entirely unprejudiced hearing. The prejudice may be unconscionable, but it undoubtedly exists. Both Bench and Bar are far too prone to profess a holy and indiscriminating horror of the City and its ways, which, knowing as I do something both of business and the law, I can only ascribe to want of knowledge. Lastly, the City man stands in great fear of the insults to which litigants are exposed at the hands of cross-examining counsel. Plaintiff, for instance, may think that he has a just cause of action against defendant for a debt owing to him from the latter. He considers it

both irrelevant and disagreeable to be asked whether it is not a fact that he had an affair with a certain lady twenty years previously. My readers will remember what a storm of popular indignation was evoked by the questions asked in cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell during the "nobly conducted" Osborne case, and how it found vent in a correspondence in the 'Times' that lasted for about three months. Beyond doubt the forensic bully has much to answer for in the way of discouraging litigation.

The above are some of the reasons which lead one irresistibly to the conclusion that the Bar does not now, and never can, afford work for the multitudes who seek admission within it. There are many other causes, no doubt, but space would fail me were I to enter into the subject more fully. One thing, however, is certain, and that is, that the business world has largely learned to dispense with litigation; nor is it ever likely to revert to the old methods as before. The litigious instinct is chiefly prominent among the inferior races, and the advance of civilization surely promotes its decay. Hindoos, Chinese, and other Orientals delight in lawsuits, but the Western merchant fights shy of them. This probably accounts in a great measure for the frequent complaints one hears concerning the decline in the quality as well as quantity of legal work. Instead of big commercial cases, where the parties are rich and the fees correspondingly high, common lawyers, at any rate, are now mostly occupied with libel and running-down actions, breach of promise suits, and the like. The better class of business goes to the Chancery side, which on the whole has less cause to complain.

One advantage barristers possess to console them in part for their enforced idleness. They run no risks; there are no bad debts beyond those guineas sometimes withheld by the solicitor. They need have no presentiments of impending disaster, no fears of financial crises to haunt their dreams. Far otherwise is it with that larger world east of Temple Bar, whose position and prospects we will now proceed to discuss.

The City is not happy. It is sighing over the good old times that are gone, when the avenues of commerce were not choked with mobs of competitors, when business was brisk and profits were large. It is looking forward anxiously to the long-expected revival which is so long in putting in an appearance. Meanwhile trade is languishing, owing to the general distrust and uncertainty. Commodities are desperately low, and prices still trend downward. Many of our industries are in a critical state, and the despondency of agriculture is deepening into despair. Signs of improvement are happily visible here and there, but their effect on trade in general is as yet scarcely perceptible. The acute stage of the financial crisis has, let us hope, finally disappeared, but in its stead dulness reigns supreme. All these adverse influences naturally make themselves felt through every branch of trade in the City, but nowhere more than in the Stock Exchange. I mention the Stock Exchange in particular, firstly, because it is always well to speak of what one knows, and also because the state of business in Capel Court is considered by many people to be a fair index or barometer of commercial prosperity all over the country. The Stock Exchange probably suffers more acutely during the bad times than any other business or profession. Trade there is sometimes exceedingly brisk and remunerative; but it also has an unpleasant way of suddenly and completely dying away, and then losses and bad debts too often take the place of handsome profits. The latter are, in any but exceptionally good times, quite disproportionate to the magnitude of the risks incurred, the bulk of the business being, as everybody knows, purely speculative. At present speculation is almost non-existent. It is not for want of capital, for money is piling up until men are at their wits' end to know what to do with it, but confidence is lacking. Brokers and dealers will have to wait until the prevailing distrust has passed away, or, as some cynically express it, until a new crop of fools arises with money in their pockets to lose.

Unfortunately the members of the

"House" have earned, not altogether unjustly, a character for extravagance and improvidence; and a prolonged period of depression like the present puts a severe strain upon their resources. It is possible—though I doubt it—that similarly gloomy periods have been experienced before; but in those days there were less than half the number of men engaged in scrambling for such business as was offering, and competition had not here, as everywhere else, cut profits down to a minimum. At present the "House" contains little short of four thousand members, besides a considerable number of clerks who have a share in their employers' profits. Nearly all of these are actually engaged in business. Unlike the Bar, the Stock Exchange does not contain a host of idle supernumeraries in its ranks, for it has not yet come to be regarded as an ornamental occupation. At the same time it has, I regret to say, immensely increased in popularity during the last few years, and, if not ornamental, it is growing perilously fashionable. Its *personnel*, or perhaps one ought to say, its social status, has greatly improved of late, while the incomes of its members have steadily declined. About five years ago there was quite a rush of gilded youth within the portals of Capel Court. Nearly every firm of standing could boast of one or more sprigs of nobility on its staff of clerks, and smart cavalry officers were glad to act as "runners" if they could not become partners. The talk in the smoking-rooms of fashionable West-End clubs was of the comparative merits of American and Nitrate Rails, of the coming rise in frozen meat and land companies' shares. Many thought they had only to come to pick the sovereigns off a species of Tom Tiddler's ground, and great must have been their disappointment when the place proved less of an Eldorado than they had anticipated. Those were the palmy days of "booms" and general inflation. The loanmonger and the company promoter were on the war-path, and the public tumbled over each other in the wild rush after premiums on new issues. Financial houses and firms of old standing vied one with the

other in foisting unmarketable rubbish on the guileless investor, who, through the medium of trust and other companies, fell a victim to various ingenious devices to part him and his money. It was a mean and sordid game at best, and one which was productive of untold suffering and misery, but it paid well while the mad saturnalia of greed, folly, and unscrupulousness lasted. Now the day of reckoning has come—but it has not yet gone. Throughout the year that is now drawing to a close, things have been continually brought to light which make honest men blush for their fellow-countrymen, and the whole City, the innocent and the guilty alike, are repenting in sackcloth and ashes.

Not only from Capel Court, but from Mark and Mincing Lanes, from the Wool and Corn Exchanges, and all the other crowded purlieus of commerce, there goes up the same bitter cry, which is echoed back from the great manufacturing towns of the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Profits are insignificant or *nil*. The foreigner is underselling us and filching away our trade. The fall in the exchanges is paralyzing our Eastern merchants, and, by stimulating exports from countries with depreciated currencies, is keeping down the prices of commodities. Business men are living from hand to mouth, and not a few are drawing on their capital, and thus wearing out the machinery of their calling, in the endeavor to keep their connection together until better times come round. And those times must come soon, or it will go hard with many who are now struggling with difficulty to keep their heads above water. Already the distress in the City is very great, and I could tell of many unspeakably sad cases of men who a few years ago were earning comfortable incomes, but who now are sorely put to it to keep the wolf from the door. "If one had only oneself to think of, it would be bearable enough," I have heard more than one father of a family say. One of the most melancholy things is the number of clerks, many of them married men with families, who are thrown out of work for no fault of their own. Their

employers have either failed, or else have been compelled by pressure of circumstances to reduce their establishments, and fresh situations are very difficult to obtain. In some businesses, the tea and wine trades particularly, the middleman has been elbowed out, owing to the cutting down of profits. Many formerly remunerative occupations have thus entirely disappeared, and those who are engaged in them do not easily find new openings. Owing to the same cause, the position of the small trader is becoming more and more difficult. When the margin of profits is so small, operations must be conducted on an extensive scale to yield any adequate return, and business thus tends to become concentrated in the hands of large firms and joint-stock companies.

Depression in the City of course reflects itself in the diminished earnings of nearly every trade and calling in the outside world. Literature and art in their various branches, the purveyors of all kinds of luxuries, the entire shop-keeping class—all these suffer from loss of *clientèle*. Hard times for agriculture mean hard times for the Church and the Universities, whose interests are bound up with those of the landowners. Even the doctors are calling out that nowadays people cannot afford to be ill. The losses of investors through the various financial panics of the last four years have been colossal, and their full effects have only lately made themselves felt among the non-business community. Many people, growing tired of holding on to shares and bonds that yield no return, have sold them, and the pressure of money that is seeking safe reinvestment has driven the sounder class of securities up to a prohibitive price. Thus, with diminished capital returning a lower rate of interest, many a British householder finds his income to-day sadly straitened. In only too many cases families have been left with little more than the bare means of subsistence. It is not surprising to hear, therefore, of the number of men of gentle birth who are to be found in the ranks of the army, driving cabs and omnibuses, and otherwise engaged in occupations unbefitting their social po-

sition. Harder still is the lot of those women who suddenly find themselves compelled to go out into the world to earn a living. A friend of mine, who himself is not well off, tells me that he advertised a short time ago for a daily governess. Forty fairly well-qualified candidates for the post answered the advertisement, and of these fifteen were ready to work for such a miserable pittance as one would imagine could hardly keep body and soul together.

"How much longer is this state of things likely to last?" is the thought uppermost in many anxious minds. One may reasonably expect, without being unduly optimistic, that times will improve before long. Prices cannot continue to fall forever, and the natural law of reaction must surely reassert itself some day. Whether the improvement will last long is another and very different matter. For myself, I more than doubt it for many reasons. Some of the causes of our present troubles are, it may be hoped, temporary, and will disappear. Others, I fear, are permanent, and the sphere of their operation is more likely to expand than to contract. In the first place, the cycles of business prosperity show a steadily diminishing tendency. Formerly economists and merchants looked for alternate decades of inflation and depression, but now and in future we must anticipate more prolonged eras of slack trade and general cheapness, with correspondingly short periods of high prices and business activity. When a demand arises it is more rapidly supplied, owing, I presume, to increased facilities of production and transport, and to the fierce competition that prevails everywhere. The constant tendency of profits to a minimum seems to be one of the few really established economic doctrines. It is certainly being exemplified now in a most unpleasant way, both in trade and in the low rates of interest procurable from sound investments. The claims of labor, and its ever-growing power to enforce those claims, are also factors in the problem which must not be lost sight of. Then the ever-present overpopulation ogre keeps showing his ugly face, and threatening us with fresh forms of competition every day. For

the upper and middle classes have now a new rival to encounter in the struggle for their daily bread. The children of the working class, whom they have educated to be their competitors in the battle of life, are gradually squeezing them out of many fields of employment which they formerly had to themselves. Meanwhile, so far as this country is concerned, it is almost inconceivable that England can ever occupy quite the same position as in bygone days. Our trade may be greater than ever in volume, but we have undoubtedly lost our commercial supremacy in the sense that we are no longer the sole hucksters, or distributors, or carriers, or manufacturers of the world. It must be remembered, too, that we are drawing to the close of the greatest period of industrial development that mankind has ever seen. The Victorian era has been the golden age of invention and material progress, and a prolonged reaction after a time of such uninterrupted and feverish activity seems almost inevitable. The habitable and profitable areas of the globe are getting rapidly populated. Nearly every country, except China, has been railroaded, and even supposing that some new motive force were to be discovered and used, such as electricity, or *vril*, or Buddhist *akasa*, the greater part of the manual labor is accomplished. The rails are laid; the cuttings, the bridges, and the embankments are made. The field of commercial enterprise being thus gradually contracted, I cannot but think that employment is likely to be increasingly difficult to obtain, and that, speaking generally, the old days of large profits earned in legitimate trading are not likely to be seen again.

The subject might be discussed indefinitely; but in the short space of a magazine article I can only sketch a few heads and outlines of the argument, leaving my readers to fill in the details for themselves. Enough has been said to show that the man of the moment, whatever his shortcomings may be, has much to contend with. And, on the whole, right manfully, as it seems to me, does he play his part in the battle of life. If, perforce, he stands all day long in the market-place

idle, it is because no man hath hired him. Among the multitudes who jostle one another in our great commercial centres all cannot hope to obtain work, for there is not enough to go round. One hears a great deal of talk about the "superfluous woman," but how about the superfluous men? I often apologize to my fellow-men of business for being alive at all! The only excuse I have to offer is that I am not responsible for my existence, and the law forbids me to terminate it! I repeat, then, that the average man of our day is no *fainéant*. Indeed, if one looks below the luxury, the folly, and the fashion which flaunt on the surface of society, and which seem to monopolize Mrs. Grand's gaze, his conduct in the uphill struggle with adversity often strikes me as little short of heroic. Nor has his training, as a rule, been such as fits him to cope with hard times. Unfortunately for a large number of the rising generation, they have been brought up to a standard of living which is quite beyond their means. Our fathers, who lived in the halcyon days of commercial prosperity, have given us in our youth of the fruits of their labors. In the matter of education, beyond all things, they have treated us right royally, though it may well be doubted now whether in many cases it was not a cruel kindness on their part. Living is no doubt cheaper, but there is a much higher standard of luxury. In other words, people nowadays—men and women, I would observe—have more wants. As the saying is, they expect to begin where their fathers left off. Small wonder, then, if, at a time when the means of satisfying those wants are harder than ever to obtain, and the outlook is such as I have described, the man of modest means pauses before he puts his head into the matrimonial noose. If he does offer himself as a "candidate for marriage," it is usually late in life, which doubtless accounts for the number of elderly Cupids one sees mating with spinsters of uncertain ages. He is no believer in the gospel of depopulation (though sooner or later that knotty problem will have to be faced), but he refuses to recognize the propagation of paupers as a paramount so-

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cial duty. The command to "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth," loses somewhat of its force in an age when most people think that the world is too full already. And uncertainty concerning the future probably acts even more as a deterrent with him than an exiguous balance at the bank. What merchant or trader, for instance, can tell you even approximately how much he will be making a year or two hence, or whether he will be making anything at all? Not a few men shrink from the idea of marrying unless they can see a fair prospect of bringing up their children in the same position in life as they occupy themselves. But what proportion of the rising generation can hope to do this? I wonder how many people calculate the expenses of a modern boy's education. I reflect with feelings of the profoundest humiliation that my own, including school and university expenses and legal training, must have cost fully £3000. This is of course excessive, though many of my contemporaries must have had a great deal more spent upon theirs, and schooling is one of the few things that show a tendency to rise in price.

Gradually, no doubt, we shall accommodate ourselves to our new environment, and learn to live in a style more in accordance with our means. Mr. Goschen has more than once drawn attention to the increase in the number of people who possess moderate incomes. Unfortunately, the large fortunes in the hands of the minority tend to keep up the standard of luxurious living. There is enormous wealth, but money is exceedingly difficult to make. We have solved the problem of production—only too well, some will say—but that of distribution must be left to our successors to unriddle as best they can. What changes will be wrought thereby in the social order, or in what precise form the latter will emerge from the reorganization process which is even now going on, it is impossible to foresee. Ours is an age of dissolving views, of spiritual and mental unrest and inquiry. Faith is fading, even where religion and morality hold their own. Authority, like our bank balances, is decidedly on the wane, and the an-

archical spirit is by no means confined to the throwers of bombs. One result of all this is that the upper classes are likely to have less and less a monopoly of the good things of life. Beyond doubt we are living in a transition period, and, like all such periods, it is a cause to many of much anxiety and suffering. Men's hearts are failing them for fear of what the future may have in store for them. And yet, putting monetary questions aside, that same future will probably prove much less terrible when it arrives than many of us now anticipate. One thing, however, seems tolerably certain: mankind in general will have to live less extravagantly. To take one concrete example, our English system of entertaining must be cheapened. The Mammon-god must come down from his high pedestal. We must borrow a leaf from the pages of Carlyle, and remember that the value of the fraction of life can be better added to by lessening the denominator of our desires than by increasing the numerator of our enjoyments. By making our claim of wages a zero we may have the world under our feet. Unfortunately our claim nowadays is rather for a living wage, or, as the London County Council call it, a "moral minimum," which of course varies greatly with the individual. Some people's "moral minimum" includes a daily cutlet and pint of Pommery at dinner, and a shilling cigar afterward. Their motto is "Plain living and high drinking," and if they come short of these necessities of life they consider themselves ill used. We have all of us a sort of average which we consider our due, and we naturally make our desires rather than our merits the standard in measuring that average. I often won-

der what the sage of Chelsea, if he were alive now, would say to this delightful theory of the living wage and the moral minimum.

It may seem useless to preach moderate living to an age which is forever adding to its wants and heightening its standard of comfort, and when the "Thou (sweet gentleman)" seems to require more pampering than ever. Nevertheless we may be sure that for the frugal-minded the world will not be such a bad place to live in after all. Have we not the authority of the lady novelist for saying that brighter times are in store for us? If the men of the next generation are poorer, they will also, we may hope, be more virtuous, for are not Mrs. Grand and her friends going to "spank proper principles into them in the nursery"? Thus purified and redeemed by emancipated woman, the objectionable male will cease to be a stumbling-block in the march of humanity toward perfection. The girls, too, will fulfil the hopes of the lady novelist by "expanding to their true proportions." Physically, I am inclined to think, these are sufficiently large already. In a moral sense they will lead fuller, freer, and perhaps happier lives. They will be married just as soon—possibly, if the New Woman and the New Hedonist have their way, just as long—as it suits them. Their minds will be enlarged, and their latent energies and capabilities will, let us trust, find adequate and suitable fields of exercise. Speaking generally, all will be for the best in this best of all possible worlds, and we of to-day, by contemplating the moral and intellectual millennium in store for those who come after us, may find consolation even amid our present sombre surroundings.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

INDIA : IMPRESSIONS.

BY C. F. KEARY.

I.

As you emerge from the endless Indian Sea and climb up the round of earth, to your left a wooded hill rises into sight; and on the right the bay

runs up and is lost among a succession of islands and headlands, bare chiefly and of a reddish brown, not in themselves beautiful in color, but, as it were, caught up from earth and etherealized in the magic sunlight. Be-

tween the hill and the harbor is a white patch, which is the City of Bombay. And now on the hill and in the thick wood at its base you think you can through your glasses detect palm trees, at which sight your breath comes short, for palm trees mean the immemorial East. Specimens, I know, are to be found along certain of the Southern coasts of Europe ; but all the same palm trees and flat-roofed houses mean Asia or Africa, just as cypresses and shiny fluted tiles mean that you have passed the inexpressible boundary line which separates the North of Europe from the South ; neither the one sign nor the other can you mark, if you deserve the name of traveller, without a quickening pulse and a tightening of the breath.

All about the bay are craft with lateen sails resting like gulls upon the water. The larger kind, with straight bulwarks and broad raised poops, like the poops of the "Royal Harry"—or what vessel you please of the Armada days—are Arab dhows, which trade from Zanzibar to Bombay. These make another symbol, along with the palm trees, that you have passed into a new life.

It seems now but a day since you dropped down the Thames, leaving the smoke and the tall chimneys between you and the sunset ; since you steamed by night through the Channel, with French and English lights on either side. On the second day you found the vessel's head turned southward to go down the Atlantic (for who, making his way for the first time to the East, would face the vulgarity of the Dover-Calais crossing and the *train de luxe*, as a preparation for adventure in a new and unknown world?). You have seen the Bear (which to Homer was never wet in the bath of ocean) sink lower and lower till it disappeared ; you have seen the Southern Cross stand for a space in the sky ; you have plunged through foam which in shadow was blue-green with phosphorescent light, and yellow under the tropical moon. These are the pleasures of the voyage, but these fade out of memory now that all India lies before you.

There rises and confronts you a huge lighthouse tower painted black, white,

and red. To the literal man this pillar is the well-known Prong Light, and nothing more. But in the spiritual sense it is a sort of note of interrogation, bringing before you more vivaciously than anything else does the great *Question* which you have to solve upon the very threshold of your Indian travel. Behind the lighthouse come momentarily clearer and clearer into sight blocks of great buildings ; a high clock tower here, a cupola there. These great buildings repeat the same question. And later on the same query comes again and again before you till you must find an answer.

The question is that of the text : What are you come out for to see ? It is momentous. There are some beings—creatures of Rumor and Opinion, not of God—to whom India is nothing more than a sort of encyclopædia. They have come only to gather facts from it, to fortify their opinions for or against the opium traffic ; or, perhaps—oh, tragic farce !—for no better purpose than to get local color for their next speech on an "Indian night." This ancient land has undergone a thousand vicissitudes, given birth to half a hundred different faiths, bowed under the yoke (I spare you the "drums and trappings") of Greeks, Scythians, Afghans, Moguls, Persians, English, for no better purpose than to stuff a blue book or nourish a controversy.

It is a wonder to me that the egoism of these travellers survives their first ten minutes' converse with the East : that the first bullock-cart they meet lumbering along the dusty road—in just such carts travelled, doubtless, the first Vedic worshippers who made their descent upon the plains of the Indus—that the first turbaned figure they saw moving forward with silent footfalls does not make them repent.

For all that, you cannot profess to come to India merely to see the Orient. For that purpose any country east of the Isthmus of Suez would serve better. You cannot ignore the British *Raj*, nor all the life of Anglo India. If you have any touch of the philosophical historian about you, you must see that this British rule is one of the great things in the world's history—

the third of the three great empires which the supreme Caucasian mind has created, and not inferior in greatness to the Empire of Alexander or the Empire of Rome. Wherefore you cannot shut your eyes and turn a deaf ear to all this side of the subject. And yet—how to combine the two studies?

They are not to be combined. That is the first thing which you must understand. A being who has learnt the art of making his dreams continuous and so lives two lives, but the waking life (not as with Mr. Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson*) equally important with the life of dreams: this is the picture of India. It has two plots, running side by side, yet utterly distinct; you cannot slide one into the other. Yet you must, under penalty of losing half the meaning of your travel, let each story flow on continuously with itself, and you must read both as they run. I own that sometimes the mental effort is fatiguing; but there is no other way.

Not the majority of travellers makes an attempt to dream truly. The India of the Hindus may be no more than a background—a more or less picturesque setting to the social life of what one who had no love for it described to me as a single vast garrison town. This life on its side, if you understand the meaning of it, is full of interest, full of grandeur. The indifferent traveller may miss this too—all the simplicity and greatness of our Empire in the East—till to him it becomes a succession of *gymkhanas** and polo matches.

You are sitting in a well appointed club—the Yacht Club, say, of Bombay, or the still handsomer Byculla Club at the other end of the town. No one knows better how to take his ease when his work is done than your Indian official. Setting aside some trifling differences—the openness of all the rooms, the verandah outside, the punkah moving to and fro above your head—you might fancy yourself in London again, in your London dress clothes, with a London rose in your button-hole. Then when you leave to go back

to your hotel, dark noiseless figures—their faces you cannot see, only their white turbans—steal out of the shadows, from beneath trees. Their only visible purpose seems to be to wait upon you, to call your garry* to drive you home. Their real purpose in life is a thousand miles away from any of your thoughts. You might as well think to impress the legion of ghosts, or claim an empire in the other world. So you see now; and so seeing, all has been changed for you. You are in the “other plot:” the British *Raj* has become the shadow of a dream.

More than in any Indian town that I have seen the social life of the English in Bombay gathers itself into its clubs. Of these there are two, which I have mentioned: the Yacht Club, close to the harbor—to the Apollo Bunder, as they call the quay; the Byculla Club, far away round toward Malabar Hill. The drive from one to the other will show you the essence of Bombay, except this Malabar Hill—the fashionable residents' quarter. At first you pass the great public buildings, of which Bombay is so proud. It is difficult to speak of them. Sir Edwin Arnold says that they are conceived with that happy inspiration which blends the Gothic and the Indian schools of architecture (so at least my guide book informs me). And I think, indeed, they have something in common with the *Light of Asia* in their style of architecture and inspiration. They are, moreover, in size immense—the Secretariat, the Law Courts, the Municipal buildings (the best of them), and the Victoria Railway Station. They are immense, and full of tortured gargoyles and of cupolas and turrets. So is that lighthouse immense that first set one a-thinking.

At the back of these public buildings lies the native city with its bazaar. Now there are three things which unite all the East: one is a peculiar smell, half nauseous, half aromatic; the second thing is the bamboo cane; the third thing is the bazaar. Everywhere the bazaar is essentially the same. It may be more beautiful in Cairo, larger in Bombay. I do not know. Its

* Clubs for outdoor exercises of all kinds—polo, lawn tennis, badminton, cricket, racing—what you choose.

* Carriage (*Gari*).

sights, whenever they are seen, are of a piece—sights to which we have no sort of parallel in the Western Hemisphere. The narrow street is crowded with foot-passengers, all walking in the same measured way; upright, grave, and imposing-looking above; spindle-legged, barfooted, mean from the waist downward. For us they are more or less ghost-like and unreal, for you hardly discern their dark faces in the dark, narrow streets—only their turbans or *puggarees* (as they call them here), and tunics and short pyjamas; these garments all white maybe, or with black or dark-blue tunics and white *puggarees*, or reversedly, white tunics and blue turbans; but indeed, blue and yellow and green, all the colors of the rainbow, are to be seen, and pretty common; very common is the dusky red—called Indian red; among the women it is the rule. The women are veiled in a sense—in the classic sense, as Demeter is represented veiled—and they have about them something classic, when you look above only, at the shrouded faces and draped shoulders; but their legs, ill-shaped and bare, or else clad in trousers drawn in at the ankle, are a hundred miles removed from the classical. For all that, they have their place in the beauty of the scene, and their silver bangles and anklets shine pleasantly in the veiled light.

The shops are but dark stalls raised a few feet above the level of the street. On either hand between the street and the shop front runs a gutter or drain with miniature bridges across it at the entries. Behind, the stall retreat backward into darkness and squalor. By what magic is it that the Eastern can make them all unspeakably picturesque? In the Tottenham Court Road those painted bedsteads would be hideous. Those cotton stuffs are the worst which Manchester produces. Yet here they are exactly in the right place. They harmonize justly with the native brass-work which is being wrought under your eyes, whereof the strident tinging beneath the hammer dominates the other noises of the street, or with the work of the silversmith fanning his charcoal forge not far off (each street of the bazaar has its own special in-

dustry). These shops of the Eastern bazaar are an image of the Eastern mind—of that faculty of theirs which lies below art, but is above vulgarity. You can only call it picturesque, though the word is jejune. They have no music in the East worthy the name, and yet the beggar woman I saw yesterday by the wayside, keeping up her monotonous chant, takes precedence of English beggars. And where else than in these bazaar shops could you get so much effect with such a meagre store of produce, such a little space, such narrow capacities? With all their smallness again the shops—like the Eastern mind in this also—have cavernous recesses at the back into which you cannot see, which you had better not penetrate nor try to explore. Here, then, in the bazaar is everything—the produce, the fashion, the movement, the poetry and prose of the total Orient.

Through this scene you are driven in what, for the sake of cheating yourself with local color, you are fain to call a *garry*—because *garry* is the Hindustanee for carriage—but what is in fact neither more nor less than a fly, own brother to any you might see drawn up for hire in the Old Steyne at Brighton, or in which you may have driven by the shore of the much-sounding sea at Margate or Ramsgate. Your fly-driver—who on his part is of the East, bravely beturbaned above, rags and squalor below—proud of the reflected dignity and power gained by having a *sab* (*sâhib*) for his fare, shouts and swears at the passers-by, cracks his whip and pushes forward his way as you expect to the certain destruction of the pedestrians. And these same passers-by turn round to gaze at you a moment with quiet ox eyes, and then go on with the same thoughts about the desires and businesses which have been those of the Orient for thousands of years before the white *sâhibs* were ever heard of.

II.

Take this for a picture of an Indian station and city. The station is Anglo-Indian; the city is Indian. The former is all space; the space of broad, low bungalows in wide, shady gardens,

that they call "compounds"—wide and shady, but often with a great look of bareness for want of turf, and enclosed by low mud walls. On every side of you are large-headed trees and bushes, stunted palms and mangoes, spreading acacias, mimosas, tamarind trees, tamarisks. Over these hover low the wide-winged kites, forever circling and poising; with them, now and then, an Egyptian vulture. For a moment, say, your mind flies off to contrast the thought of English elms at the same early November season, holding their yellow branches aloft toward the pale-blue sky, touched with early frost, and of a lark infinitely far above them; and then to the delightful irregularities of English lanes and English gardens, of grassy corners, of sudden bits of common, of village greens. Here all the roads are straight and square, and are so much alike that, until you have made some days' stay at one of these stations, you can hardly trust yourself to take a walk about them. All the compounds have a general likeness. At some places—at Lahore, for instance—all the bungalows are built upon precisely the same pattern. I know that, to the Western mind, the word bungalow suggests something accidental and picturesque—a backwoods hut with verandah added. But the real bungalow, in every station of some standing (I except one little group of bungalows at Bombay, in the Esplanade Road, which seem like survivals from the remote past), is a solid brick or stone edifice, white-washed, it need not be said. Could English house-building, could English life, exist without whitewash? It has a verandah, of course; it has never more than two stories, the upper the smaller by the area of the verandah at the least, and a flat roof. In fine, it is a villa residence, if ever there was one, in its larger or smaller square of garden.

You can scarce look upward. The road at your feet is a sea of white dust, and on the dust the sun beats down with a monotonous glare. The sky upon the side of the sun is almost white. And now a camel comes tow-

ard you with his long, swinging stride and treads upon his shadow. If a moment before you have been thinking rather mournfully of the English lark over the English lane, this camel should reconcile you to much. His shadow runs before him on the white road; the huge, padded feet fall silently in the dust. He is brother to the silent-footed native: as ugly as he and as beautiful.

There are plenty of other sights to reconcile you to the strange land to which you have come. I myself could never tire of watching the kites wheeling, wheeling forever in the sun-dried air. I said they were all near to earth. They seem so, partly because you can hardly keep your eyes turned toward the sky. But sometimes when I have ascended a tower I have seen them at every elevation, one above the other, high up to the immeasurable heavens, and forever poising and turning as if in some mystic dance. If you are looking toward the sun near sunset, all the air around them is flooded with yellow haze; the tamarisk trees are like a mist; the kites themselves are transformed into aerial bodies half phantasmal.

In their circlings these birds utter from time to time that strange, small, childish cry which belongs—so inappropriately!—to all the hawk tribe. Have you ever marked the note of the kestrel! It is as the squeak of a child's india-rubber ball. Maybe you remember, too, the cry of a blackbird in a passion. It is something between a chatter and a scream. There is a bird-note here in India which much resembles it, only it is still more acrid, and it comes on the wing. It rushes past you in a screaming chorus, and you have scarcely time to see that it proceeds from a covey of green parrots.

These are the sights and sounds of the European quarters, the station, or the cantonment. To the official eye there is a vast amount of difference between the civil station and the military cantonment; to the eye of the flesh there is none. In certain strategic centres the cantonment quite overrides the station in importance. It does so at Quetta, for example, at Peshawar, and at Rawal Pindi. At

* Not always white washed in reality; brown and mauve and dark-red are common colors.

certain places, again, the military settlement is removed a mile or so from the civil or from the native city beside it. This is the case, for one instance, with the cantonment of Mian Mir, three miles from Lahore. Socially—But if I have anything to say of Anglo-Indian social life it must be said hereafter.

III.

Hard by the Anglo-Indian quarter stands the native city—in every particular the antithesis of the first. The more important kind—which shall be the typical one for us—have attached to them a fortress of ancient Indian structure, Mogul generally, though of course there are Mahratta forts, Sikh forts, and Sind forts. Many of these native fortresses are still kept up and garrisoned with, say, a company of native and half a company of British infantry, and a couple of guns. In this way they command the native town in case of riot. Among the “defences of India” they have to-day no place. But historically they have a great place, these milestones on the highroad of time. Bereft of them, India would seem nude, and even antiquarians might come to forget the bygone wars between Sikhs and Afghans, Mohammedans and Mahrattas. For in the days of the *Pax Britannica* past history flows rapidly from sight, and ancient foes—Rajputs, Monghols, Pindarris, Mahrattas, Sikhs—they or their descendants, lie side by side to the British Commissioner or the High Court Judge.

Where our old castles follow the square, these fortresses more often adopt the round; they are round themselves, their bastions are rounded, and their battlements are crenelated in the shape nearly of the Indian arch. From the summit of these high, smooth walls of stone (red sandstone, let us say) or of sun-dried brick plastered with mud, you look down upon the native city—a collection of mud-colored child’s bricks which have been tossed down upon the earthen floor, and lie where they have fallen, most of them lying singly but close together, now and again one piled on the top of others—

for such is the native city at first sight. All the houses seem composed of these uniform squares. When you come nearer and thread the narrow street, you find that many of these earth-colored bricks are whitewashed in the front, and maybe picked out in colors—rather pleasantly picked out in red and blue and green, not without a little moulding or even delicate lattice work in brick. Lattice work windows in wood project here and there.

Taking the general run of native cities, there is hardly any place for greenery amid this mass of mud color. Perhaps you expect little palm or orange groves in the courts behind the houses; nine times out of ten you will be utterly disappointed, and nothing could be more miserable than the appearance of most native Indian towns seen from a little distance. Does this not hold true of most oriental towns? I have a vivid recollection of some of the towns and larger villages of Egypt and of their masses of dun clay. I am told this same rule holds good of Syria and Palestine. The things which redeem the Indian town from mere squalor are, first, the city walls and the castle of which we have spoken; then the bazaar, of which we have spoken likewise; thirdly, the temples or mosques which may be in it. Of these I have to speak at a later time. The bazaar has sprung from below, and epitomizes the mind of the people. The castle, the temple maybe—most certainly the mosque—has been imposed from above, and received at the hands of a conqueror.

Thus do the parallel components of the *Two Lives*, the Anglo-Indian Station and the Native City, divide between them the honors of beauty and of vulgarity in the places where they stand. To the one almost all the foliage, all the nature, the gardens purple with bougainvillia, pleasant with roses and convolvuluses, shaded with acacias, banyans, tamarisks, *bâls* (mimosas), with that most sacred of all trees the *pipul*—the *ficus religiosa* of the botanists—these are due to English care: English too are the straight, square roads—the suburban villadom of the bungalows. The oriental city is fabulously antique, squalid, dust-colored,

ugly without (seen from above I mean), picturesque within.

There are, no doubt, cities and cities. Some stand out conspicuously. Of these Peshawar is one (I speak only of the places that I have seen), on account of the singular nobility of its appearance from outside, the manner in which its walls and citadel seem to dominate the surrounding country. And at a nearer view, a view got from inside the walls, I saw no town which more pleased my fancy than Amritsar.

There is a small very famous temple, the golden temple, at Amritsar, a golden gem set in a marble basin, of which it will be my hint to speak again. At the edges of the marble tank are four towers, one of which is scalable; and from the summit of that one you get a view which, of its kind, I was not fortunate enough to see surpassed in India. In this town there is a good supply of foliage, and among this the houses of the city rise in many stories with beautiful lattice-work in brick and with many colors. It was the trick of the sunlight that made half the beauty. The shady trees which rose out of the courts were touched at the tops by this magic light, and at once translated beyond the region of common earthly things. And they in turn carried the eye to outside the city walls into a country—flat, indeed, but park-like—studded with massive and solid timber, yet much of it in foliage light and feathery and ethereal, such as you cannot picture in Europe. And then, far off in the air, which was all a-pulse with heat, rose one above another the forms of a great company of kites and vultures in eternal volutions. When your eyes were dazzled and you were transported beyond the earth, you cast them down again and saw the golden temple sleeping at your feet on

its marble island in stagnant water hemmed in by marble steps and cloisters. Maybe a faint droning hum from the priests chanting inside it reached your ears.

Later in the day I wandered more intimately among the streets of the town. The bright light of sunset shone down the narrow streets, then suddenly faded and we were in the night. Before the light had gone I had leisure to remark the near misery and squalor of the Holy Town—for Amritsar is sacred beyond most. Stinking gutters run before the low shop fronts; the dust of the streets was saturated with filth. Along these narrow lanes—for you can almost touch the houses on either side—mild-eyed oxen wandered, singly or in a tail, as if the place belonged to them.

When night comes such shops as stay open illuminate tiny oil lamps, exactly the Roman lamp, a boat-shaped earthenware cruise wherein floats a wick: not seldom the lamps are mounted upon high tripods and thereby become still more classical. Their function is to make the darkness visible. Here and there through the gloom glows a charcoal fire in an earthen pot. The cookshops display tempting morsels, *kibobs*, fragments on skewers—to the English eye recalling cat's meat, messes of many kinds, of meal, of peas, of lentils. The coffee shops have their single virginal lamps, as I dare say do some opium shops, only I could not recognize them. Walking along one of the narrowest, filthiest street, I heard the groan of a wheel, and, looking in a recess, saw by the gloom of a single lamp that some one was drawing water from a well which stood there, as they do, in the very heart of the slums.

—*New Review.*

A DAY WITH XENOPHON'S HARRIERS.

THERE are, we take it, few public-schoolmen who have not at one period or another of their lives made the acquaintance of Xenophon the son of Gryllus. He is, or used to be, the first of the classic Greeks to whom British

youth was introduced, generally through the medium of the *ANABASIS*; and, if one may speak from personal experience, he was less unpopular with schoolboys than the majority of his kind. For there is not a little that

appeals to the boyish mind in the narrative of the Cyreian expedition. There is, for instance, somewhat of a Britanic character about the adventure itself, and there are allusions to strange birds and beasts seen on the march; but chiefly and principally there is a constant recurrence of the same words and phrases, which, so only they contribute to fill the measure of the allotted task, can be reckoned without wound to the boyish conscience as eternally new. This last distinction is of course shared by Homer, but it is in his case neutralized by difficulties, particularly of dialect, which are absent from Xenophon's straightforward Attic prose. In a word Xenophon's is nice, easy Greek, and for this reason he is not wholly unbeloved in the school-room; nay, he might perhaps be actually liked if teachers would but take the trouble to impress boys with the remarkable character of the man himself.

For surely this Xenophon was one of those many-sided men of whom the earth produces but a few. That he should have combined the man of letters with the military commander was, to be sure, nothing very remarkable in a nation which sent Sophocles and Thucydides to sea as admirals; but Xenophon won distinction in both fields, which Sophocles and Thucydides did not; and he won it not in these fields only. A treatise on the duties of a general of Cavalry we might expect of him; but not necessarily a tract on horses and horse-breaking, much of which is as valuable to-day as it was two thousand years ago, still less a discourse on hounds and hunting, of the merits whereof the reader shall presently have an opportunity of judging for himself. The man's life too was remarkable. We know him first as a handsome, well-born Athenian boy, admitted while yet in his teens to intimacy with Socrates. At eighteen he obtains his first experience as a cavalry man, and at twenty-one sees active service in the field at Delium. In the ensuing years of the Peloponnesian War he is again fighting, and fighting against the people whom in his aristocratic heart he most cordially admires. Then apparently he turns for a time

from soldiering to letters, till he forsakes the pen to serve as a volunteer in the expedition of Cyrus. Therein suddenly called to high command, he conducts his historic retreat with an ability that gives him permanent rank among great generals. He then finds a promising career before him as a buccaneer leader; but he has seemingly little fancy for it, and after a few half-hearted adventures, he returns to Athens. There he hears of the judicial murder of Socrates, his first friend, and in sorrow and indignation he takes up the pen to vindicate his memory. This done, he goes back to his veterans once more in the service of his hero Agesilaus; and thus he comes into conflict with his own countrymen at Coronea, and is banished from Athens. Finally at the age of fifty-three the old warrior retires to an estate granted to him by Sparta, and settles down, at Skillus, to the peaceful life of a country gentleman. Here he lived for the best part of a quarter of a century, with what keenness of enjoyment he himself has told us; here he wrote in whole or in part the *HELENICA*, the *ANABASIS*, and the *CYROPÆDIA*, which sum up the memories of his past life; and here he composed his tracts on horsemanship and on hunting, the latter being the chief enjoyment of his old age. For the man was a sportsman, and it is in his character as a sportsman and as the earliest extant writer on the chase that we propose to speak of him here. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*; the Duke of Wellington was not the first great general who solaced his old age with a pack of harriers.

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind," says Theseus, Duke of Athens, who has evidently studied his Xenophon to some purpose. But there were two breeds of the Spartan kind, the Castorian and the Foxite, (the latter supposed to be a hybrid of fox and dog,) of which Xenophon seems to have used both impartially. It is pretty clear that our Athenian master found some trouble in getting a decent pack together. He opens his disquisition on hounds by an enumeration of all the defects, physical and moral, which a hound should *not* possess, wherein it

is easy to recognize all the failings which are still among us. Leggy hounds, weedy hounds, flat-sided hounds, flat-footed hounds, undersized hounds, headstrong hounds, flashy hounds, sulky hounds, dwellers, babblers, skitters—all are faithfully portrayed and uncompromisingly condemned. "Hounds with such faults as these, whether due to nature or to bad training, are of little worth; they are enough to disgust even a truly keen sportsman." A good hound should have a light, small, sinewy head, a long, round, flexible neck, broad chest, free shoulders, straight, round, wiry forelegs, straight knees, round sides, muscular loins, full flanks, but not too full; his thighs should be firm, compact and well let down, his feet round, and his stern long, straight and tapering. Such is Xenophon's description of a good hound; it seems to us not amiss for the fourth century before our era.

As to color, Xenophon shares our modern prejudice; he dislikes whole-colored hounds, all black, all tan, all white, and prefers the colors mixed. With the shape aforesaid, good color, good nose, and plenty of tongue you can make a good pack and hope to kill a hare. Breed your puppies in the spring, is his advice, and do not overfeed them; train them by taking them out in a leash to follow the old hounds on a line of scent; and if you have a spirited puppy, do not let him go away in view of a hare, or he will over-exert himself and do himself an injury. Would the reader like a list of Greek hound-names? Xenophon will furnish him with a catalogue of forty-seven, most of which flow naturally into an English equivalent, Active, Bustler, Ravager, Reveller, Cheerful, and the like. "Give your hounds short names," he says, "that it may be easy to call them." Accordingly the names which he leaves to us are without exception dissyllabic; for the Greek ear was not alive to the merits of the dactyl in hound nomenclature; and we look in vain for such a name as *Ἀγγελος* (Messenger). But we find at all events "Hebe" in his list; a name which after two thousand years still does duty in our English kennels.

So much for points of similitude; a word must now be said as to points of diversity. After the elaborate directions for securing speed and endurance in hounds, we are rather dismayed to find that every one of the pack was fitted with a collar, a leash, and a surcingle; the latter being designed apparently to protect the hound from injury and also (for Xenophon seems to have hunted with a bitch pack) from the advances of the amorous cur-dog. Hence we are not surprised to find a warning that a hare is rarely run down by hounds through mere speed; and that nets must form an essential part of the harrier-master's equipment. These nets were most elaborate affairs,—long nets of a hundred yards length to stretch along a hill-side, road-nets to lay across roads and tracks, purse-nets and nooses to fit into runs and meuses. One wonders how a hare can ever have kept out of them. But though, like most sportsmen of old time, Xenophon was keen in the matter of blood, we can pardon him his nets for the knowledge of woodcraft shown in his disposition thereof, and for his genuine love of seeing hounds work.

And now let us start with him for a day's hunting. We must imagine a still autumn day on the slopes of Mount Pholoe, close to Olympia in the Peloponnese. In the spring, wild flowers (the "stinking violets" since immortalized by Leech) are apt to interfere with scent; in summer the heat is bad both for scent and hounds; autumn is the time, for then the harvest is gathered and the wild flowers are dead. And here let us note in passing that Xenophon, like all true sportsmen, is jealous of the sanctity of cultivated ground. "The sportsman must beware of injuring the fruits of the season and of disturbing springs and streams." Also too much wind is undesirable. "Take not your hounds out on a very windy day," says Beekford sententiously, unaware that Xenophon gave the same counsel twenty centuries before him. The morning air may be chill, but we must make an early start, for then we shall have the best chance of good scent; "Those who go out late rob their hounds of all

chance of finding, and themselves of all profit in the chase." As to our clothing, let it suffice that we be lightly clad and lightly shod, for we travel on our own feet; and that we carry a thick stick in our hand. "A sportsman," says Xenophon, (listen, ye that are clad in scarlet and leathers!) "should not think too much of his dress." So though our equipment be precisely that which Mr. Jorrocks declares to belong to "a man well mounted for harriers," let us swallow the sarcasm, and join our master with his hounds. How many couple he takes out it is difficult to count; but here they come, Clamorous, Fiery, Watchman, Javelin and the rest of them. In all their trappings they do not look as if they would run away from us; but we shall see. The master has taken care to give them plenty of exercise, and that over rough ground to make their feet hard, for he is particular in the matter of feet; and he has fed them himself and left those that are off their feed at home, so that all that he takes out are likely to be fit and well. Do not hint that we may find a fox, for this is a sore point with Xenophon. "To let your hounds hunt foxes is the best way to spoil them," he remarks curtly and will not be gainsaid. The boy with the nets is here, so let us be off to the hills, and fix them as silently and as cunningly as we may. One last word from the master before we start: "If we should put up a hare on our way, don't halloo." But Xenophon must tell his own story.

Go to your hunting ground in silence, lest the hare, if there be one in the vicinity, should hear you and make off; then tie each of your hounds separately to a tree, that they may be the more easily let loose [and not foul all the leashes] and fix your nets after the fashion already described. Then leave your net-man behind to watch them, and go you on with your hounds to rouse your quarry. First vow to Apollo and to Artemis,* the huntress, to give them a share of the game; and then let slip a single hound, the most sagacious that you have. . . . When your hound carries a line straight away from the many that cross each other [for a hare's wan-

derings on her way to make her form are, as Xenophon well knows, erratic] then let slip a second hound. And as they carry the line further let slip the rest, one at a time, at short intervals, and follow them yourself, but without hurrying them, or you will over excite them before the proper time.

Now do your hounds press forward keenly and with spirit, unravelling her line, be it single, double, or triple, following her as she runs or crosses her foil, through circles, straight lines and doubles, fresh scent or faint, where they can hold it well, and where they can hardly own it; thrusting past each other with sterns waving fast, ears hanging down, and eyes all agleam. When they are hard by their hare, you will know it speedily enough; their whole bodies seem to wave with their sterns, they press on as if they meant mischief, they jostle each other for the first place; now they pack together, now they spread out again, and hasten forward once more. At last they work up to her form and are just upon her, when up she jumps and away she goes with a crash of tongues behind her. And do you halloo as she goes: "So ho, good hounds, so ho, that's she." Then roll your cloak round your wrist and run with them after her; but do not head her, for that would never do.

And here, having found our hare, let us pause for a moment to notice the passionate delight of our old Athenian in the work of his hounds. Could any one but a real lover of them have written such a description as this? Eyes, ears, sterns and frames, he watches and revels in their every motion. Let us observe also the first of recorded halloos; *lô* (pronounced Yo) is not so very far remote from certain modern hunting noises, wherein for some reason Y is a favorite initial. But the chief point to note is the conversational origin of all true hound-language from the time of Xenophon onward. Take an example from Jacques de Fouilloux (whose acquaintance readers of this Magazine have already made) when his hounds have come to a check: "*Hau, où est il allé, le Cerf? Va il la? Di, appele, appele, appele.*" The fact may be verified even now by study of any born huntsman in an obscure country, who is unencumbered by knowledge of the fashionable noises of the field. Surtees, we may add, is careful to note it in the charming description of the trencherfed pack in Handley Cross. But to resume.

Your hare once away is soon out of sight; but she generally comes round again to the

* We cannot forbear to recall Mr. Jorrocks' vow to Diana, on a famous occasion, of a "complete rig out at Swan and Edgar's, petticoat, bustle and all."

place where she was found; and then you must shout (to your net man), "To her, lad, to her; look out, lad, look out;" and the lad at the nets must let you know if she be caught or not. And if she be caught in her first ring, then call your hounds to you and try for another. But if she be not caught, then run on after your hounds as quickly as you may; and do not give in but keep pounding steadily on. And if your hounds catch a view of her again, halloo to them: "Right so, good hounds, forward on."

And now we arrive at a crisis as painful as it is common in the hunting field, a crisis which leads to more cursing and bitterness than any other in the whole range of sport. Mr. Jorrock quailed before the thought of a master "thrown out" and scouring the country in search of his lost hounds. The disciple of Socrates faces it with an equal mind.

If your hounds have got a long way ahead of you, so as you cannot come up with them, but find that you have lost them, that you cannot see them anywhere near you, either running or at fault, nor hear them giving tongue; then halloo to any one that you may pass, but *without stopping*, "Hi, there! have you seen my hounds?" And when you have found out where they are, then, if they are still running, go up to them and cheer them, calling each hound in turn by name, and varying the tones of your voice as much as you possibly can, from shrill to deep, and from loud to soft; and over and above other exhortations if they are running on a mountain, you may add this cheer following: "Right so, right so, good hounds."

Mark how cheerfully this old sportsman puts his pride in his pocket, and how gallantly he presses on to catch his lost hounds. Note too how delicately he seeks to persuade them that his eye has never been off them. Cannot we see him joyfully dashing away the sweat with the cloak rolled round his wrist as he catches up the pack, and opening the performance by a shrill rate at the lagging tail-hounds whom he is in reality so delighted to have overtaken? And figure the pack itself toiling along in its panoply of collar and surcingle, and tailing longer and longer as it breasts the hill. It is safe to cheer them on up the hill, for there you may be sure that they will not run away from you: probably a vast profusion of *eûye* is necessary to get them along at all. But now we must pass on to another incident of the chase.

If [when you have caught them up] your hounds are not actually on the scent, but have over-run it, then you must call them, "Try back, hounds, back;" and when they have come back to the spot where they missed the line, you should cast them round, making circles, many and frequent; and wherever scent fails, draw a line* on the ground as a mark for yourself, and keep on casting your hounds from that point, making much of them and cheering them on until they can fairly own it. As the scent grows warmer, you will see them dart forward, thrusting past each other, and all sharing in the work; queuing, making, as it were, signals to each other, and yet never casting too wide. When they are thus busily bustling hither and thither after the line, do not hurry them, lest in their eagerness they should over run it; and besides when they are close to their hare [who has evidently squatted] and show you plainly that they are so, you must look to it that you do not scare her into jumping up before you. No! [stand still]. Your hounds will rouse her speedily enough for themselves. Then, as they near their hare, you will see them flourishing their sterna, jostling and leaping over each other, throwing their heads into the air, and giving tongue continually, and looking at you as if to say, "This is gospel, you may be sure," till they fresh-find her at last, and fling after her with a crash. And if she run into the nets, or escape them either outside or inside, in any case the netman should shout out what has happened. And if she be taken, then go and try for another; but if not, run you on after them, cheering them as before.

The reader will ask if our friend is ever going fairly to run up to his hare. Let us entreat him to have patience. A man who can so lovingly dwell on a bit of cold hunting can afford to take his time. Hounds in the fourth century before our era were not yet bred solely for speed, and the art of working them into high condition was not yet perfected; a hare might tire them out, but she could not tire out old Xenophon.

When your hounds are fairly weary of running and the day begins to grow late, then it is time for you, the huntsman, to look for your beaten hare. And herein you must overlook nothing that the earth produces or that

* This passage has been a sore trouble to commentators, though the above rendering seems obvious enough. Some of them render the word above translated *line* by *stake*. If the word will bear this latter interpretation, which is certainly desirable, the translation will run, "Thrust a stick into the ground as a mark for yourself;" a common practice in de Fouilleux's time, when such marks were called *brisées*.

she bears on her surface [i.e. no growing plant nor accidental cover]; but make many casts, that nothing be overlooked. For your quarry lies close and in a small compass, and from weariness and fatigue she will not move. Take your hounds on and cheer them, giving a good hound plenty of encouragement, a sulky hound little, and a middling hound his due proportion; and go on till you have either killed her by fair hunting or driven her into the nets. Then take up all your nets, rub your hounds down and go home; waiting awhile, though, if it be summer and high noontide, that your hounds' feet may not grow sore on the way.

And so ends the day's sport; though we must not omit to add that Xenophon was careful to blood his hounds when he killed, reserving no doubt a due proportion of the hare for himself as well as for the gods. He must have enjoyed many such runs during his twenty-three years' residence at Skillus, for except in the close season (which he religiously observed) he seems to have hunted every third day, or, as we should now say, two days a week. Nor did he confine himself to the hare; boars and deer were equally his quarry, though, in the case of the latter, men played a larger part than hounds. To a dismounted man armed with nothing but a spear there was a spice of danger as well as plenty of hard work in the chase of the boar. Yet how keen the old man is. He must have been over sixty when he wrote this tract on hunting, but he is as full of ardor and energy as a boy, and will not hear of a man's slackening his speed or suspending his exertions so long as hounds continue to run. He values the chase too, not only for its enjoyment, but for its lessons of pluck, patience and endurance. Lord Wolseley has said in his *SOLDIER'S POCKET-BOOK* that hunting is no bad education for a staff-officer. Hear Xenophon on the subject.

Men who love sport will reap therefrom no small advantage, for they will gain bodily health, better sight, better hearing, and a later old age. Above all, it is an excellent training for war. In the first place, such men, if required to make a trying march on bad roads under arms, will not break down; they will stand the strain because they are accustomed to go a-hunting wild animals with arms in their hands. Secondly, they will be able to sleep on a hard bed, and keep good watch over the post intrusted to them. In an advance against an enemy they will be competent both to attack and to obey their orders; for it is thus that wild animals are taken. If they are

in the van they will stick to their posts, for they will have learned steadfastness; and in a rout of the enemy, they will be able, being used to such things, to press him over every kind of ground. If their own side be beaten they will be able to save themselves and others without dishonor, in marshy, precipitous or otherwise dangerous ground; for, from experience, they will be quite at home in it. Men like these, even when the greater part of their army has been routed, have rallied and fought against the victorious enemy when astray in difficult ground, and have beaten them by their courage and their endurance.

How characteristic is this flash of the old soldier! Only a few pages back he has dwelt with delight on the description of a hare crouching in her form; but the bare thought of past campaigns stirs his blood like a trumpet. He had still some bitter experience in store for him. At the age of seventy-seven or thereabouts the fortune of war drove him from Skillus, and obliged him to take refuge in Corinth. In the following year his sentence of exile was revoked, and five years later he sent his two sons to Mantinea (B.C. 362) to fight for Athens against the Thebans. The elder of them fell in the battle; and his old father, though it is said that he would not repine, was wounded to the heart by his bereavement. He lived on for another seven or eight years and died at the great age of ninety (355 or 354 B.C.).

Let us now advance the clock of time four centuries and a half. The old Greece has perished, and Rome with Domitian at its head rules the world. A new writer on Sport appears on the scene, Flavius Arrianus by name, a citizen both of Athens and of Rome, and a great admirer of Xenophon, so great indeed that he boldly takes his name and imitates him, so far as he can, in every way. Like his hero, he is, as he says, "a sportsman, a general, and a philosopher;" and as Xenophon the elder wrote books, so must his aspiring namesake write books likewise; *ANABASIS ALEXANDRI*, *MEMORABILIA EPICETI*, *PARTHICA*, and *BITHYNICA*, and lastly, to complete the *Essay on Hunting*, a *Treatise* (heaven save the mark!) on *Coursing*. Fancy the assurance of an Athenian of the second century (not the true native of Athens either) who claims to supple-

ment the Essay of Xenophon, a Master of Harriers and a lover of true hound-work if ever man was, by a discourse on the merits of the "long dogs." "No doubt," says Arrian, "it was not from negligence but from ignorance of the breed of greyhounds that Xenophon omitted to mention them." It is likely enough that Xenophon never saw a greyhound in his life; but the present writer for one does not believe that Xenophon would ever have cared for greyhounds as he cared for harriers. The truth is that in the interval between the elder and the younger Xenophon (for since Arrian was such a coxcomb as to take a great man's name, we may occasionally call him by it) time had wrought precisely the same change in the matter of sport as may be traced between Jacques de Fouilloux's day and our own. Men had grown tired of a long arduous day's hunting, and therefore sought to abridge it and take their sport rapidly and comfortably. The inevitable result was that in hounds nose was sacrificed to speed. No more of the hard days' toiling on the mountains after the harriers, such as Xenophon delighted in both as a sportsman and a soldier; but a comfortable morning's coursing without any superfluous exertion, and home in good time for lunch.

Perhaps it may be suggested that Arrian had never seen harriers. Indeed he had; and this is his description of them. "In pursuit they give tongue with a clanging howl,—sometimes indeed they gladden so outrageously even on a stale trail that I have rated them for their excessive barking—alike on every scent whether it be of the hare going to form or at speed." Xenophon the elder explains the difference between the two scents with his usual accuracy. A hare goes to her form slowly, stopping frequently on the way; hence the scent is stronger than that which she leaves behind her when covering the ground rapidly in the chase. "It is good sport if they kill but a single hare in the winter season, so much resting-time do they give her in the chase; unless indeed, by being frightened out of her wits at the tumultuous uproar of the pack, she be-

come an easy prey."* After such a picture as this one only wonders that Arrian did not coin a Greek equivalent for the expression "muggers," and pass it into circulation at once. But let us give Arrian his due. Though he prefers greyhounds and coursing to harriers and hunting, he is none the less so passionately attached to the sport of his choice that he quite enlists our sympathy. Moreover, competent judges have stated that his dissertation thereon contains very much that remains sound and true to the present day. Lastly he has a real fondness for dogs. Some years ago we enjoyed the privilege of hearing Dean Stanley, in conversation, trace the progress of the dog as man's companion from Argus and Tobit's dog onward, but we do not remember that he mentioned Arrian's favorite greyhound. Let Arrian himself tell us about him.

I have myself bred up a hound, whose eyes are the grayest of the gray; a swift, hard-working, courageous, high-spirited dog, and in his prime a match at any time for four hares. He is moreover (for while I am writing he is still alive) most gentle and kindly affectioned; and never before had any dog such regard for myself and my friend and fellow-sportsman Megillus. For when not actually engaged in coursing he is never away from one or other of us. But while I am at home he remains within, by my side, accompanies me on going abroad, follows me to the gymnasium, and while I am taking exercise sits down by me. On my return he runs before me, often looking back to see whether I have turned anywhere out of the road; and, as soon as he catches sight of me, showing signs of joy and again trotting on before me. If I am going out on any government business, he remains with my friend and does exactly the same toward him. He is the constant companion of whichever may be sick; and if he has not seen either of us for only a short time, he jumps up repeatedly by way of salutation, and barks with joy as a greeting to us. At meals he pats us first with one paw and then with the other to put us in mind that he is to have his share of food. He has also many tones of speech, more than I ever knew in any other dog, pointing out in his own language whatever he wants. . . . Now really I do not think that I should be ashamed to write even the name of this dog, that it may be left

* We have taken this translation from *ARRIAN ON COURSING*, by a Doctor of Medicine (London, 1831), a work of considerable research, and a mine of information on old sporting writers.

to posterity that Xenophon the Athenian had a greyhound called Hormé of the greatest speed and intelligence, and altogether supremely excellent.

There is the true ring about this eulogy of Hormé, which makes it pleasant to read across the gulf of seventeen centuries; and Arrian commands our sympathy once more when, in a subsequent passage, he shows that he is able to rejoice when even his favorite hound is beaten by a good hare. But here our fellow-feeling with him comes to an end; for presently he takes upon himself to glorify coursing at the expense of hunting. The first he says seems to him like a battle fought out by main strength, the other like a thievish depredation. The employment of nets and snares to some extent justifies his comparison, but not wholly. The truth is that Arrian is not quite a good sportsman; he has not in him the love of natural history, the enjoyment of woodcraft, the delight in the match of cunning between civilized man and a wild animal in a wild country. One cannot conceive of him as climbing up a tree like old de Fouiloux, and watching the wild deer for hours together from sheer enjoyment of the study; nor do we find in him the least curiosity to puzzle out the life of a hound in his world of scent and compare it with the life of a man in his world of sight. He is content to choose for his companion the dog

which of all dogs lives least in a world of scent, and makes a favorite of him.

We confess to a strong preference for gray-haired old Xenophon toiling on, in spite of his three-score years, with his harriers over the slopes of Mount Pholoe, and persisting in the pursuit even when his hounds are dead beat rather than give his hare up for lost. We may call such persistence blood-thirsty,—it is an epithet constantly applied to sportsmen of the old school—but we shall not so stigmatize it with justice. It is not so much love of slaughter as unwillingness to leave a difficult problem unsolved, which makes the old-fashioned huntsman so deadly. Xenophon loved sport because he learned from it something new of nature, and he pursued it continually because he was ever anxious to learn more. And as he loved it for a study, so he prized it for a school of earnestness, endurance, and self-discipline, and thus as a training for the great business of war. We would gladly end with the impassioned defence of sport which closes his essay; but we have already given quotations enough. It is a sufficient apology for hunting that its virtues found their first exponent in the pupil of Socrates, the leader of the Ten Thousand, the author of the *MEMORABILIA*, the *CYROPÆDIA*, and the *ANABASIS*. — *Macmillan's Magazine*.

LETTERS FROM A FRENCH ATELIER.

HOTEL SAINT-GEORGES,
49 Rue Bonaparte, Paris.
April 6th, 1886,

MY DEAR SIR,

I have written all my adventures up to our arrival at the railway station here to May. When I woke up it was in the gray of the morning, just outside Paris. The country appears to me to have been flattened out with a rolling-pin, and then numbers of trees trimmed with scissors have been stuck in rows all about. Here and there is a farmhouse, and I saw one plough drawn by one horse. Isn't this a soul-inspiring prospect? We passed crowds of blue blouses going to their work.

The workmen here all wear them, and they look so nice and clean. Everybody seems to be in dark blue—porters, soldiers, workmen, workwomen, and so on.

A porter found us a small omnibus, into which he put our traps. Then we went to the "*octroi*" for our luggage. This was a great circular counter, inside which stood the custom-house officers. The luggage was all piled on it.

"Nothing to declare, Madame?" said a blue-and-red demon to me.

"Nothing, Monsieur," said I, with a melting smile.

The porter unstrapped my box, and

this animated outrage dived his fingers right down into it.

"No cigars, no tobacco?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur!" said I, virtuously shocked at such an idea.

However, he trundled my things about, and at last espied a tin of tongue which my mother had bestowed on me.

"Ha!" in a tone of thunder; "what is this?"

"Meat, Monsieur. Ox tongue."

"You must pay duty."

So he gave me a little ticket, with which I had to step up to a pigeon-hole and pay about fourpence. Then my box was re-locked and corded, and we went to the little omnibus and started.

Joggle! joggle! joggle! went that little bus. The coachman went as if he were driving a hearse, and we were dragged over such bumpy stone streets. The houses are very tall and very clean—the whole city looks clean and white. The shop girls and working girls go about without hats or bonnets, and with their hair most beautifully arranged. The poor women wear lovely caps, white and starched. So we slowly joggled along through the great Palace of the Louvre, which looks as white and clean as if it had been built last week, across the Seine and down our street. Our hotel is very nice and clean and lofty. We have two little rooms at the top. Mine has a fireplace in it; Reidie's hasn't. You could swing two cats in my room. There is a French window opening on to a little balcony, and a view all over the roofs of the houses opposite, and the two towers of a great old church, St. Sulpice, near. We were exhausted and very tired. It was about 6.30 A.M., and we ordered some coffee; there was a bright wood fire blazing on the open hearth. I now have the awful fact to relate that when we wanted a chambermaid to bring up our coffee there came—a man! This man does everything for us; but as we wish to lay a sacrifice on the altar of propriety, and to soften the shock as much as possible, we call him Jemima. Jemima is very agreeable; he smiles whenever he addresses us; he does anything he can for us. If he continues in this virtuous frame for a week we shall bestow a franc upon him.

Well, Jemima brought us the coffee, and it was very good; and after we had had it we went to bed, and slept like tops.

"I say," said Reidie, coming in in a great state of excitement, "there's been an art student here, and he's left some studies. I've been looking at them: they're not much, though." So after we had put on our things to go out, I went to look. They were nude studies fairly well drawn, but the color wasn't much. We went out and walked down the Rue Bonaparte and along the Quai Voltaire, admiring everything.

We saw some very stylish Frenchwomen. This is a bonnet one of them had on. Should you like to see me come back in one? Then we looked about for a restaurant, and Reidie daren't go into ever so many we came to, because there were so many men there. At last we found a secluded spot, where we had a *bifteck* and potatoes and Camembert cheese and coffee, for about 1s. 3d. each. Then we bought some bread and some butter, and came home. There we found that Miss Hamilton had called, and left an invitation for us to go to her this evening; but we thought, as we didn't know the way, we would stop at home and go when it was daylight.

The young man who lives in the next room has been playing divinely on the fiddle this evening. He began with "God Save the Queen," and then made frantic attempts to perform "Pop goes the weasel." We imagine it is out of compliment to us. We thought we ought to applaud, but we restrained our feelings. They daren't attempt to pronounce my name here. They make frantic shots at Reidie's—"Mademoiselle Araidé!" they say.

You never saw such baggy trousers—never mind!—as the soldiers wear. Reidie says there are only three sizes made, and they have to wear the size that fits them most nearly. The uniforms look shabby, and some are hideous. Some have helmets with tails all down their backs. It is my delight to walk along the streets and look at the priests, see them turn their eyes down or look away. Priests mayn't look at women, they do look so goody and un-

conscious, as if you were a doormat or a post. They are all very fat and sleek.

April 13th, 1886.

The great Monsieur A. B. C. came to the atelier to-day to correct our drawings. It was my first sight of him, as he was not in Paris last Thursday. Alas, Reidie and I have to call on him next Thursday instead, and I have to deliver a French speech to him. He came about ten o'clock; we had been at work since eight. He is a greasy, curly, dirty-looking man, with a large dress-improver behind like Mr. Lane, and a large waistcoat in front like you. And such little tiny legs and neat boots! Well, he paraded round our easels and corrected our work. He said in an encouraging way to me, "It is not bad;" only as he speaks French I have to listen with all my ears. After M. Carolus had finished correcting us the model rested, and he took a wicker armchair and sat therein and lit a cigarette, and all the students stood round and worshipped him, except Reidie and I and a few English, who remained stolidly in the background. He asked who had left cards for him, and Reidie said she was the man; so we've to go and call. Then he pitched into one of the students who had got the head too large, and delivered a majestic lecture, at which Reidie and I snorted under our breath, because we've heard our President deliver a lecture just the other way about. Carolus says you must make a head smaller than life, and Sir Frederick Leighton says make it quite as large, or larger. However, that didn't matter to us, as it wasn't a question of painting. At last the model sat again, and Monsieur got up and went round again, with a word or two to each. At last he got to the door, and said solemnly: "I go. Good day, Mesdemoiselles," and so departed. He never smiled but once, and that was a blighted, watery kind of smile, suggestive of hidden remorse or indigestion.

Then Reidie and I went home to lunch, and we cooked an omelet and some bread fritters on our little spirit lamp, and had tea and marmalade, and felt, as the American lady said, "pretty crowded" when we'd done. Then she

went to the Hôtel Cluny to sketch, and I went to the gallery at the Palais de Luxembourg, where I am copying a picture. While I was there an American lady came up—a friend of our friend Miss Hamilton—and she was so kind, and invited me and Reidie to go and call on her any evening. She has a son—she calls him a boy; but he is quite big—who is working next to me. He looks like a nice sort of boy, and is doing a very good thing. He is a student at the Académie des Beaux Arts—which answers to our R.A.

We have had three other students to call on us—nay, four—and we have invited a fifth to lunch with us in our rooms next Tuesday. We are going to cook her an omelet. It's no end of fun cooking an omelet over a spirit-lamp. You spread a newspaper on the floor to catch the grease splashes, and you put a lot of butter in the pan, and three eggs beaten up, and then you poke frantically at it with a knife, and dovetail butter under it if you think it's going to burn. And it's good, I can tell you. I'll cook you one when I get home on my little lamp.

We have very interesting adventures in the dining line. In a Duval restaurant—there is a Duval company, with a lot of establishments all over Paris—you can order one plate of anything, with two clean plates, and divide it. So we can get two or three courses of most elegant French dishes for about 1s. 3d. each. *Vol au vent au financier*, a very thrilling kind of tart stuffed with mushrooms and olives; *galantine de veau* with truffles; *Chateaubriand*—a celestial kind of steak. This is very tender and juicy. It is cooked between two other pieces of meat, so that it gets the juices out of each of them.

I have seen lots of beautiful pictures and churches, and the Arc de Triomphe, and the Bois de Boulogne, and the fortifications of Paris; but as I don't like guide-books myself, I judge you won't. But there is one place, "La Sainte Chapelle," which is the most exquisite and lovely and almost divine place I ever saw in my life. It was built by St. Louis, an early king of France, who did a good deal in the crusading line about the twelfth cen-

tury. It is full of most gorgeous stained-glass windows, and every bit of the pillars and wall is illuminated with gorgeous blues and reds and greens, with gold fleur-de-lis and crosses all over them. It is like a jewel. There is a square hole in the wall, which goes into a sort of niche, where a bad old rascal of a king—Louis XI.—used to sit and hear mass because he was so afraid of being assassinated by his nobles. We have been in the Palais de Justice, too, and seen French lawyers. They are not like English ones. They wear caps something like this. We have been in Notre Dame, and seen the bone out of the spine of the Archbishop of Paris, which was struck by a bullet when he was shot during the Commune. Every third man or boy seems to wear either a uniform or livery here.

Now I am going to tell you how we went to call on Carolus Duran.

It was Thursday—his “at home” is from one to three. So after the class we went home and put on our best gowns. It was cold enough for me to wear my best jacket, which afforded me much consolation. Reidie began to be afflicted with a shaking of the knees, but I rose to the occasion. “Should I, who never quailed at the fearsome Alma Tadema, shrink from a Frenchman? Never!” So I said, “Come along, let’s hurry; then we sha’n’t think about it.” So we hurried. We went through the Luxembourg Gardens, and up a little street into the *Rue Notre Dame des Champs*, in a little passage out of which *Monsieur* has his studio. I waxed very valiant as we went along. So I said: “I’ll do the talking this time, Reidie.” We had been told that, having an introduction from Tadema, we ought to get our fees considerably reduced—but we should have to ask for the reduction ourselves. This we hated the thought of; but after several days of severe reflection and deep study of Nugent’s French-English Dictionary, we composed a pleasing speech which I was to administer.

Well, we got there, and saw a whole rush of people going in. Fortunately they were English too; and desperately shy, like us. So we went through a

great door into a large gloomy hall calculated to strike terror into the boldest soul. There was a gruesome darkness about it suggestive of dungeons. We got to some glass doors on the first floor, which were opened for us, with a clash, by a melancholy and obsequious young man, and we followed the English party into a majestic apartment like those you read of in Disraeli’s novels. Thick gorgeous rugs and hangings all about, curious carvings, mirrors, curiosities and objects of art, quaint and lovely pots, feathers, and so on, and a lot of big easels on which are pictures. But before all these stood Monsieur, clad in a gorgeous velvet coat, with his hair ambrosially curled, and a most entrancing smile upon his face. He is a bad imitation of our Sir Frederick Leighton (oh, I think I told you that before—but I don’t think I told you that he is credited with having once said to a student, “Am I not handsome?”) We went up and shook hands and made our most elegant bows. You *should* have seen mine. So then we went and looked at the pictures and portraits. Of course we had to study them attentively, as being our master’s work. Meanwhile one of the Englishmen went up and talked to Monsieur. Then he left him. Reidie nudged me—the awful moment had come for the speech. We advanced. I began, “*Vous avez reçu la carte de Monsieur Tadema, Monsieur?*”

“*Parfaitement, Mademoiselle,*” said A. B. C., with another gracious smile.

“*On dit que vous tenez les étudiants qui n’ont pas beaucoup d’argent pour quatre-vingt francs le premier—er—er*”—here the rest of the speech evaporated somehow, and I was left lamenting. But Monsieur excused me, and kindly said that he would certainly make the reduction, and we must arrange it with the head student at the atelier. We thanked him and retired.

April 25th, 1886.

It is Easter Sunday morning, and I am sitting in bed thinking what you can be doing just now. My partner being, as I before stated, a weak vessel, takes a good long sleep on Sunday mornings, so we can’t have breakfast until 9.30, which will just leave me

time to get to church and hear the dear old English service—in foreign parts it is so homelike; and as I can't sleep after seven o'clock, and it's of no use getting up at present, I am making use of the time by writing to you. It is beautiful weather here; I hope you are having it. I go and look to see how the grass is growing every now and then, and I hope yours is coming on rapidly.

On Good Friday we went to hear some beautiful music at the church of Saint Eustache, where is the finest organ in Paris. It was the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini. It certainly was exquisite; only those horrid Parisians will have their churches so tawdry inside, and will not show proper reverence in their behavior. There was a sermon in the middle; and while that was going on, something happened on the other side of the church—I suppose some one fainted, perhaps—and all the congregation in the nave—nearly all—jumped up and stared in that direction. After a bit they sat down again. In the afternoon we went to the famous old cemetery of Père La Chaise. I was most anxious to find the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, and we didn't want to pay a guide; so I let the weak vessel rest while I ranged about; and at last, just as we had given up all hope, I discovered it. Their figures are carved lying side by side, and a Gothic canopy has been built over them. There were a few wreaths on the railing of the tomb—put there by lawyers, I suppose.

Père La Chaise is a beautiful place—avenues of trees all about, and in parts it is rocky and steep. The French build tombs for their families with vaults underneath. These tombs are like tiny chapels, just big enough to hold a little altar, on which there is generally a cross and two candles, and a *prie-dieu* chair in front. There is a grated door through which you can look and see the names of those buried underneath carved on the little altar, or above it. Sometimes a little stained glass window is let in above the altar.

Sunday Evening.

We have had such a warm day! The chestnut trees in the Champs

Elysées are out in full leaf and blossom. It looks like the beginning of June. If it were, shouldn't I be chuckling at the thought of getting back to old England soon! But don't you think I am not comfortable here. I am, very; only I shall like so much to see you all again, and put on haughty airs and pretend not to understand my own language, and keep bursting into French. There were such crowds at the English Church; a number stayed to the Sacrament. The church was beautifully decorated with roses and camellias, and so on—ever so many of them. We had a very nice sermon. Reidie—sinful monkey!—went off to Notre Dame, where the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris was to give a benediction from the Pope. We met after each of our services at the Louvre. She said she had a very good view of him, but I didn't want to waste my Sunday morning staring at a cardinal processioning around with his train held up by acolytes. Reidie said it took two priests in white and gold to take his hat off and put it on. We are going to Saint Germain to-morrow, where King James II. of England lived after he was turned off the English throne. We are obliged to go out on Monday afternoons, because all the galleries are shut. So we take our lunches with us, and our paint-boxes, and go sketching. We went to call to-day at a very majestic pension in a majestic street out of the Champs Elysées. Oh, most elegant! Reidie and I came to the conclusion that it is much jollier living here as we do than paying ten francs a day for the privilege of sitting in the awe-inspiring drawing-room of that mansion. We are going to have a negro for a model to-morrow. Won't that be interesting? I should like to know when Dora starts her Bible-class, and how it gets on. I wonder whether she is going to have men or girls. I'd sooner have men, because they are easier to manage.

May 3d, 1886.

I hear, sir, that you have joined the Primrose League and are a knight. Oh, yes! Please take me to a meeting of your habitation when I come home. I should much like to be allowed to sit

at the feet of the great lights of that Association and hear their wisdom.

I am informed that a lady—name unknown—has presented you with a charm to wear round your neck. Is it her portrait set in gems, or a lock of her hair? And do you think it is nice of you, not only to go on like this, but to cause news of your doings to be sent across the sea to a helpless orphan in a foreign land? I suppose you wear it next your heart. Of course—quite so.

Reidie and I have been to the Salon to-day. It is the great exhibition of modern pictures which is held every year. The minds of French artists seem to run very much on blood and corpses, and ladies with nothing on. At every step there was a gentleman in a state of undress, with other gentlemen prodding swords into him, or dancing on his prostrate form; next a pleasing collection of corpses, gracefully sprinkled with gore; next a large picture of a tithe of sugar, a brown pot, some onions and a radish; next Adam and Eve in the costume of the period. After which crowds of ladies, attired simply but gracefully in a necklace each, or one bracelet.

But there are also some very strong pictures, and it is as good as a month's work in an atelier to spend an afternoon there.

We know a very nice student from Philadelphia, U. S. We are going to see her. One of the girls at the atelier comes from Spanish America. There are several Swiss, and I believe Swedes and Germans. The Germans hide their nationality as much as they can, as their nation is not beloved in this country.

There's a Pole there, too—a long thin girl, with a figure like a yard of pump water; and she has a frizz of hair like a bird's nest, and a dress which looks as if it were tied firmly round her. There is also a female there that we call the Camel, because she has a hump, and is ungainly and yellow, and has a fractious temper. Poor Camel! Her specialties seem to be dry wit. She is an American, but never, if she can help it, speaks her own language. She pronounces French very imperfectly, and frequently breaks up her verbs and genders in a manner

calculated to astonish the natives; but still she valiantly flounders on, and when she tries to speak English she hesitates and stutters as if she had only learnt a very little. We are getting accustomed to this peculiarity of the Camel's, and are not surprised when we have to speak French to her. But the head of the atelier, Miss Robbins, is the most astonishing young person. She is young, plump, and pretty—and she knows it. She covers herself with valuable jewelry, and floats down to the studio attired in a black net evening dress and sash, with half sleeves. She and a friend who always sits next her, chatter French incessantly all the time. You would not believe a human tongue could go so fast if you didn't hear it.

The fatness and greasiness of this nation is only to be equalled by the smallness of their dogs; and the extreme affection a large overflowing Frenchman shows to a tiny little cur about as big as a kitten is very amusing. They ride on carts with their arms round them; they lead them about with ribbons; they treat them with the greatest politeness; they shave them in the most ridiculous way; they leave little fringes round their legs like bracelets. I saw a great big Newfoundland with all the hair shaved off its hind quarters the other day! In this enlightened land the people who get run over in the streets are made to pay fines, and the drivers of carriages, cabs, and other engines of destruction get off scot free. Wherefore they drive like Jehu the son of Nimshi; and the only warning they give a passenger who is crossing the road, is a wild unearthly yell calculated to shatter the few nerves he may possess.

May 16th, 1886.

Although this letter is addressed to you, I must begin by telling Dora how pleased I was with hers of the 12th, telling me how you drove all your stoutest candidates to the Confirmation. I would have liked to see you. It was rather rough on Prince, though. I hope you did not drive in your well-known breakneck style. Well, we have just been entertaining a couple of our students who have been strolling about

Italy. They sent us word from Florence that we might expect them, and they came to Paris on Friday night. They have been in for afternoon tea, and we are to go to their hotel on Tuesday for a return tea and talk, and to hear one of them perform on the mandoline. I have been requested to take my fiddle.

The girls we are going to draw on Tuesday have held out cigarettes as an attraction. I expect there will be a regular cloud going there, as they smoke a good deal. I haven't had a solitary one since the last Dora made me at Harrowden, as Reidie doesn't smoke, and I don't like to annoy her with it.

It is good of Dora to take May out. What a little fool that Mrs. Cook must be! And poor Crump isn't clever enough to manage her. If he only knew how he could turn her about with bit and bridle! But men have no wit—at least, most men. I don't include you in the list, of course, sir.

There is a large place in Paris which, of course, you have never heard of, called the *Place de la Concorde*; it is surrounded by large sitting stone figures of women, representing the cities of France. These statues were there before the war of 1870-1, and now, the Germans having annexed Alsace-Lorraine, the statue of Strasbourg is rather a thorn in the eyes of Paris. So they have covered her with funeral wreaths. The statue is hardly visible, it is so covered. Great wreaths, made of black and gray beads, with inscriptions on, and big wreaths of *porcelaine* flowers. And underneath the statue hangs a board, with the words on it, "*Qui vive, France!*" which means, "France, be on the watch!" To get Alsace back some time is, I believe, every Frenchman's fixed intent; but it will take some getting.

I went through the Tuileries Gardens last night; they had put up long lines of illuminations down the avenues, and a large platform covered with chains as big as your front garden, with a raised orchestra for open-air concerts. There was a mediæval house, put up for a refreshment buffet, and a windmill; there were merry-go-rounds and photographic booths, band-stands and

gayly decorated stalls; there were season-land things, and no end of curious travelling shows. All this in the gardens of the Tuileries, where Napoleon III.'s palace was—where the statues and fountains and flowers are still kept beautiful. It is a lovely place. Here in France, where "*Liberté, égalité, fraternité*" are written up everywhere, the people are taken every care of—their amusements provided for and leg-islated for, and every facility allowed them. The great palaces and gardens are thrown open to them; the Salon is free for them on Sunday—which is the only day the working men can get out. So, instead of sitting in gutters swearing, or lolling in wine-shops, a French workman can take his wife and family and go into most lovely places all for nothing. We have not seen one single case of drunkenness since we have been here. If there is distress among the poor, and want of work, the Municipal Government have a big fête and lottery like the one going on now, and apply the proceeds to their wants. The result is that there are no vulgar Toms, Dicks and 'Arrys to break and pull up flowers and throw orange-peel about when they do get a holiday, but well-behaved people who are accustomed to going about in beautiful places and conduct themselves in an orderly manner. Why, our upper ten would nearly expire at the notion of admitting a cab into Hyde Park; yet break-loads of *ouvriers* out for a holiday may be seen in the Champs Elysées any fête-day.

This, most noble knight of the Primrose League, is the result of a Liberal Government. And if you could but see the perfectly beautiful way in which the streets are kept clean! They have gangs of men at it; and the minute a bit of asphalt sidewalk gets cracked, it is pecked up and relaid. Ah, if you knew, as I do, the filth of London streets, and the way in which London vestries cause huge lakes of mud to be left day after day there! We ought to have a Municipal Government in London, and not leave these matters in the hands of small bodies of self-important vestrymen.

June 1st, 1886.

The vials of my wrath are full, press-

ed down, shaken together and running over! Don't be alarmed; it isn't any of you; it's the shameless mendacity of the French nation. They have practised lying in this country until it has passed from a crime into a failing, from a failing into a trifling peculiarity, and from that into a positive virtue. They are not contented with one lie now and then, which they mourn over in secret and repent of, and at last confess with tears. Oh, dear, no! They pour forth strings of lies, one on the top of another. These black falsehoods come hurrying out of their mouths so fast that they trip each other up. The immediate cause of my wrath on the present occasion is the unspeakable conduct of our *blanchisseuse*. Sir! this female abstracts my clothing, gently but firmly, takes it home to wash, and then sends back as much or as little as she thinks proper. Now about a fortnight ago she sent home my washing, and there were two collars short. And instead of two decent whole handkerchiefs such as I expected, came two objects resembling what Holy Writ says our righteousness is. "Eh? Well, Madame," I observed, "these *mouchoirs* are not to me; and there should be five collars, and see only three." The person who brought the linen wasn't the mistress, but an underling, with a pale thin face and a very eager way of talking. "Oh she would return *toute suite* and fetch the collars. She would bring them back in several minutes, and the handkerchiefs; were they not to Mademoiselle? Oh, she was extremely sorry; she would take them back—oh, at once." She went. After a short period she returned more voluble and eager than ever. The *blanchisseuse* was ill, and she had charge of the affairs, and that was how it was the collars of Mademoiselle were not there; but she would bring them the next morning at nine hours. That was the very last we saw of her. Days passed on, still my collars came not. And we determined to take steps. We went and got that abandoned *blanchisseuse's* address from Madame Laperche. We started for the woman's abode. We had resolved to crush her and tear my collars and handkerchiefs from her

harp claws. Well, we got there. "Where is *madame la blanchisseuse*?" I asked. Madame came forward—the fat person—with her face beaming with oily smiles. "Oh, it was so very *gentille* of Mesdames to call upon her. She thanked them a thousand times. Would Madame give herself the pain to look at these *mouchoirs*. They were marked with a C, is it not? And the linen of Madame was also marked with a C. Perfectly. Well, observe the C on this handkerchief; and on the other behold—M. ! What more could Madame require?" Alas, they were the very same that had first been brought, and which had been kept by her all this time. It was useless to remonstrate. Indeed, what was I to do against this oily fat woman, who smiled so broadly and chattered so fast, and lied so volubly? My haughty courage oozed away. As for Reidie, she collapsed behind me. All the starch was out of her too; and we brought away those dilapidated *mouchoirs*, only too thankful at last to get anything.

June 11th, 1886.

I thought this was to have been my last Sunday in Paris; but the weather has been so unsettled that we have decided to give up Normandy, as we both feel we are learning a great deal that will be very useful to us. If it were to be wet out of doors at Etaples we should be vexed at losing the certain advantages we have here, so we shall probably get a look at Rouen on our way home.

I had an adventure the other day. Monsieur A. B. C. came to the atelier, as is his wont, last Friday, and gave a speech—which is also his custom—on the sketches. I, always, during these speeches, make a little portrait of him in my sketch-book, and lately he has asked to look at it afterward. Now there was a sinful little caricature of him in a corner of one of the pages, which I was always in a state of alarm lest he should discover; for we have been told that he never forgives any one who laughs at him. Well, last Friday, as usual, he called me up, and asked to see his portrait; and after looking at it, he turned over the leaves and gazed at the other things in the

book—your portrait for one. I had got pretty hardy by this time, my sinful drawing never having been discovered, and stood looking on composedly, when alack! he turned a page, and there it was, staring him in the face! The head student of the atelier was standing by him, and knew it in a minute; and she yielded to the temptation of Satan, and pointed it out to him. And he looked—and then he burst out into a great roar of laughter. There he sat and roared, and all the others laughed in chorus, and I felt an unspeakable worm. Why am I impelled by the Enemy of mankind to make caricatures of people I shouldn't? I don't know. But he wasn't so outrageously cross as might have been expected when he did get over laughing. He looked at me with a most comical expression, as I ruefully remarked, "*Je vous demande pardon, Monsieur.*"

Evening.

We went and saw Miss Howard this afternoon. She was playing her piano, and she treated us to a little music. She knows a good many musical celebrities, and told us that she thinks the Abbé Liszt is like the devil in his appearance. We generally call our Sir F. L. the handsome fiend; but I think A. B. C. is more like Satan than he is. Don't you ever be afraid, my dear sir, that I shall ever marry a Frenchman. Indeed, I feel strongly disposed to agree with Miss Alice Hamilton's remark: "The Lord made the world for Englishwomen to travel about in it, and Frenchmen so ugly that Englishwomen might not fall in love with them."

Reidie has bought a nice piece of tapestry to hang up in her studio. We were told of a certain little street near the Panthéon where we should find two shops, in either of which we might find tapestry; but we were told that the ladies who presided over these establishments would certainly try their best to cheat us. Therefore we chose a pouring wet afternoon, when we had been to the atelier and got a roll of canvas each. We looked as forlorn and poor as we could. A button was half off of my ulster, and my gloves had holes in the finger-ends. Reidie's

hat was a weather-beaten and ancient-looking concern, and our demeanor generally indicated extreme misery. We felt this was the time to attack the tapestry lady; so we went in. "Tapestry?" But yes! she had quantities of most beautiful tapestry, which Mesdames were most welcome to regard." So we regarded, and Reidie picked out one nice bit, and asked the price. It was fifty-five francs. "Too much," says Reidie. I said, "Tell her you've only got so much to spend, and see if it will bring her down." So Reidie offered her thirty for it. "Oh, she never came down in her prices! She hadn't charged Madame more because she was English. Oh, no! That was not her practice. But certainly not." So we looked at some other pieces for a little while, and then Reidie took up this piece again. "What did you say was the price of this?" "Thirty-five francs, Madame," said that unblushing person, with a smile of conscious virtue. So we got it for that. I believe if Reidie had kept on she could have got it cheaper still. They don't care a pin about telling lies, this nation.

Miss Howard says she has been in the French Parliament once or twice, and it is such fun. She says if a man gets into the tribune to speak, you can't hear a word he says; all the members roar, and shout and gabble to each other, and every now and then a man who sits in a seat beneath the tribune frantically rings a large-bell to try and obtain silence, but it is no use; and the uproar is just deafening. Somebody is near enough to hear, for I believe the speeches get reported; but she never heard anything. And sometimes the members get furious, and rush at each other, and challenge each other to duels. Then they take a trip to Belgium to fight it out.

June 20th, 1886.

We had a great deal of fun the other day when we went to Versailles. It is a very pretty journey of about an hour and a half on the top of the tram. We went over the Seine and by the big factory where they make the Sèvres china, and then up a very pretty wooded road with villas and cottages on

each side. The tram took us right up to the gate of the great palace. His Majesty King Louis XIV.—who was a puffed-up, conceited image—built this place, because he didn't like living at his other palace of Saint-Germain; for he could see the towers of the Abbaye de Saint Denis from the terraces—where the Kings of France are buried—and he said he should go there soon enough. So he taxed his faithful subjects to the tune of forty million pounds, and built and decorated this immense palace, surrounding it with magnificent gardens filled with statues, fountains, terraces, and lakes, and flights of steps of solid marble. They used to call him Louis the Great—he was somewhere about five feet two; but by means of high red heels and a haystack of a wig he managed to look like the sun in all his glory,—at least his courtiers gave him to understand so.

Hundreds of workmen were employed to make these gardens, and scores of them died; but this, though felt to be annoying, was of no consequence really. Now, if there's one thing I do pride myself on, it's my distinctly Parisian accent. I am under the impression that when I speak French everybody must mistake me for a native. I also think that a French hat which I have bought must still further disguise my nationality. It was therefore doubly irritating when the guards at the door twinkled their eyes at us, and a guide said, "Will you haf a guide, ladies, to show you ze palace?" Of course we weren't going to be trotted round like two lost sheep. So we went on. At every turn Louis le Grand is smirking from the walls in his coronation robes, his clothes forming the biggest part of him. I believe in his lifetime the public were never allowed to see him without his wig on. It was handed to him through his bed curtains on the end of a stick before he got up. There is a great deal in dress, as I have respectfully tried to prove to you when you would wear that old brown coat—which I trust ere this has been bestowed in charity on some deserving object. So I told Mary Ann I wanted to see the two Trianons. These are—a smaller palace, in the

grounds, where Louis XV. lived; and a much smaller place, about the size of Harrowden Hall, that poor Marie Antoinette had built, and where she used to go and play at being a farmeress, and was driven about in a fine gilded chariot drawn by white oxen. She dressed to imitate a Dresden china shepherdess. And she used to go and make butter in the dairy, because she naturally got so tired of sitting very stiff and upright in the grand château of Versailles.

To-day we have been to hear Père Hyacinthe. He left the Roman Catholic Church because he felt that he had a vocation for matrimony—so he says—and that it was unscriptural for the Church to forbid the priests to marry. Also he was oppressed by many abuses that he saw, and he now preaches in a church of his own, called the Gallican Apostolic Church. He is a handsome and a good man, and has married an American lady. He is also a fine orator. He left off in the middle to mop his face and drink a little water—for he got very excited. He uses a gesture very common with French preachers. He spreads his arms out wide, and suddenly brings his hand with a resounding clap on his stom—. He said that marriage is a holy institution, and that good women lead their husbands and fathers and brothers and sons up to higher things; and he made a number of other very pretty compliments about the ladies, and then—as is the custom here and in America—the people clapped, and two sweetly interesting curates came round to collect in their surplices and cassocks, and the organist played the Wedding March. I'm sure if curates in England would do that they would get lots more money—especially from the charming ladies of their congregation.

HOTEL SAINT-GEORGES,
49 Rue Bonaparte, Paris.
June 19th, 1886.

"DEAR —,"

"I think the 'Good Words' article was right about the girl students not flirting. That is, the main body of them. Here and there you find distractingly pretty lasses, that all the lads run wild after. They take them sketching, they help them with their

work, and clean their traps. But most of us are plain and unattractive, and do not enjoy these pleasing attentions. Besides which we are in earnest, and have plenty to do. Our model this week is a lovely fair girl with flesh 'like a bowl of milk,' as Carolus Duran said to-day; and we have got a back view of her down to the waist, and below that white satin; and as work begins at eight, and goes on till twelve, we have to go to bed pretty early. And it does take all one's energy to get the tones of that back. Likewise her hair is a ruddy gold, so you may imagine the difficulty of it. You would laugh to see the girls worship —. They sit all round as if he were a saint. [He paints like an old master.] It is instructive to a thinking mind to see the students going into respectful convulsions at his jokes. He calls us his children. 'Ah! mon enfant,' he says, and pats one on the shoulder. We may call on him at his own atelier any Thursday and see his pictures that he has on hand. This teaches one a great deal. Monsieur Henner is called 'the dear angel.' He is a nice old man, and gives a very good lesson. The dear angel didn't come yesterday when he was due.

"To-day A. B. C. painted on a study for a long time and made it look fine. His chief insistence is that, if you get your values just, and then put in the accents of light and shade, your study does not want any more niggling. If we begin to put in any little details before we have got the broad values right, we get into hot water. He don't care how he abuses us. 'Why make you these little machines? Get the great light and the broad shadow, all simple—simple—simple.' We have to draw all the first morning. Then set the charcoal and rub in the effect with thin color, then paint solidly. The model only sits one week, but we are to have our present one a fortnight because there is so much to do to her. We are obliged to paint life-size. I have copied a bit of an Andrea del Sarto at the Louvre, and I am going to start a Vandyck on Tuesday. There are such lovely things there. A huge Paolo Veronese of the marriage feast at Cana, and all the guests are dressed as Vene-

tian nobles. But there is also a collection of killing jokes by Rubens. Her Majesty Queen Marie, wife of Henri IV., ordered this gentleman to paint a series of pictures of her life, and they all hang in a gallery in the Louvre. Master Rubens laid his flattering unction on with a trowel. There is no mistake about it. The birth of the lady is welcomed by rubicund gods and goddesses, bouncing about in the sky. She is educated by Minerva, while various other heavenly bodies stand round in attitudes and smirk. Then more fat divinities fly down from heaven to show her picture to Henri, who stands in an attitude of rapture at the sight. Then—oh, best fun of all!—she is married by proxy to the envoy from France. She is very gorgeous, fat, and stately, and is evidently trying to crush the poor envoy by her majestic port. He stands there very stiff and straight, trying his best to keep a stiff upper lip and not be crushed. He has a most aggressive air, as if he were thinking 'I am not going to be put out of countenance by any female.' After which Marie de Medicis comes to France in a grand galley. Gods and goddesses flop about the sky, and tobacco-juicy mermaids bounce and splash around the barge. Then we see Henri as Jupiter, and Marie as Juno, smirking away as usual. Then Henri is taken up to heaven in full Roman military costume and a laurel wreath, while the Genius of France presses the sceptre and orb on Marie, who looks coy and reluctant to assume the dignity. The French nobles flock around to offer their fealty (they hated her being made regent really). And then Marie and her son, the Dauphin, go in a ship with mermaids splashing around and rowing. And oh, the mermaids!

"We went to Saint Denis to see the Abbey where the kings of France were buried. It is a lovely Abbey. The West Front is transition Norman, and the doors are a wonder of ironwork. The recumbent statues of kings and princes are very beautiful. St. Louis had many of them done in the thirteenth century; and they are so pure in their lines, and simple, and majestic. He had these monuments put up to his ancestors. But those who came

after also have monuments there. Some of them are mighty structures, with heroic size statues of the king and his wife kneeling on the top of a canopy. The tomb is surrounded by allegorical figures, and under the canopy there lie careful reproductions—in marble—of their dead bodies, quite nude, with the slit in the torso made by the embalmers. They look most ghastly. Louis XII. and his first wife are treated so, and Francis I. and his. The contrast between the majestic robed kneeling figures above and these stark corpses below is startling. We saw the tomb of Fredegonde too, and went down into the royal vaults and saw the coffins of Louis XV., Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette, through a grating. Those miserable miscreants of the Terror scattered many of the bodies of former kings to the four winds. They went like devils howling to the Abbey and tore the coffins out and rent them asunder. The clerestory windows here are gorgeous. The color is like a dream, and the columns are pure white still, for there is no fog and smoke to blacken them. On the town-hall outside we saw the old battle-cry of France: 'Montjoye Saint Denys.' It does seem a crime that this nation has upset its stately royal traditions; but when you think of the awful sins of those kings, you understand. Versailles made us laugh consumedly. All the place is redolent of Louis Quatorze,

'*Le grand monarque.*' He is smirking in his big wig and splendid robes wherever you go. His emblem, the sun, actually appears on the reredos of the palace chapel. 'To all the glories of France,' sprawls across the front of the palace. The sublime conceit of that man is one of the greatest jokes I know. Have you ever read Thackeray's 'Paris Sketch Book'? I believe he has a little drawing of Louis in his robes, after a majestic picture by Rigaud in the Louvre. Then by the side of this the clothes of Louis, and thirdly Louis without his clothes.

"We are in the famous Latin quarter. We see lots of raffish medical students, and hear them, too, sometimes at night. We have been to call on a fellow-student—a Highlander—who lives under the shadow of the Pantheon. As we came home to-night we were passed by youths singing some wild song in chorus. It is a quaint part of Paris, and very old. We leave Paris next Saturday, and expect to arrive at Victoria some time on Sunday morning.

"It is getting late, and I was awake at six this morning. To-morrow being Sunday, I shall be able to have a little more slumber.

"Most respected sir, farewell until I see you, which I hope to do some time during the week after next."—*Temple Bar.*

THE LOST DUCHESS.

I.

"HAS the Duchess returned?"

"No, your Grace."

Knowles came further into the room. He had a letter on a salver. When the Duke had taken it, Knowles still lingered. The Duke glanced at him.

"Is an answer required?"

"No, your Grace." Still Knowles lingered. "Something a little singular has happened. The carriage has returned without the Duchess, and the men say that they thought her Grace was in it."

"What do you mean?"

"I hardly understand myself, your Grace. Perhaps you would like to see Barnes."

Barnes was the coachman.

"Send him up." When Knowles had gone, and he was alone, his Grace showed signs of being slightly annoyed. He looked at his watch. "I told her she'd better be in by four. She says that she's not feeling well, and yet one would think that she was not aware of the fatigue entailed in having the Prince to dinner, and a mob of people to follow. I particularly wished her to lie down for a couple of hours."

Knowles ushered in not only Barnes,

the coachman, but Moysey, the footman, too. Both these persons seemed to be ill at ease. The Duke glanced at them sharply. In his voice there was a suggestion of impatience.

"What is the matter?"

Barnes explained as best he could.

"If you please, your Grace, we waited for the Duchess outside Cane and Wilson's, the drapers. The Duchess came out, got into the carriage, and Moysey shut the door, and her Grace said, 'Home!' and yet when we got home she wasn't there."

"She wasn't where?"

"Her Grace wasn't in the carriage, your Grace."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Her Grace did get into the carriage; you shut the door, didn't you?"

Barnes turned to Moysey. Moysey brought his hand up to his brow in a sort of military salute—he had been a soldier in the regiment in which, once upon a time, the Duke had been a subaltern:

"She did. The Duchess came out of the shop. She seemed rather in a hurry, I thought. She got into the carriage, and she said, 'Home, Moysey!' I shut the door, and Barnes drove straight home. We never stopped anywhere, and we never noticed nothing happen on the way; and yet when we got home the carriage was empty."

The Duke stared.

"Do you mean to tell me that the Duchess got out of the carriage while you were driving full pelt through the streets without saying anything to you, and without you noticing it?"

"The carriage was empty when we got home, your Grace."

"Was either of the doors open?"

"No, your Grace."

"You fellows have been up to some infernal mischief. You have made a mess of it. You never picked up the Duchess, and you're trying to palm this tale off on to me to save yourselves."

Barnes was moved to adjuration:

"I'll take my Bible oath, your Grace, that the Duchess got into the carriage outside Cane and Wilson's."

Moysey seconded his colleague:

"I will swear to that, your Grace.

She got into the carriage, and I shut the door, and she said, 'Home, Moysey!'"

The Duke looked as if he did not know what to make of the story and its tellers.

"What carriage did you have?"

"Her Grace's brougham, your Grace."

Knowles interposed:

"The brougham was ordered because I understood that the Duchess was not feeling very well, and there's rather a high wind, your Grace."

The Duke snapped at him:

"What has that to do with it? Are you suggesting that the Duchess was more likely to jump out of a brougham while it was dashing through the streets than out of any other kind of vehicle?"

The Duke's glance fell on the letter which Knowles had brought him when he first had entered. He had placed it on his writing-table. Now he took it up. It was addressed:

"To His Grace

"The Duke of Datchet."

Private!

VERY PRESSING!!!

The name was written in a fine, clear, almost feminine hand. The words in the left-hand corner of the envelope were written in a different hand. They were large and bold; almost as though they had been pointed with the end of the penholder instead of being written with the pen. The envelope itself was of an unusual size, and bulged out as though it contained something else besides a letter.

The Duke tore the envelope open. As he did so something fell out of it on to the writing-table. It looked as though it was a lock of a woman's hair. As he glanced at it the Duke seemed to be a trifle startled. The Duke read the letter:

"Your Grace will be so good as to bring five hundred pounds (500*l.*) in gold to the Piccadilly end of the Burlington Arcade within an hour of the receipt of this. The Duchess of Datchet has been kidnapped. An imitation duchess got into the carriage, which was waiting outside Cane and Wilson's, and she alighted on the road. Unless your Grace does as you are re-

quested the Duchess of Datchet's left-hand little finger will be at once cut off, and sent home in time to receive the Prince to dinner. Other portions of her Grace will follow. A lock of her Grace's hair is enclosed with this as an earnest of our good intentions.

"Before 5.30 p.m. your Grace is requested to be at the Piccadilly end of the Burlington Arcade with five hundred pounds (500*l.*) in gold. You will there be accosted by an individual in a white top-hat, and with a gardenia in his button-hole. You will be entirely at liberty to give him into custody, or to have him followed by the police. In which case the Duchess's left arm, cut off at the shoulder, will be sent home for dinner—not to mention other extremely possible contingencies. But you are *advised* to give the individual in question the five hundred pounds in gold, because in that case the Duchess herself will be home in time to receive the Prince to dinner, and with one of the best stories with which to entertain your distinguished guests they ever heard.

"Remember! *not later than 5.30*, unless you wish to receive her Grace's little finger."

The Duke stared at this amazing epistle when he had read it as though he had found it difficult to believe the evidence of his eyes. He was not a demonstrative person as a rule, but this little communication astonished even him. He read it again. Then his hands dropped to his sides, and he swore.

He took up the lock of hair which had fallen out of the envelope. Was it possible that it could be his wife's, the Duchess? Was it possible that a Duchess of Datchet could be kidnapped, in broad daylight, in the heart of London, and be sent home, as it were, in pieces? Had sacrilegious hands already been playing pranks with that great lady's hair? Certainly, *that* hair was so like *her* hair that the mere resemblance made his Grace's blood run cold. He turned on Messrs. Barnes and Moysey as though he would have liked to rend them:

"You scoundrels!"

He moved forward as though the intention had entered his ducal heart to

knock his servants down. But, if that were so, he did not act quite up to his intention. Instead, he stretched out his arm, pointing at them as if he were an accusing spirit:

"Will you swear that it was the Duchess who got into the carriage outside Cane and Wilson's?"

Barnes began to stammer:

"I—I'll swear, your Grace, that I—I thought—"

The Duke stormed an interruption: "I don't ask what you thought. I ask you, will you swear it was?"

The Duke's anger was more than Barnes could face. He was silent. Moysey showed a larger courage:

"I could have sworn that it was at the time, your Grace. But now it seems to me that it's a rummy go."

"A rummy go!" The peculiarity of the phrase did not seem to strike the Duke just then—at least, he echoed it as if it didn't. "You call it a rummy go! Do you know that I am told in this letter that the woman who entered the carriage was not the Duchess? What you were thinking about, or what case you will be able to make out for yourselves, you know better than I; but I can tell you this—that in an hour you will leave my service, and you may esteem yourselves fortunate if, to-night, you are not both of you sleeping in jail. Knowles! take these men to a room, and lock them in it, and set some one to see that they don't get out of it, and come back at once. You understand, at once—to me!"

Knowles did not give Messrs. Barnes and Moysey a chance to offer a remonstrance, even if they had been disposed to do so. He escorted them out of the room with a dexterity and a celerity which did him credit, and in a remarkably short space of time he returned into the ducal presence. He was the Duke's own servant—his own particular man. He was a little older than the Duke, and he had been his servant almost ever since the Duke had been old enough to have a servant of his very own. Probably James Knowles knew more than any living creature of the Duke's "*secret history*"—as they call it in the *chroniques scandaleuses*—of his little peculiarities, of his strong points, and his weak ones. And, in

the possession of this knowledge, he had borne himself in a manner which had caused the Duke to come to look upon him as a man in whom he might have confidence—that confidence which a penitent has in a confessor—to look upon him as a trusted and a trustworthy friend.

When Knowles reappeared the Duke handed him the curious epistle with which he had been favored.

"Read that, and tell me what you think of it."

Knowles read it. His countenance was even more of a mask than the Duke's. He evinced no sign of astonishment.

"I am inclined, your Grace, to think that it's a hoax."

"A hoax! I don't know what you call a hoax! That is not a hoax!" The Duke held out the lock of hair which had fallen from the envelope. "I have compared it with the hair in my locket, and it is the Duchess's hair."

"May I look at it?"

The Duke handed it to Knowles. Knowles examined it closely.

"It resembles her Grace's hair."

"Resembles! It is her hair."

Knowles still continued to reflect. He offered a suggestion.

"Shall I send for the police?"

"The police! What's the good of sending for the police? If what that letter says is true, by the time I have succeeded in making a thick-skulled constable understand what has happened the Duchess will be—will be mutilated!"

The Duke turned away as if the thought were frightful—as, indeed, it was.

"Is that all you can suggest?"

"Unless your Grace proposes taking the five hundred pounds."

One might almost have suspected that the words were spoken in irony. But before he could answer another servant entered, who also brought a letter for the Duke. When his Grace's glance fell on it he uttered an exclamation. The writing on the envelope was the same writing that had been on the envelope which had contained the very singular communication—like it in all respects, down to the broom-

stick-end thickness of the "Private!" and "Very pressing!!!" in the corner.

"Who brought this?" stormed the Duke.

The servant appeared to be a little startled by the violence of his Grace's manner.

"A lady—or, at least, your Grace, she seemed to be a lady."

"Where is she?"

"She came in a hansom, your Grace. She gave me that letter, and said, 'Give that to the Duke of Datchet at once—without a moment's delay!' Then she got into the hansom again, and drove away."

"Why didn't you stop her?"

"Your Grace!"

The man seemed surprised, as though the idea of stopping chance visitors to the ducal mansion *vi et armis* had not, until that moment, entered into his philosophy. The Duke continued to regard the man as if he could say a good deal, if he chose. Then he pointed to the door. His lips said nothing, but his gesture much. The servant vanished.

"Another hoax!" the Duke said, grimly, as he tore the envelope open.

This time the envelope contained a sheet of paper, and in the sheet of paper another envelope. The Duke unfolded the sheet of paper. On it some words were written. These:

"The Duchess appears so particularly anxious to drop you a line, that one really hasn't the heart to refuse her."

"Her Grace's communication—written amid blinding tears!—you will find enclosed with this."

"Knowles," said the Duke, in a voice which actually trembled, "Knowles, hoax or no hoax, I will be even with the gentleman who wrote that."

Handing the sheet of paper to Mr. Knowles, his Grace turned his attention to the envelope which had been enclosed. It was a small square envelope, of the finest quality, and it reeked with perfume. The Duke's countenance assumed an added frown—he had no fondness for envelopes which were scented. In the centre of the envelope were the words "To the Duke of Datchet," written in the big, bold,

sprawling hand which he knew so well.

"Mabel's writing," he said, half to himself, as, with shaking fingers, he tore the envelope open.

The sheet of paper which he took out was almost as stiff as cardboard. It, too, emitted what his Grace deemed the nauseous odors of the perfumer's shop. On it was written this letter:

"My dear Hereward,—For Heaven's sake do what these people require! I don't know what has happened or where I am, but I am nearly distracted! They have already cut off some of my hair, and they tell me that, if you don't let them have five hundred pounds in gold by half-past five, they will cut off my little finger too. I would sooner die than lose my little finger—and—I don't know what else besides.

"By the token which I send you, and which has never, until now, been off my breast, I conjure you to help me.—MABEL.

"Hereward—*help me!*"

When he read that letter the Duke turned white—very white, as white as the paper on which it was written. He passed the epistle on to Knowles.

"I suppose that also is a hoax?"

He spoke in a tone of voice which was unpleasantly cold—a coldness which Mr. Knowles was aware, from not inconsiderable experience, betokened that the Duke was white-hot within.

Mr. Knowles's demeanor, however, betrayed no sign that he was aware of anything of the kind, he being conscious that there is a certain sort of knowledge which is apt, at times, to be dangerous to its possessor. He read the letter from beginning to end.

"This certainly does resemble her Grace's writing."

"You think it does resemble it, do you? You think that there is a certain faint and distant similarity?" The Duke asked these questions quietly—too quietly. Then, all at once, he thundered—which Mr. Knowles was quite prepared for—"Why, you idiot, don't you know it is her writing?"

Mr. Knowles gave way another point. He was, constitutionally, too much of

a diplomatist to concede more than a point at a time.

"So far as appearances go, I am bound to admit that I think it possible that it is her Grace's writing."

Then the Duke let fly at him—at this perfectly innocent man. But, of course, Mr. Knowles was long since inured.

"Perhaps you would like me to send for an expert in writing? Or perhaps you would prefer that I should send for half a dozen? And by the time that they had sent in their reports, and you had reported on their reports, and they had reported on your report of their reports, and some one or other of you had made up his mind, the Duchess would be dead. Yes, sir, and you'd have murdered her!"

His Grace hurled this frightful accusation at Mr. Knowles, as if Mr. Knowles had been a criminal standing in the dock.

While the Duke had been collecting and discharging his nice derangement of epithets his fingers had been examining the interior of the envelope which had held the letter which purported to be written by his wife. When his fingers reappeared he was holding something between his first finger and his thumb. He glanced at this himself. Then he held it out toward Mr. Knowles.

Again his voice was trembling.

"If this letter is not from the Duchess, how came that to be in the envelope?"

Mr. Knowles endeavored to see what the Duke was holding. It was so minute an object that it was a little difficult to make out exactly what it was, and the Duke appeared to be unwilling to let it go.

So his Grace explained:

"That is the half of a sixpence which I gave to the Duchess when I asked her to be my wife. You see it is pierced. I pierced that hole in it myself. As the Duchess says in this letter, and as I have reason to know, she has worn this broken sixpence from that hour to this. If this letter is not hers, how came this token in the envelope? How came any one to know, even, that she carried it?"

Mr. Knowles was silent. He still

yielded to his constitutional disrelish to commit himself. At last he asked :

"What is it that your Grace proposes to do?"

The Duke spoke with a bitterness which almost suggested a personal animosity toward the inoffensive Mr. Knowles.

"I propose, with your permission, to release the Duchess from the custody of my estimable correspondent. I propose—always with your permission—to comply with his modest request, and to take him his five hundred pounds in gold." He paused, then continued in a tone which, coming from him, meant volumes : "Afterward, I propose to cry quits with the concoctor of this pretty little hoax, even if it costs me every penny I possess. He shall pay more for that five hundred pounds than he supposes."

II.

The Duke of Datchet, coming out of the bank, lingered for a moment on the steps. In one hand he carried a canvas bag, which seemed well weighted. On his countenance there was an expression which to a casual observer might have suggested that his Grace was not completely at his ease. That casual observer happened to come strolling by. It took the form of Ivor Dacre.

Mr. Dacre looked the Duke of Datchet up and down in that languid way he has. He perceived the canvas bag. Then he remarked, possibly intending to be facetious :

"Been robbing the bank? Shall I call a cart?"

Nobody minds what Ivor Dacre says. Besides, he is the Duke's own cousin. Perhaps a little removed; still, there it is. So the Duke smiled, a sickly smile, as if Mr. Dacre's delicate wit had given him a passing touch of indigestion.

Mr. Dacre noticed that the Duke looked sallow, so he gave his pretty sense of humor another airing :

"Kitchen boiler burst? When I saw the Duchess just now I wondered if it had."

His Grace distinctly started. He almost dropped the canvas bag.

"You saw the Duchess just now, Ivor! When?"

The Duke was evidently moved. Mr. Dacre was stirred to languid curiosity. "I can't say I clocked it. Perhaps half an hour ago; perhaps a little more."

"Half an hour ago! Are you sure? Where did you see her?"

Mr. Dacre wondered. The Duchess of Datchet could scarcely have been eloping in broad daylight. Moreover, she had not yet been married a year. Every one knew that she and the Duke were still as fond of each other as if they were not man and wife. So, although the Duke, for some cause or other, was evidently in an odd state of agitation, Mr. Dacre saw no reason why he should not make a clean breast of all he knew.

"She was going like blazes in a hansom cab."

"In a hansom cab? Where?"

"Down Waterloo Place."

"Was she alone?"

Mr. Dacre reflected. He glanced at the Duke out of the corners of his eyes. His languid utterance became a positive drawl :

"I rather fancy that she wasn't."

"Who was with her?"

"My dear fellow, if you were to offer me the bank I couldn't tell you."

"Was it a man?"

Mr. Dacre's drawl became still more pronounced :

"I rather fancy that it was."

Mr. Dacre expected something. The Duke was so excited. But he by no means expected what actually came :

"Ivor, she's been kidnapped!"

Mr. Dacre did what he had never been known to do before within the memory of man—he dropped his eyeglass.

"Datchet!"

"She has! Some scoundrel has decoyed her away, and trapped her. He's already sent me a lock of her hair, and he tells me that if I don't let him have five hundred pounds in gold by half-past five he'll let me have her little finger."

Mr. Dacre did not know what to make of his Grace at all. He was a sober man—it *couldn't* be that! Mr. Dacre felt really concerned.

"I'll call a cab, old man, and you'd better let me see you home."

Mr. Dacre half raised his stick to hail a passing hansom. The Duke caught him by the arm:

"You ass! What do you mean? I am telling you the simple truth. My wife's been kidnapped."

Mr. Dacre's countenance was a thing to be seen—and remembered.

"Oh! I hadn't heard that there was much of that sort of thing about just now. They talk of poodles being kidnapped, but as for duchesses—You'd really better let me call that cab."

"Ivor, do you want me to kick you? Don't you see that to me it's a question of life and death? I've been in there to get the money." His Grace motioned toward the bank. "I'm going to take it to the scoundrel who has my darling at his mercy: Let me but have her hand in mine again, and he shall continue to pay for every sovereign with tears of blood until he dies."

"Look here, Datchet, I don't know if you're having a joke with me, or if you're not well—"

The Duke stepped impatiently into the roadway.

"Ivor, you're a fool! Can't you tell jest from earnest, health from disease? I'm off! Are you coming with me? It would be as well that I should have a witness."

"Where are you off to?"

"To the other end of the Arcade."

"Who is the gentleman you expect to have the pleasure of meeting there?"

"How should I know?" The Duke took a letter from his pocket—it was the letter which had just arrived. "The fellow is to wear a white top-hat, and a gardenia in his button-hole."

"What is it you have there?"

"It's the letter which brought the news—look for yourself and see; but, for God's sake, make haste!" His Grace glanced at his watch. "It's already twenty after five."

"And do you mean to say that on the strength of a letter such as this you are going to hand over five hundred pounds to—"

The Duke cut Mr. Dacre short:

"What are five hundred pounds to

me? Besides, you don't know all. There is another letter. And I have heard from Mabel. But I will tell you all about it later. If you are coming, come!"

Folding up the letter, Mr. Dacre returned it to the Duke.

"As you say, what are five hundred pounds to you? It's as well they are not as much to you as they are to me, or I'm afraid—"

"Hang it, Ivor, do prose afterward!"

The Duke hurried across the road. Mr. Dacre hastened after him. As they entered the Arcade they passed a constable. Mr. Dacre touched his companion's arm.

"Don't you think we'd better ask our friend in blue to walk behind us? His neighborhood might be handy."

"Nonsense!" The Duke stopped short. "Ivor, this is my affair, not yours. If you are not content to play the part of silent witness, be so good as to leave me."

"My dear Datchet, I'm entirely at your service. I can be every whit as insane as you, I do assure you."

Side by side they moved rapidly down the Burlington Arcade. The Duke was obviously in a state of the extremest nervous tension. Mr. Dacre was equally obviously in a state of the most supreme enjoyment. People stared as they rushed past. The Duke saw nothing. Mr. Dacre saw everything, and smiled.

When they reached the Piccadilly end of the Arcade the Duke pulled up. He looked about him. Mr. Dacre also looked about him.

"I see nothing of your white-hatted and gardenia-buttonholed friend," said Ivor.

The Duke referred to his watch:

"It's not yet half-past five. I'm up to time."

Mr. Dacre held his stick in front of him and leaned on it. He indulged himself with a beatific smile:

"It strikes me, my dear Datchet, that you've been the victim of one of the finest things in hoaxes—"

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

The voice which interrupted Mr. Dacre came from the rear. While they were looking in front of them some

one approached from behind, apparently coming out of the shop which was at their backs.

The speaker looked a gentleman. He sounded like one, too. Costume, appearance, manner were beyond reproach—even beyond the criticism of two such keen critics as were these. The glorious attire of a London dandy was surmounted with a beautiful white top-hat. In his buttonhole was a magnificent gardenia.

In age the stranger was scarcely more than a boy, and a sunny-faced, handsome boy at that. His cheeks were hairless, his eyes were blue. His smile was not only innocent, it was bland. Never was there a more conspicuous illustration of that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

The Duke looked at him, and glowered. Mr. Dacre looked at him, and smiled.

"Who are you?" asked the Duke.

"Ah—that is the question!" The newcomer's refined and musical voice breathed the very soul of affability. "I am an individual who is so unfortunate as to be in want of five hundred pounds."

"Are you the scoundrel who sent me that infamous letter?"

That charming stranger never turned a hair!

"I am the scoundrel mentioned in that infamous letter who wants to accost you at the Piccadilly end of the Burlington Arcade before half-past five—as witness my white hat and my gardenia."

"Where's my wife?"

The stranger gently swung his stick in front of him with his two hands. He regarded the Duke as a merry-hearted son might regard his father. The thing was beautiful!

"Her Grace will be home almost as soon as you are—when you have given me the money which I perceive you have all ready for me in that scarcely elegant-looking canvas bag." He shrugged his shoulders quite gracefully. "Unfortunately, in these matters one has no choice—one is forced to ask for gold."

"And suppose, instead of giving you what is in this canvas bag, I take you

by the throat and choke the life right out of you?"

"Or suppose," amended Mr. Dacre, "that you do better, and commend this gentleman to the tender mercies of the first policeman we encounter."

The stranger turned to Mr. Dacre. He condescended to become conscious of his presence.

"Is this gentleman your Grace's friend? Ah—Mr. Dacre, I perceive! I have the honor of knowing Mr. Dacre, although, possibly, I am unknown to him."

"You were—until this moment."

With an airy little laugh the stranger returned to the Duke. He brushed an invisible speck of dust off the sleeve of his coat.

"As has been intimated in that infamous letter, his Grace is at perfect liberty to give me into custody—why not? Only,"—he said it with his boyish smile—"if a particular communication is not received from me in certain quarters within a certain time, the Duchess of Datchet's beautiful white arm will be hacked off at the shoulder."

"You bound!"

The Duke would have taken the stranger by the throat, and have done his best to choke the life right out of him then and there, if Mr. Dacre had not intervened.

"Steady, old man!" Mr. Dacre turned to the stranger: "You appear to be a pretty sort of a scoundrel."

The stranger gave his shoulders that almost imperceptible shrug:

"Oh, my dear Dacre, I am in want of money! I believe that you sometimes are in want of money, too."

Everybody knows that nobody knows where Ivor Dacre gets his money from, so the allusion must have tickled him immensely.

"You're a cool hand," he said.

"Some men are born that way."

"So I should imagine. Men like you must be born, not made."

"Precisely—as you say!" The stranger turned, with his graceful smile, to the Duke: "But are we not wasting previous time? I can assure your Grace that, in this particular matter, moments are of value."

Mr. Dacre interposed before the Duke could answer :

"If you take my strongly urged advice, Datchet, you will summon this constable who is now coming down the Arcade, and hand over this gentleman to his keeping. I do not think that you need fear that the Duchess will lose her arm, or even her little finger. Scoundrels of this ones kidney are most amenable to reason when they have handcuffs on their wrists."

The Duke plainly hesitated. He would—and he would not. The stranger, as he eyed him, seemed much amused.

"My dear Duke, by all means act on Mr. Dacre's valuable suggestion. As I said before, why not? It would at least be interesting to see if the Duchess does or does not lose her arm—almost as interesting to you as to Mr. Dacre. Those blackmailing, kidnapping scoundrels do use such empty menaces. Besides, you would have the pleasure of seeing me locked up. My imprisonment for life would recompense you even for the loss of her Grace's arm. And five hundred pounds is such a sum to have to pay—merely for a wife! Why not, therefore, act on Mr. Dacre's suggestion? Here comes the constable." The constable referred to was advancing toward them—he was not a dozen yards away. "Let me beckon to him—I will with pleasure." He took out his watch—a gold chronograph repeater. "There are scarcely ten minutes left during which it will be possible for me to send the communication which I spoke of, so that it may arrive in time. As it will then be too late, and the instruments are already prepared for the little operation which her Grace is eagerly anticipating, it would, perhaps, be as well, after all, that you should give me into charge. You would have saved your five hundred pounds, and you would, at any rate, have something in exchange for her Grace's mutilated limb. Ah, here is the constable! Officer!"

The stranger spoke with such a pleasant little air of easy geniality that it was impossible to tell if he were in jest or earnest. This fact impressed the Duke much more than if he had gone

in for a liberal indulgence of the—under the circumstances—orthodox melodramatic scowling. And, indeed, in the face of his own common sense, it impressed Mr. Ivor Dacre too.

This well-bred, well-groomed youth was just the being to realize—*aux bouts des ongles*—a modern type of the devil, the type which depicts him as a perfect gentleman, who keeps smiling all the time.

The constable whom this audacious rogue had signalled approached the little group. He addressed the stranger :

"Do you want me, sir?"

"No, I do not want you. I think it is the Duke of Datchet."

The constable, who knew the Duke very well by sight, saluted him as he turned to receive instructions.

The Duke looked white, even savage. There was not a pleasant look in his eyes and about his lips. He appeared to be endeavoring to put a great restraint upon himself. There was a momentary silence. Mr. Dacre made a movement as if to interpose. The Duke caught him by the arm.

He spoke : "No, constable, I do not want you. This person is mistaken."

The constable looked as if he could not quite make out how such a mistake could have arisen, hesitated, then, with another salute, he moved away.

The stranger was still holding his watch in his hand.

"Only eight minutes," he said.

The Duke seemed to experience some difficulty in giving utterance to what he had to say.

"If I give you this five hundred pounds, you—you—"

As the Duke paused, as if at a loss for language which was strong enough to convey his meaning, the stranger laughed.

"Let us take the adjectives for granted. Besides, it is only boys who call each other names—men do things. If you give me the five hundred sovereigns, which you have in that bag, at once—in five minutes it will be too late—I will promise—I will not swear; if you do not credit my simple promise, you will not believe my solemn affirmation—I will promise that, possibly within an hour, certainly within

an hour and a half, the Duchess of Datchet shall return to you absolutely uninjured—except, of course, as you are already aware, with regard to a few of the hairs of her head. I will promise this on the understanding that you do not yourself attempt to see where I go, and that you will allow no one else to do so." This with a glance at Ivor Dacre. "I shall know at once if I am followed. If you entertain any such intentions, you had better, on all accounts, remain in possession of your five hundred pounds."

The Duke eyed him very grimly :

"I entertain no such intentions—until the Duchess returns."

Again the stranger indulged in that musical little laugh of his :

"Ah, until the Duchess returns ! Of course, then the bargain's at an end. When you are once more in the enjoyment of her Grace's society, you will be at liberty to set all the dogs in Europe at my heels. I assure you I fully expect that you will do so—why not?" The Duke raised the canvas bag. "My dear Duke, ten thousand thanks ! You shall see her Grace at Datchet House, 'pon my honor, probably within the hour."

"Well," commented Ivor Dacre, when the stranger had vanished, with the bag, into Piccadilly, and as the Duke and himself moved toward Burlington Gardens, "if a gentleman is to be robbed, it is as well that he should have another gentleman to rob him."

III.

Mr. Dacre eyed his companion covertly as they progressed. His Grace of Datchet appeared to have some fresh cause for uneasiness. All at once he gave it utterance, in a tone of voice which was extremely sombre :

"Ivor, do you think that scoundrel will dare to play me false?"

"I think," murmured Mr. Dacre, "that he has dared to play you pretty false already."

"I don't mean that. But I mean how am I to know, now that he has his money, that he will still not keep Mabel in his clutches?"

There came an echo from Mr. Dacre :

"Just so—how are you to know?"

"I believe that something of this sort has been done in the States."

"I thought that there they were content to kidnap them after they were dead. I was not aware that they had, as yet, got quite so far as the living."

"I believe that I have heard of something just like this."

"Possibly ; they are giants over there."

"And in that case the scoundrels, when their demands were met, refused to keep to the letter of their bargain, and asked for more."

The Duke stood still. He clenched his fists, and swore :

"Ivor, if that — villain doesn't keep his word, and Mabel isn't home within the hour, by — I shall go mad !"

"My dear Datchet"—Mr. Dacre loved strong language as little as he loved a scene—"let us trust to time and, a little, to your white-hatted and gardenia-buttonholed friend's word of honor. You should have thought of possible eventualities before you showed your confidence—really. Suppose, instead of going mad, we first of all go home?"

A hansom stood waiting for a fare at the end of the Arcade. Mr. Dacre had handed the Duke into it before his Grace had quite realized that the vehicle was there.

"Tell the fellow to drive faster." That was what the Duke said when the cab had started.

"My dear Datchet, the man's already driving his geegee off its legs. If a bobby catches sight of him he'll take his number."

A moment later, a murmur from the Duke :

"I don't know if you're aware that the Prince is coming to dinner?"

"I am perfectly aware of it."

"You take it uncommonly coolly. How easy it is to bear our brother's burdens ! Ivor, if Mabel doesn't turn up I shall feel like murder."

"I sympathize with you, Datchet, with all my heart, though, I may observe, parenthetically, that I very far from realize the situation even yet. Take my advice. If the Duchess does not show quite so soon as we both of

us desire, don't make a scene; just let me see what I can do."

Judging from the expression of his countenance, the Duke was conscious of no overwhelming desire to witness an exhibition of Mr. Dacre's prowess.

When the cab reached Datchet House his Grace dashed up the steps three at a time. The door flew open.

"Has the Duchess returned?"

"Hereward!"

A voice floated downward from above. Some one came running down the stairs. It was her Grace of Datchet.

"Mabel!"

She actually rushed into the Duke's extended arms. And he kissed her, and she kissed him—before the servants.

"So you're not quite dead?" she cried.

"I am almost," he said.

She drew herself a little away from him:

"Hereward, were you seriously hurt?"

"Do you suppose that I could have been otherwise than seriously hurt?"

"My darling! Was it a Pickford's van?"

The Duke stared:

"A Pickford's van? I don't understand. But come in here. Come along, Ivor. Mabel, you don't see Ivor."

"How do you do, Mr. Dacre?"

Then the trio withdrew into a little ante-room; it was really time. Even then the pair conducted themselves as if Mr. Dacre had been nothing and no one. The Duke took the lady's two hands in his. He eyed her fondly.

"So you are uninjured, with the exception of that lock of hair. Where did the villain take it from?"

The lady looked a little puzzled:

"What lock of hair?"

From an envelope which he took from his pocket the Duke produced a shining tress. It was the lock of hair which had arrived in the first communication. "I will have it framed."

"You will have what framed?"

The Duchess glanced at what the Duke was so tenderly caressing, almost, as it seemed, a little dubiously. "Whatever is it you have there?"

"It is the lock of hair which that scoundrel sent me." Something in the lady's face caused him to ask a question: "Didn't he tell you he had sent it me?"

"Hereward!"

"Did the brute tell you that he meant to cut off your little finger?"

A very curious look came into the lady's face. She glanced at the Duke as if she, all at once, were half afraid of him. She cast at Mr. Dacre what really seemed to be a look of inquiry. Her voice was tremulously anxious:

"Hereward, did—did the accident affect you mentally?"

"How could it not have affected me mentally? Do you think that my mental organization is of steel?"

"But you look so well?"

"Of course I look well, now that I have you back again. Tell me, darling, did that hound actually threaten you with cutting off your arm? If he did, I shall feel half inclined to kill him yet."

The Duchess seemed positively to shrink from her better-half's near neighborhood:

"Hereward, was it a Pickford's van?"

The Duke seemed puzzled. Well he might be:

"Was what a Pickford's van?"

The lady turned to Mr. Dacre. In her voice there was a ring of anguish:

"Mr. Dacre, tell me, was it a Pickford's van?"

Ivor could only imitate his relative's repetition of her inquiry:

"I don't quite catch you—was what a Pickford's van?"

The Duchess clasped her hands in front of her:

"What is it you are keeping from me? What is it you are trying to hide? I implore you to tell me the worst, whatever it may be! Do not keep me any longer in suspense; you do not know what I already have endured. Mr. Dacre, is my husband mad?"

One need scarcely observe that the lady's amazing appeal to Mr. Dacre as to her husband's sanity was received with something like surprise. As the Duke continued to stare at her, a dreadful fear began to loom upon his brain:

"My darling, your brain is unhinged!"

He advanced to take her two hands again in his; but, to his unmistakable distress, she shrank away from him:

"Hereward—don't touch me. How is it that I missed you? Why did you not wait until I came?"

"Wait until you came?"

The Duke's bewilderment increased.

"Surely, if your injuries turned out, after all, to be slight, that was all the more reason why you should have waited, after sending for me like that."

"I sent for you—I?" The Duke's tone was grave. "My darling, perhaps you had better come upstairs."

"Not until we have had an explanation. You must have known that I should come. Why did you not wait for me after you had sent me that?"

The Duchess held out something to the Duke. He took it. It was a card—his own visiting card. Something was written on the back of it. He read aloud what was written:

"Mabel, come to me at once with bearer. They tell me that they cannot take me home. It looks like my own writing."

"Looks like it! It is your writing."

"It looks like it—and written with a shaky pen."

"My dear child, one's hand would shake at such a moment as that."

"Mabel, where did you get this?"

"It was brought to me in Cane and Wilson's."

"Who brought it?"

"Who brought it? Why, the man you sent."

"The man I sent?" A light burst upon the Duke's brain. He fell back a pace. "It's the decoy!"

Her Grace echoed the words:

"The decoy?"

"The scoundrel! To set a trap with such a bait! My poor, innocent darling, did you think it came from me? Tell me, Mabel, where did he cut off your hair?"

"Cut off my hair?"

Her Grace put her hand up to her head as if to make sure that her hair was there.

"Where did he take you to?"

"He took me to Draper's Buildings."

"Draper's Buildings?"

"I have never been in the City before, but he told me it was Draper's Buildings. Isn't that near the Stock Exchange?"

"Near the Stock Exchange?"

It seemed rather a curious place to which to take a kidnapped victim. The man's audacity!

"He told me that you were coming out of the Stock Exchange when a van knocked you over. He said that he thought it was a Pickford's van—was it a Pickford's van?"

"No, it was not a Pickford's van. Mabel, were you in Draper's Buildings when you wrote that letter?"

"Wrote what letter?"

"Have you forgotten it already? I do not believe that there is a word in it which will not be branded on my brain until I die."

"Hereward! What do you mean?"

"Surely you cannot have written me such a letter as that, and then have forgotten it already?"

He handed her the letter which had arrived in the second communication. She glanced at it, askance. Then she took it with a little gasp.

"Hereward, if you don't mind, I think I'll take a chair." She took a chair. "Whatever—whatever's this?" As she read the letter the varying expressions which passed across her face were, in themselves, a study in psychology. "Is it possible that you can imagine that, under any conceivable circumstances, I could have written such a letter as this?"

"Mabel!"

She rose to her feet, with emphasis:

"Hereward, don't say that you thought this came from me!"

"Not come from you?" He remembered Knowles's diplomatic reception of the epistle on its first appearance. "I suppose that you will say next that this is not a lock of your hair?"

"My dear child, what bee have you got in your bonnet? This a lock of my hair! Why, it's not in the least bit like my hair!"

Which was certainly inaccurate. As far as color was concerned it was an almost perfect match. The Duke turned to Mr. Dacre.

"Ivor, I've had to go through a

good deal this afternoon. If I have to go through much more, something will crack!" He touched his forehead. "I think it's my turn to take a chair." He also took a chair. Not the one which the Duchess had vacated, but one which faced it. He stretched out his legs in front of him; he thrust his hands into his trousers-pockets; he said, in a tone which was not only gloomy but absolutely gruesome:

"Might I ask, Mabel, if you have been kidnapped?"

"Kidnapped?"

"The word I used was 'kidnapped.' But I will spell it if you like. Or I will get a dictionary, that you may see its meaning."

The Duchess looked as if she was beginning to be not quite sure if she was awake or sleeping. She turned to Ivor:

"Mr. Dacre, has the accident affected Hereward's brain?"

The Duke took the words out of his cousin's mouth:

"On that point, my dear, let me ease your mind. I don't know if you are under the impression that I should be the same shape after a Pickford's van had run over me as I was before; but, in any case, I have not been run over by a Pickford's van. So far as I am concerned there has been no accident. Dismiss that delusion from your mind."

"Oh!"

"You appear surprised. One might even think that you were sorry. But may I now ask what you did when you arrived at Draper's Buildings?"

"Did! I looked for you!"

"Indeed! And when you had looked in vain, what was the next item in your programme?"

The lady shrank still further from him:

"Hereward, have you been having a jest at my expense? Can you have been so cruel?" Tears stood in her eyes.

Rising, the Duke laid his hand upon her arm:

"Mabel, tell me—what did you do when you had looked for me in vain?"

"I looked for you upstairs and downstairs, and everywhere. It was quite a

large place, it took me ever such a time. I thought that I should go distracted. Nobody seemed to know anything about you, or even that there had been an accident at all—it was all offices. I couldn't make it out in the least, and the people didn't seem to be able to make me out either. So when I couldn't find you anywhere I came straight home again."

The Duke was silent for a moment. Then, with funereal gravity, he turned to Mr. Dacre. He put to him this question:

"Ivor, what are you laughing at?"

Mr. Dacre drew his hand across his mouth with rather a suspicious gesture:

"My dear fellow, only a smile!"

The Duchess looked from one to the other:

"What have you two been doing? What is the joke?"

With an air of preternatural solemnity the Duke took two letters from the breast-pocket of his coat.

"Mabel, you have already seen your letter. You have already seen the lock of your hair. Just look at this—and that."

He gave her the two very singular communications which had arrived in such a mysterious manner, and so quickly one after the other. She read them with wide-open eyes.

"Hereward! Wherever did these come from?"

The Duke was standing with his legs apart, and his hands in his trousers-pockets. "I would give—I would give another five hundred pounds to know. Shall I tell you, madam, what I have been doing? I have been presenting five hundred golden sovereigns to a perfect stranger, with a top-hat, and a gardenia in his buttonhole."

"Whatever for?"

"If you have perused those documents which you have in your hand, you will have some faint idea. Ivor, when it's your funeral I'll smile. Mabel, Duchess of Datchet, it is beginning to dawn upon the vacuum which represents my brain that I've been the victim of one of the prettiest things in practical jokes that ever yet was planned. When that fellow brought you that card at Cane and Wilson's—

which, I need scarcely tell you, never came from me—some one walked out of the front entrance who was so exactly like you that both Barnes and Moysey took her for you. Moysey showed her into the carriage, and Barnes drove her home. But when the carriage reached home it was empty. Your double had got out upon the road."

The Duchess uttered a sound which was half gasp, half sigh :

"Hereward !"

"Barnes and Moysey, with beautiful and childlike innocence, when they found that they had brought the thing home empty, came straightway and told me that *you* had jumped out of the brougham while it had been driving full pelt through the streets. While I was digesting that piece of information there came the first epistle, with the lock of your hair. Before I had time to digest that there came the second epistle, with yours inside, and, as a guarantee of the authenticity of your appeal, the same envelope held this."

The Duke handed the Duchess the half of the broken sixpence. She stared at it with the most unequivocal astonishment.

"Why, it looks just like my sixpence." She put her hand to her breast, feeling something that was there. "But it isn't ! What wickedness !"

"It is wickedness, isn't it ? Anyhow, that seemed good enough for me ; so I posted off with the five hundred pounds to save your arm—not to dwell upon your little finger."

"It seems incredible !"

"It sounds incredible ; but unfathomable is the folly of man, especially of a man who loves his wife." The Duke crossed to Mr. Dacre. "I don't want, Ivor, to suggest anything in the way of bribery and corruption, but if you could keep this matter to yourself, and not mention it to your friends, our white-hatted and gardenia-buttonholed acquaintance is welcome to his five hundred pounds, and—Mabel, what on earth are you laughing at ?"

The Duchess appeared, all at once, to be seized with inextinguishable laughter.

"Hereward," she cried, "just think how that man must be laughing at you !"

And the Duke of Datchet thought of it.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

LEAFLESS WOODS AND GRAY MOORLANDS.

BY "A SON OF THE MARSHES."

As is frequently the case after rain and rough gales, there is now not a breath of wind ; one or two leaves that have not yet been blown off are motionless ; there is not even a quiver about them. Leaf-sweepers, they call these November winds ; the fierce gusts catch the leaves up and carry them in one direction, to drop them again in sheltered hollows in cartloads ; where they are gathered without the trouble of raking up ; fine leaf-mould for the forcing-houses and frames.

The birds will certainly benefit by the blast, for they have laid bare a vast supply of acorns and beech nuts. So much bird provender has not been seen for years ; the fall season has been a bounteous one.

As we pass along we do not hear the rustle and scrape of leaves, caused by the pheasants scratching among them ; or by the breast-ploughing and wing-flicking of the wood pigeons. What these must ordinarily do to get at their food has been done for them by the winds now at rest. Heavy rains and gales of wind do good ; "the rain washes the air clean," our folks say in their homely fashion, and certainly the wind carries the ill vapors all away.

Just as we are going down a path we meet two youngsters who have come up it with a large "trug" * full of crimson and gold fruit, crab-apples, our own old wild English fruit, beauti-

* Basket.

ful to look at, and eatable now, after their thorough ripening off under the leaves. The youngsters said they should have "let 'em lay there a bit longer, but they knowed the wind had unhappened 'em, an' they reckined as they'd better get 'em afore they fell down." They had got "mother" more than a bushel for "varjuice;" and these were going to be put by for Christmas and the New Year.

Some of our readers may not be familiar enough with woodland specifics to understand that crab vinegar is called "varjuice;" it is the cleanest, sharpest, and most aromatic woodland produce that I am acquainted with. Nearly all cottages own a small press, for their fruit crops are large in the outlying districts; so the crabs are simply ground up, pressed, and the juice pure and simple is put in stone bottles, and kept ready for use. If it is a case of sore throat, this is a gargle that will cut its way through anything, as they say, cleansing as it goes. Then if any part is inflamed, a linen bandage lightly placed on, saturated with "varjuice" will cure it, as I know from experience.

On the moors one day I met with a very serious accident. When fagot wood is cut, and young firs are thinned, a sloping knife-like edge is left close to the ground; and as the wood is only about as thick as a man's wrist, one blow of the axe cuts clean through. Hard wood scrub gets cut as well, such as oak, holly, and blackthorn; these snags are really dangerous to step on, concealed as they are by the cover that springs up like magic all round the stems. Many a valuable hunter has been lamed for life, when the fox has crossed a stubbed moor, through bringing one of his feet down on a "stam;" as the hard wood stems dry, some of them split up; and there they are, out of sight, but sticking up like nails. In one of my rambles I had the bad luck to jump on one of these split up stems; one of the snags cut through the side of my stout boot, and pierced the side of my foot. The result of this apparently slight accident was to me serious; and for some days I chafed under forced inactivity. Then, as I was away from home, a stout motherly

old dame took me in hand. She brought over some "cooling-stuff" for me to drink, and a quart of verjuice for wet cloth bandages, to be used at once. That night I slept like a top, and in the course of a week was about again without so much as a limp.

Recently, right out in wild lands, I passed some crab trees that had been loaded with fruit, but had been gathered for varjuice.

Some cottagers even now distill their own garden herbs; plots are set apart for growing them. As to the wines they make, they are not only wholesome but medicinal. Those who have had a bottle of real dandelion wine given them, when it was needed, are not likely to forget the benefit derived from it; nor yet the virtue in cowslip wine, amber colored and beaded, a glassful of it scenting a room with meadow odors. Pickets and the large dark wild plums, the size of marbles, are gathered and put down in spirits, their valuable astringent properties being fully understood by the woodlanders. Then there is that time-honored Christmas drink, elderberry wine, the country-folks' night-cap, as it is called; this is the real receipt for it; the so-called elder wine they would not look at:—

A bushel of elderberries, the same of blackberries, the same of sloes or pickets, with loaf sugar—not coarse moist—according to taste. This, when properly made and taken hot or cold—I prefer it cold—is, as they say, not to be sneezed at. Taken at night hot, with a slip or two of bread in it, when the weather is bitter cold, it is really quite as good as extra blankets.

Then the "cider beyond compare," as they term it, made from the choicest fruit; and the effervescent gooseberry wine that requires so much careful looking after so that the bottles should not burst. No modern thermometers are to be seen in these large cottages, yet very rarely do things go wrong, for a bottle to burst is a rare occurrence. The sale of their surplus fruit enables them to buy loaf sugar to make their wines with. The presses and tubs, also the very large stone bottles, are heirlooms; you will hear them say, "My mother left me these,

I was eldest darter like ; an' her mother left 'em to her." Yes, and other things they make, good, honest common-sense teaching them to use that which is close to them, and to be content with it, because it is both handy and good.

There is always something to be seen in the woods. You may go there a thousand times, and yet not learn one half that they can teach you. There, before your eyes, if you will but see it, are exemplified the two problems, that of life and what we call death. From under the dead leaves new life is already springing up ; and although the leaves are off the trees, you can see that when the time comes they will burst out again ; bud formation, the new growth, is already indicated faintly. If you walk through fir woods and inhale their life-giving and soothing fragrance, you scent the very life of the firs.

At their roots you will see that evil but beautiful fungus, the scarlet abomination of the woodlands. Never a one have I passed yet, leaving it behind me. They are most lovely as vegetable productions, but they can be used for a terrible purpose ; they have worked evil, though at the present time they are not used to the extent they have been. Yet even now the baleful preparation of that fungus is known to a few, but they dare not practise with it, thanks to the efficient police supervision in certain places.

Birds that belong to the woodpecker tribe or family are generally supposed to spend their lives "shinning" round and up trees for a living. In the latter part of the autumn season the birds of this family spend a considerable amount of their time on the ground ; even the little tree-creeper is to be found there also, although never far from the bole or roots.

As to the nuthatch—that agile little fellow who can go up or down a tree, round it, or progress in the most expeditious manner under a bough, back downward—he has a decided preference for the ground in the autumn season ; if a bit of short turf is near his haunts he will get on it, and he can travel swiftly. It is most amusing to see the gray-backed, rich buff or or-

ange-breasted bird shoot himself over the turf with long hops, or rather leaps, giving out his liquid notes as he goes along. Now he stops, stocks away with his strong bill, eats what he has dug up, and goes on as before. If you stand quietly by any hazel hedge you may hear this active bird hunting for the last nuts that have fallen, and got covered with leaves.

Old gates are numerous in pasture fields that are bounded by the hazel hedges, and the gate-posts are of oak. Now all old oak posts have weather cracks on the top of them of various widths and depths. The nuthatch looks out for one that will suit his purpose, and carries his nuts there ; he is never deceived by a bad kernel ; he fits his nuts in the crack as though in a vice, there is not the least fear of their falling out ; plants himself firmly in front of it and digs away in the most determined manner. The shell is soon broken up, and the bird has his well-earned food. Sometimes the nuthatch works away at his nut, cracking until the "dims" come on. At the foot of the post, if you look, you may see a small handful of broken nutshells, when the post has been used for any time. The woodpeckers, the pied and the green, frequent the ground more or less as the season comes round.

Many forms of insect life, mature or immature, are in the ground ; and the woodpecker family with their pick-axe bills are the very birds to dig that insect life out of it, and in the most adroit manner. They were not doomed to constantly tap, tap, tap at the tree trunks ; in the fall the greater portion of their food is on the ground, and they naturally seek for it there.

If you follow the downward paths through the woods, when you get clear of these you will surely come to water, either in the form of brook or pond. As some of the ponds have long since been abandoned, being no longer used for the purpose for which they were originally intended, they are now very much overgrown with aquatic tangle—reeds, sedges, iris, meadow-sweet, and so forth. Still the main channel runs through unchoked, and that is deep and still. When the pond gets too full the water simply flows over the rotting

old sluice-gates that are never drawn up now; in fact, I very much question if they could be, without pulling them all to pieces.

When the growth I have mentioned dips down, year after year, it forms ultimately a thick floating platform that you can stand on with perfect safety, if you do not jump about. Outside this very fair pike are to be found—not large, only from four to five pounds in weight, but nice handsome fish.

Just in front of us, as we take the last turn in our path, we see a figure leaning on a gate, the road from which leads direct to one of the ponds mentioned. The man has a stick in his hand, about six feet in length, held, country fashion, by the middle. When we get to him, the recognition is mutual, and he grins all over his face. Then he turns his stick up and we see it has a good fork at the end.

"Ah, well! You have been fishing, or you are going to,—which is it?"

"I'm a-goin' now."

"Have you got baits?"

"Yes, in the hedge." Will produces a large wide-mouthed pickle-bottle, with three nice bright gudgeons in it, remarking that there was quite as many as he'd want, perhaps more. "Coming down?" he asks. I nod silently. Down through the alder copse, over the sedge hummocks, into the dead uncut reeds—I make my way carefully through these, to the deep-water channel, carrying the pickle-bottle; thereby aiding and abetting Willum in his fishing. From his pocket he brought out a fine water cord line, with a large perch hook, whipped on to about four feet of fine gimp. The line was wound on a brewer's bung cork, with deep notches cut to receive it; a capital contrivance it is.

"Hold the stick," he whispered.

Then he got a gudgeon out, hooked him just below the back fin, not in his back; placed the line over the fork and coiled the rest of the line round his hand. No float, for, as he whispered, the less the bait had to hamper it, the more natural it looked. Then he gently dropped it about four or five feet out in deep water, just off the reeds' edge, and paid out line; or

rather unwound it from his hand, as the gudgeon swam about.

In less than three minutes the line was going over that fork rapidly; then it stopped. Giving me the stick to hold, he gathered up the slack line, hand over hand, until he felt a strain, then he jerked a little. There was not any need of this, for when a pike gorges, he naturally hooks himself. No play did the pike get, for the tackle was strong; we kept the line clear from fouling, and Will pulled it up on the dead sedges. One cut across that fish's vertebrae, and he was perfectly quiet.

"Try for another, Will," I whispered. "They generally go in couples;" and in less than ten minutes number two shared the same fate. At a rough guess the handsome pair weighed ten pounds.

Not caring for any myself, the pike were nicely arranged in the shooting pockets of Will's coat. They were not conspicuous, for shooting pockets run all round the bottom of a coat. We then left the place as we entered it, leaving the forked stick and the pickle-bottle in the alder copse.

This was not contraband fishing, but game being in the surrounding covers, Will, as he lived in one of the cottages with his mother, did not want to be suspected of game searching. He or I had as much right there as other people. Before leaving him, I asked who had taught him that trick of pike catching.

"Larnt me? Why yourself," he replied, "last time you bided about here." I had forgotten all about it.

The moors look bare and dreary, great expanses of gray-green, they are. I fear this is only the preliminary step toward building. One forester observed to me that the moors seemed to get less and less. Some birds are not to be found at the present time where they once were in numbers in their proper seasons. Where we used to see ring-ouzes, we now see partridges, a sure sign of reclaimed land; for the sparrow, like the partridge, follows close on cultivation. I have seen a covey of partridges on the new made lawn of a new mansion, and I have known them nest in the first cultivated

flower-beds that were ever seen there. If you spring a black-grouse or ring-ouzel, or if you hear the green sand-piper, rest assured that matters are in a fairly primitive state.

The last-named bird dashes down in the most unexpected places, but it is only for a moment; he finds a house and men about where they were never seen by him before, so he just whistles, and flights it. Moorhens are now seen where wild ducks used to be met with; another sign of cultivation. They come on the lawns from the moor ponds and streams; and just to show their perfect appreciation, peck the hearts out of the young green stuff, for which they get horse-hair collars—noosed—and quite right too for thieving.

The moorhen in his own place is all right, but not when he develops a taste for garden produce. If you wish to see or shoot hawfinches, too, go somewhere where peas are grown in considerable quantities for the table. They don't give the field peas a turn; they will have the best produce if they die for it; and this they certainly do, three or four at a time.

"How is this, then?" I asked a man that I met on a wide moor driving a donkey before him, on the border lands of Sussex and Surrey. "Why, the place is bare!"

"Ah, I reckins 'tis jest that; you've hit the mark there; the firs is cut, and the heth (heath) and the fuzzes (furze) an' the rest hev bin burnt. Look at it, I be 'bliged to shift my old moke about from place to place, an' peg him down where a bit o' feed is left. You don't see no hosses, nor yet cows nor sheep; you wun't no more, I reckins; fur this 'ere common moor is sold, and they be goin' to build houses. All this 'ere cover an' feed hev' been ruined fur 'em to see where the best places would be fur 'em to stick 'em up. They hev' started this 'ere job afore my reck-inin'."

The houses are not for the working classes, any of them; probably the lords of the manors have let on the ninety-nine years' lease system; some of the structures that have been put up will last about that time if they are well looked over at intervals.

How it will all end time will show. People may come to a place to suit their own interests and bring a large amount of money with them, but others can please themselves as to their receiving them or not. The natives of the soil often do please themselves to such purpose, that some of the newcomers have found the air too enervating apparently, have sold their new houses, and gone where things in general suited them better. If *Æsop's* good old fables were read now and studied, as simple folks used to study and profit by them, how many heart-burnings some folks would be spared.

If you wish to think matters over a bit, walk through two or three miles of fir-woods; "lootering" along, not caring what time you get through them. It is quiet there, and matters clear up a little before you leave them; a feeling of perfect rest after a time steals over you. There will be breaks and gaps here before long, and bare hillsides, for in some spots the trees have been felled, at the base of the hills. When we inquired as to the reason of it, I received the usual answer, "They're going to build."

I have been told a great deal lately by old people, men and women, as to what they had been accustomed to do when they were young. The rights of common lands of which they talk must have existed; otherwise the old owners would not have allowed the cottagers to do what they had done without questionings. In the old days folks may have been tolerant in some matters, but they were to a man tenacious about all that concerned their rights; either way, their own or their tenants', from the highest to the humblest. One old squire, I remember, who was appealed to by a new vicar to use his influence in stopping the villagers from playing cricket on the common on a Sunday afternoon; the living belonged to the gentleman in question:

"Eh! bless me! what is that? Play cricket on a Sunday afternoon? I never knew they did. It's a capital thing. Damn 'em; let 'em all play; it will keep some of them out of my covers." I give this just as it was spoken; the good old squire did at times use very homely speech; and he

chatted to all he met, man, woman, or child. I can see him now, as I write this, coming along with his walking-stick weeding-spud; his pottering old pointer at his heels, and his old Skye terrier in front of him.

As is usual in real old country places, the church was close on the green. Just opposite the old lych-gate were the stocks, fronting the church porch; about forty yards away was the comfortable-looking public-house; and somehow the reverend gentleman took offence at the stocks. Here again he spoke to the squire, with a view to their being removed, as relics of a barbarous past.

"Eh! yes, so they are; I am very glad you reminded me about it. I will have a covering put over them like the roof of the lych-gate, to preserve them. When some of the rascals come out of church they will remind them of what they deserve to have, but don't get."

If that congregation had a better sermon preached to them than usual, they went direct from the church to the public-house to talk about it. I have been there at such times, so I only write about what I know. The landlord was one of the churchwardens, and if the mixed choir were going to sing one of his favorite anthems, he would have them all in to the public before going to church, and "wet them up a bit;" so that they could do full justice to the anthem. They did sing well, I have heard them many a time, and helped them a little too.

One more reminiscence and we will leave the squire and his reverence. The clerical gentleman objected to the merits of his sermons being discussed

over the brandy and water and long churchwarden pipes on Sunday. It was clearly borne in upon him that spiritual and secular matter, according to his theories, should not be mixed.

One day he met the squire with his spud and his dogs, and he asked him to close the public-house all day on a Sunday. Looking the vicar full in the face, the squire asked him if he had not presented him with a decent living? which fact his reverence at once admitted.

"Very well, then, be contented; the churchwarden must live as well as you. Do not refer to the matter again."

The vicar soon avoided this necessity by moving to a place where the church was not quite so near the public.

These are only simple annals of everyday village life; a life full of quaintness and dry humor. I have been benefited more by the conversation of gray old gaffers sitting round the settle of a roadside public, than I have in some places that would be considered very—very far above their level. Good common sense and dry mother wit are both to be found in some of our inn corners; a pint or so of wholesome beer and a few pipes of tobacco are cheap luxuries, and the men often well deserve them. Tracts, at so much per gross, will not improve their condition, to my thinking; in fact, the men only light their pipes with them when they condescend to take them.

And my knowledge of the people has been gained from themselves, for I belong to them; being a plain workman like so many thousands more.—*National Review*.

CHARACTER NOTE.

THE PEASANT.

"De tous les appuis le plus sûr est encore la force d'âme."

ANNA may be seventy years old. She has a face harsh and strong and so wrinkled and furrowed that one cannot tell at all what a girlish Anna may have been like. She has a great "gaunt" bent old figure like a man's,

hands that have done the work of a man for years, and a nature which is celebrated rather for its stern enduring masculine properties than for any feminine softness at all.

Anna is not, it must be confessed,

lovely to look at or meek to deal with. She is of Norfolk, and has the cool steady independence which is essentially of eastern England. Anna will look her visitor, be he king or beggar, full in the face and with an unruffled composure which, if one met it in a duchess instead of an ugly old woman who works coarsely for her bread, one would say was the perfection of good breeding. Anna is never surprised, or as she would say herself took aback, under any circumstances. She will turn round from swearing in a gruff voice and deeply at her farmboy, who is also her grandson, to bid the parson "Good morning" with an ease that has a kind of dignity in it, and with the finest unconsciousness of wrong doing. No one indeed has ever attempted to teach Anna her duty—or, at least, has never made such an attempt twice. Once, it is true, the parson's gentle sister gently essays to point out to Anna that to treat Sunday with a sublime indifference and to work through it as if it were a week-day is morally wrong.

"Ay," says Anna, quite unmoved, and looking her visitor very full and directly in the face, with a lean horny old hand resting on the table. "That may be. Like enough. But if I don't do wrong Polly 'd starve. And I'll be damned first."

If Anna had any time for religion, which she has not, she would be a Dissenter. She has no better reasons to give for her predilections for schism than to say with her usual calm directness, "That may be all very true. But it's my way of thinking—same as yours is yours." Which seems in a manner to clinch the argument.

Anna's husband, whom she regarded, and now makes no disguise of having regarded, as a fool, has been dead many years. Anna's children, with one exception, have left that bleak Norfolk village and gone out into the world. For the exception Anna toils and will toil till the day of her death.

Polly is supposed by the neighbors, whispering among themselves, to be a little daft. They take very good care indeed that their whisper does not reach Anna, of whose steady, keen eyes, gruff old voice, and great, slow anger they are not a little in awe. Pol-

ly marries miserably, but on the wedding-day there is a certain dumb sort of triumph in Anna's manner. Men don't marry daft ones. It seems that the wedding should be a sort of proof, not to Anna, who has no self-deceptions, but to Anna's neighbors, that Polly is as sensible as any of them. Eight years afterward Anna, who has watched over the fortunes of her child like some grim and loving Providence, falls ill, during which illness Polly's husband takes the opportunity of deserting her, and leaves her half-witted and wholly incompetent to meet the world, to fight it alone. Anna gets up from that bed of sickness, cursing herself quite freely for having given way to an indisposition for the first time in her hard life. The neighbors notice a new sternness and resolution about her gray old lips, which have been firm always, and there is a singular keenness and steadiness in her eyes.

From that time forth she devotes her old life and her fierce old energies to Polly and the hapless half-dozen babies with whom Polly has been left. Out of a meagre saving Anna buys a little farm, which she works at seventy years old unaided, unless her grandson of six can be looked on in the light of a help. She takes Polly and the babies to her own cottage and toils for them fiercely and yet contentedly late and early, Sunday and weekday, always. She takes no holidays. She is ignorant of farm work and learns it at threescore years and ten with astonishing patience, thoroughness, and sagacity. She goes out in all weathers. She wears always the same dun colored garments, half feminine and half masculine. Her furrowed and shrewd old face is always partially hidden in a great bonnet which may have been white once and is certainly white no longer. She has not a single affectation of manliness—having indeed neither the leisure nor disposition for affectations of any kind—and is yet more than half a man and doing a man's work with perfect simplicity and thoroughness. In quite a little while after she has purchased her farm, the livestock dealers become aware that they have to deal with an old woman who can drive a bargain better than any of

her sons and who can tell the points of a horse with exceeding shrewdness and accuracy. Anna may be heard swearing at her pigs and chickens in a great, gruff, friendly fashion in the early mornings and at night, or met trudging the eight miles to market, with her old eyes, under the disreputable bonnet, getting even a little brighter and keener than usual over the prospect of sharp business in the future.

She is spoken of everywhere as honest. She has certainly not derived a code of morals from the Church which she doesn't believe in, or from the chapel which she doesn't attend, but has, perhaps, drawn one up unconsciously for herself, and made it uncommonly short, simple, and sincere.

The gentry to whom she regularly sells the farm produce are even a little afraid of a person so direct and uncompromising. Anna, indeed, is the woman of one idea—which is Polly—and has no time or inclination for social amenities at all. The neighbor who joins her when she is driving her pigs into market is not a little rebuffed in her gossip by a person who is entirely intent on the business in hand, and whose answers and dictums are perfectly gruff, shrewd, short, and to the point. It is thought, and said, by the Squire's lady, who attempts to interest Anna in the outside world, that the old woman is invincibly ignorant and narrow. When she is told, with some effusion and a desire to make her realize the importance of the proceeding, of the birth of a prince, her old eyes rest wistfully almost for a moment on the smallest and forlornest of Polly's babies, and she can't be brought to say anything more enthusiastic than that it's to be hoped he'll be brought up godly. She is, in fact, as is said, narrow. Her staunch old life has but one interest, and anything which does not touch that does not touch her. For a feeble Polly at home she works ceaselessly her rheumatic old limbs and her weary old brain. Because of Polly she has no time for the talkings and teadrinkings which alleviate other old lives, perhaps. For Polly, her business instincts must be ever shrewd and on the alert. Because of Polly she must toil always and rest never—must

be, if you will, narrow, concentrated, money-grubbing, and, as it is often said, wholly unfeminine; though that she is unfeminine in the sense in which an idle woman shrieking for her rights on a platform, or an hysterical one blaspheming for them in a novel, is unfeminine, will scarcely be thought. The only right Anna wants is, in fact, to keep Polly. She does the work of a man, because if she did not Polly would starve. She has lived among men, and become in some sort of them, because she must. Even if it had been in her nature to be tender, clinging, and simple, her circumstances would have denied her the indulgence of those old-fashioned qualities. She has the coarseness of a man because she has done the work of a man, and is infected with his roughness as well as with his strength and purpose.

Yet even Anna—toward Polly and Polly's babies only—has some of the dearer and softer virtues which make a woman. When she goes home in the dusk she will tend Polly's babies, especially the smallest of all, whom she thinks lovely, with her hard old face tender, and her great rough hands gentle.

She encourages this infant—a sad infant, with some of Polly's daftness on its poor little vacant face—to walk, or lift itself up with the assistance of a great finger, and calling it all the time by a number of names and in terms which shock delicate persons, but mean love not the less. Toward Polly herself Anna is always in a coarse fashion gentle, and strongly patient. Though she will allow no one else to suggest to her that Polly's brain power is not so great as it should be, that she accepts the fact is evident, if only by the way in which, worn out with hard work herself at night, she will do Polly's work for her without a word of rebuke. Sometimes in the dusk, when Polly falls stupidly asleep, with her pretty, foolish head on her folded arms on the table, the old woman, rocking Polly's baby to sleep on her shrivelled breast, looks at Polly with eyes full of yearning and pity; wakes her up at last with a great gentleness; helps to put her to bed, smoothing the pretty hair with a sad pride and old rough

fingers ; and stands for a moment looking at this girl, who has been a burden and sorrow all her life, asleep in the poor bed, a child on either side of her, with shrewd old eyes that are dim with something that is not wholly tenderness or pain or affection, and yet partakes of them all. Anna is up the next morning long before Polly is stirring, and may be heard swearing at the animals and the grandson farmboy, of whom she is infinitely fond, in the first dawn.

One day Anna is taken ill. She says nothing about it. There is no one to say anything to. Polly has herself weakly health as well as a weakly intellect, and has the children to see to as best she can. A doctor is out of the question when one lives as hard as Anna has lived all her life. So she goes to work as usual and as she must. There comes a day when her gruff old voice, shouting, and, it is to be feared, cursing about the farm, is weaker than usual. There is a sort of mist before her keen old eyes, and she has a feeling creeping into her heart as if nothing mattered very much, and would soon cease to matter at all. She gets a little brandy from the inn. Having been sternly abstemious all her life, it revives her for a while. She puts the farm in careful order. She gives a few instructions to her little grandson, who looks up bewildered into her gray old

face. She sits down in the stable at last, with her trembling lips moving in a vague prayer. She has not prayed much hitherto, unless to work is to pray, as some think. "Polly won't be able to keep up the farm," she says faintly ; "Polly's too daft." She prays God to see to that helpless creature and those helpless children when this thing which she feels coming upon her has come.

"It'll be the Union," she says ; "I could only keep them out of it a little while." She murmurs over the verse of a hymn—a hymn ending "Glory, glory," and entirely inappropriate and unsuitable—which they used to sing at chapel in the far-off days when she had time to go there. After that she knows nothing. The little grandson, finding her presently, runs crying for help, and two laborers lift this poor old dying creature on a board and carry her toward home. She does not know who they are. She has forgotten most things. She has ceased to care for almost everything but one thing, and only gasps to them before she dies not to take her home—dead—to Polly—lest Polly should take on.

A heroine? A martyr to a cause? Why, no. Only a coarse, ugly old creature, who expiates the crime of bringing a daft Polly into the world by working and dying for her. Only that, after all.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

FROM THE DARK PAST.

I COLLECT books. As curate of a parish in Bloomsbury with the remains of what was at the University a taste for reading, this naturally became a great interest in my life and remained so, until the dreadful thing occurred which I am now asked to try to describe. Since then I have not bought an old book. My collection, I need hardly say, is chiefly theological. The Bishop of North London called in his carriage on purpose to see my copy of Wyclif's *LITTLE GATE* (the English Nuremberg edition, 8vo, 1546), and I have other rarities. Currell (he is a barrister and my cousin, with whom I share our set of rooms) is also some-

thing of a bibliophile but in a different way. He sometimes complains of the amount of space on our shelves taken up by Reuchlin's grand collection of the Early Fathers. But we contrive to live and let live ; I even keep an eye open for his pagan interests.

North London as a rule is a dull hunting ground. But one Saturday evening I happened in a dark shelf of a dirty little shop in a dirty little street off the Euston Road, upon what I instantly saw to be a book of some rarity and character. It was a quarto, bound in the toughest of oak and pigskin, on the sides of which were colored arms and a coronet.

The bookseller remarked, as I fumbled at the stiff clasps, that the volume had hardly ever been opened, and had only recently been sold out of the library of some French or Italian monastery, where it had lain for some three and a half centuries; all of which seemed very possible. It was entitled in a style not unfamiliar to my eyes, *ELIXIR VITÆ, SIVE DE ARTE PLUSQUAM DIVINA NUNQUAM MORIENDI OPUS AUREUM*, etc., etc., and the preface contained an extraordinary collection of passages out of the Old Testament supposed to bear upon the possibility of prolonging the human existence for an indefinite time. The book was printed, I thought, in Venice, and though it bore no date, was clearly not much later than the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Does the reader know the interest belonging to an old book, an interest quite by itself, something which is not in the date, the shape, the size, the printing, the subject, nor even in the accidental memorials of other possessors long dead? It is somehow compounded of all these, though independent of any one of them; a sort of animal attraction like the appearance of a likely covert to a keen fox-hunter, or the look of an untried secluded pool to an expert fisherman; the feeling of having one's hand upon some mysterious, perhaps long lost thread of humanity, going back to the dark depths of the past. Such feelings are sometimes delusive; in this case they were not. The memory of the book, which I have long since destroyed, is a very monument of horror. But this is to anticipate an experience far remote from my imagination at the time.

I confess to a lurking interest in what bibliographers call occult literature, in which one sometimes stumbles on strange forecasts of modern thought and research, half-learning, half-charlatanry. What puzzled me about this book was the color of the paper, a curious pale green. Paper indeed fades to all kinds of color, but not paper of this date, nor paper which had hardly ever been exposed to the outer air, as was obviously the case with this. For that matter early specimens of the printing of the fifteenth century are

often found in a similar condition. Perhaps, it suddenly struck me, this might be a copy printed on specially colored paper for the use of some distinguished personage. This, in so early a volume, would render it a historical curiosity. Could I have made a mistake as to the date? A second glance at the title-page reassured me. Between the lines of print an early and picturesque hand had added, in Italian, after the first words a line of manuscript signifying that the volume (or something contained in it?) was *returned with very many thanks to her most illustrious, pious, and learned ladyship the Duchess of Ferrara by her most sincere, humble, and devoted slave Cola of Sinibaldo*. The first words, *ritornato con moltissime grazie*, were clearly enough written; the rest of the inscription was faint; the date at the end very clear, *a 22 di Maggio, 1506 di Ferrara*. The whole seemed to have been indited in a hurry. There were light scratches of the pen visible under the words "most pious and learned (*dottissima*)" and across the printed word *vitæ*.

Clearly, then, the book had been printed before the end of May, 1506; so, having paid first the sum of seven and sixpence, I determined to take it home and let Currell, who was something of an Italian scholar, revel in the deciphering of the mysterious inscription. I may mention that more than one interesting discovery has fallen to my lot from the study of the early manuscript one finds in or about old books. Once, indeed, we unearthed the better half of a letter reflecting severely on the motives of Martin Luther in the back of a Hebrew Testament printed by Bomberg in 1529. Currell has a wonderful nose for scenting out these things. For all which reasons, having carefully tucked in a loose fly-leaf, I was in the act of putting the volume under my arm, the sniffing middle-aged shopman having retired to his innermost apartment to procure me change for half a sovereign, when a voice from the darkest corner of the shop suddenly called me by my name in a tone of mysterious earnestness.

Not knowing that there was any liv-

ing being in the room but myself and a disreputable-looking cat, that lay asleep on a pile of dingy folios, I started and dropped the book, which fell open again upon the counter. The voice was that of a girl whose appearance, now that I observed her leaning forward with her head in her hands on the far end of the counter, which was almost hidden from me by a huge edifice of dusty calf and vellum, was quite familiar to me. Looking at her now it struck me at once that she must be the daughter of the proprietor, who, as she made out the bills of the establishment, would naturally be acquainted with the name of so frequent a customer. There was then nothing odd in that, but there was in her hurried accent of suppressed anxiety. As I turned she quickly advanced, slunk toward me I should say, until we stood opposite one another with only the barrier of worn and blackened mahogany between us, beneath the flaring gas-jet. I could see she was a handsome girl, but untidily dressed, almost dishevelled in appearance, and very pale, not an uncommon feature in London girls of the working class. Before I could say a word she went on in the same tone: "You'll see Mr. Rainsleigh, sir, won't you, to-night or to-morrow?"

Rainsleigh, it should be said, was a medical student with whom, though I had had occasion to come in contact with him, I had not the slightest wish to be farther connected. Young, not bad-looking, brought up in vulgar opulence by a self-made and misguided father, I could never make out why the fellow had ever been put to the medical, or indeed to any particular profession. The only result so far had been that, before he had been a couple of years in town, he had attained the reputation of a decidedly fast man among his associates at Bartholomew's. I confess frankly to having no prejudice in favor of medical students. It may be that they represent a sacrifice demanded from humanity to their noble profession. Its very studies, perhaps directly on account of their tremendous actuality, seem to have on the whole a rather crushing and coarsening effect upon all those not

endowed with unusual strength of character and diversity of intellectual interests. Rainsleigh however had, as the common saying goes, never had a chance; and I inclined to regard him, if one can so speak of a mere boy, as a hopeless young reprobate, in whom a vulgar badness bred in the bone had duly manifested itself in the flesh. I now remembered that I had observed him in the shop once or twice with some surprise at his presence amid such surroundings, and that we had exchanged words there only a day or two before. Not wishing for a moment to be regarded as Mr. Rainsleigh's friend, yet anxious to help the girl if I could, I answered somewhat vaguely, "Well, I don't know that—you see—I might perhaps, but—" "Then you tell him," she interrupted with fierce energy, but speaking low and putting her face close to mine, "on your faith as a clergyman, that if he doesn't—hush!—I'll write it. Father won't let me get out, and you'll take it to him?" The beauty of her anxious pleading face moved me so that, before she withdrew it, I had half unconsciously let slip the promise she asked for.

Our singular colloquy, broken off by the reappearance of my bookseller with two shillings and sixpence, had not lasted more than a minute. The girl quickly and silently snatched up from the counter before me a square sheet of paper (I did not notice at the time how it came to be there) and rustled back to her former place in the half-lighted corner, while the old gentleman apologized for his trifling delay. As another customer, entering the next moment, distracted his attention by one of those enigmas which form so large a part of the business of second-hand dealers, and I turned to leave, not forgetting my precious volume, I felt that the girl slipped into my unoccupied hand a note, and also that it was written on something rougher than ordinary note-paper.

The next moment I was in the street, wondering, in some vexation, what sort of an ultimatum (for of its desperate character I could not doubt) I had suddenly become the bearer. A little more presence of mind would doubtless have enabled me to reject

the singular commission altogether. I am not sure. It is, of course, not for us to assume that we are in any seemingly trivial conjunction made instruments of Providence, still less of Divine Judgment; and yet, when I consider how the mere accident of my visiting that particular shop on that particular evening of all the year involved me personally in a sort of responsibility for the most dreadful event known to my experience, I confess I can with difficulty shake off the idea of an all-pervading design, in the execution of which we poor human agents drop unconsciously into our places, but of the actual working of which it is only allowed us here and there to catch a dim mysterious glimpse.

The night was cold and foggy, and coming out of that stuffy gaslit room, after the ten or fifteen minutes spent in the examination and purchase of my treasure, I pulled my overcoat about me and stepped out along the greasy pavement, streaked with its thousand dreary reflections, in the direction of home. Rainsleigh's lodgings, it was true, lay almost directly upon my way, but I was as yet undecided whether to take the note there myself or to send it by a servant. Circumstances settled the matter for me.

The bachelor home of this gilded youth was in Great Guildford Square, and as I paused in hesitation at the corner of that old-fashioned thoroughfare my ear caught the sound, not altogether unusual in those parts, of voices (one of them I seemed to recognize) engaged in noisy and trivial altercation as of gentlemen who "have been dining."

I was right enough. It was Rainsleigh and his fellow-lodger, one Flackstow, whose association with him I had never been quite able to understand, even on the ground that the possession of money covers a multitude of failings; on the other hand, in return for whatever indirect benefits Flackstow may have derived thence, he had, I knew, done his best in a hopeless endeavor to reclaim the young prodigal, as, indeed, his present conduct tended to show. Neither he nor Rainsleigh had, as a fact, dined, but the latter had been playing billiards and incident-

ally drinking a good deal. Not drunk, but flushed and excited to a degree which exhibited his natural self with a painful publicity, he was at this moment enlarging to Flackstow upon the beauties of a certain music hall dancer, upon whom apparently one of his recent companions had been casting reflections.

Flackstow was evidently anxious to get Rainsleigh quietly home and prevent his making an exhibition of himself, and the two had hardly reached their door when I overtook them. "Can I come in?" I said to Flackstow, feeling that the moment was not one I should have chosen for the visit. "Come in?—oh, yes," responded Rainsleigh with noisy familiarity. "The more the merrier, and" (reverting to the subject of discussion) "I'll show you her photograph, and see what he thinks, eh?" and he turned to Flackstow with a grin which was not reciprocated.

We passed up the carved staircase of one of these fine old panelled houses which recall the departed glories of dingy Bloomsbury.

Rainsleigh's long sitting-room was furnished with that sort of sumptuous barbarism which moves despair as much of civilization as of morals. The art of inferior sport and the *demi-monde*, with the most worthless literature, encumbered an apartment which looked all the dirtier for the richness of its ill-kept furniture. The chimney-piece was garnished with colored photographs of eminent actresses, a pack of cards lay scattered over the table and the floor beneath it: on the large mahogany sideboard stood a bottle of champagne and several tumblers; and the atmosphere had a dull permanent flavor of stale tobacco.

Among these uncongenial surroundings I endured a minute or two of hesitation and embarrassment, wondering to myself why I had come into the house, why I had not delivered my commission in the street and gone straight home. I did not, as I have said, know the fellow beyond what was involved in meeting him on one or two inevitable occasions. I judge no one, and I should not, I trust, shrink from contact with any human being for a good

end. Perhaps I might wisely have avoided it in the present case. To decide exactly how far by not doing so I made myself responsible for the tragical results which followed is a matter beyond human judgment, though it cost me many a sleepless night. I am aware that with my existing prejudice against Rainsleigh my sympathies were so far enlisted on the side of the girl, with whose affections I now conceived him to be playing in a characteristically heartless manner, that I had determined to give him the note myself, and if he asked me any question about her to answer it in a manner which could leave him in no doubt as to what an impartial person must think of his conduct. It may be said I was jumping to conclusions, and that his supposed conduct did not concern me unless from an accidental ambassador I chose to become a partisan; and I confess to being partly moved by curiosity as to what he would say.

Flackstow, as if with an inkling that I had paid my unusual visit for some purpose possibly more or less connected with the "cure of souls," had meanwhile turned up the gas and merely observing to both of us, "I'm off,—due at the hospital"—flung out of the room and left me to execute my embarrassing mission.

"Oh, Rainsleigh," I said gravely, "I was asked to give you this."

With a quick glance of surprise he took the note from me, unfolded and read it through. The document was not, as indeed I knew it could hardly be, one of many words, and what those words were I never knew, but of their effect there could be no doubt. His whole face flushed with a violent emotion, compounded, it seemed, of wrath and shame not unmingled with a certain fear. It was this excitement (I can only suppose) which prompted him to address me in language which combining an uneasy and impertinent air of suspicion with one of still more unpalatable confidence gradually drew me into a conversation of the most undesired and unexpected kind.

I had not retreated at the very instant of fulfilling my mission, simply to avoid the appearance of evading a natural inquiry; and having become

so far involved I hardly know what enabled me to go through the trying scene that followed, but the conviction which grew upon me that, putting aside all conventional relations between man and man, here was an opportunity for arousing in this objectionable, if not abandoned, youth some glimmerings of a latent moral sense.

It was a mistaken impulse. To my surprise I found him, encased in his glassy conceit, descanting to me glibly, and as he thought persuasively, upon what he considered his own superior merits in regard to the female sex, and to the one victim of his charms in particular. It was the strangest experience.

Dropping into a chair opposite him and laying my book on the table I watched his face, which to the believer in physiognomy offered little encouragement. The shallow forehead and coarse animal lips did little to redeem the babyish, if once handsome face, in which a stupid affectation of sneering self-confidence strove to displace its native inanity. Taking my amazed silence for an evidence of sympathy, perhaps admiration, this swaggering Don Juan of the Students' Quarter continued for my benefit his volatile discourse.

I had better have left the room before hearing these confessions, since they provoked an inevitable altercation which soon became a passionate diatribe on my part.

I do not know what I said to Rainsleigh. At such moments, even with the best motives, one says and does many things which sound grotesque enough when recounted afterward in cold blood. That I abused him roundly and fiercely, I remember well enough. I had no fear of the fellow, for I could see he was a coward, and this seemed to cause him some surprise. Then I tried to speak to him gravely and quietly, watching his face all the time and praying that I might detect there some trace of compunction or at least of embarrassment. With an absent air of awkward distraction he slowly tore the paper of the girl's note into strips as if the mechanical exercise relieved his feelings. I strove to reason with him. "A helpless human being," I

urged, "might forgive him. She might be incapable of revenge; but there was after all a judge to be reckoned with. The Mills of God grind slowly but—" Was he listening? He sat there crumpling the scraps of paper into pellets which he half unconsciously (or animated, as I fancied, with a desire to destroy all traces of the letter) thrust into his mouth and chewed viciously, as if chewing the cud of bitter and remorseful thoughts. So I imagined, and it is possible the young reprobate passed through a momentary struggle (the whole scene lasted but a few minutes) with himself, or what remained of conscience in him. But when I ventured in my ignorant misappreciation of his feelings to touch his shoulder, he shook me off with a rude and angry gesture, and all the coarse violence which stood the youth in place of manhood came back to him.

I am glad that it has not often been my lot to listen to such language, which however fell upon my ears, as I beat a dignified retreat, with no more effect than, I fear, my exhortations had produced upon his spiritual tympanum. I remember his calling down the staircase, in hoarse accents of condensed irony, a pressing invitation to have a drink, "as I must be [to translate his execrative adverbs] extremely thirsty."

Vastly relieved at the conclusion of an acutely painful experience in forcing myself to undergo which I could only hope that I had acted for the best, I hurried homeward. Having forgotten that it was one of my night-school evenings, on which my fellow-lodger and I share an early nondescript meal, I found awaiting me a half-cold repast and many reproaches from Currell at my abominable unpunctuality, as he lay, fed and slippers, at full length on the sofa, with a pipe in his mouth and a bookseller's catalogue in his hand. He was silenced however by the short account I gave him, between mouthfuls, of the scene with Rainsleigh; and I had been peacefully smoking with my feet on the fender for some twenty minutes, when my companion, having reached that stage in the evening when he walks about the room like a restless polar bear,

picked up the *ELIXIR VITÆ* from a table by the door, and ejaculating, "Hullo! what's this?" subsided into a deep arm-chair with the volume in his hands and his back to the lamp.

"Oh," I said, "I want to ask you about that manuscript note on the title-page. Who was Cola Sinibaldo?"

He looked up from a careful examination of the binding. "Cola Sinibaldo," was his reply, "then you've been reading my Bembo's letters."

"No, I haven't," said I, taking up off the sofa a heavily gilt and superbly printed little book, the *LETTERE DEL CARDINAL BEMBO*, published by Comin da Trino in 1564. As I laid it down without removing Currell's marker, I noticed that it was the third volume of four, and contained letters addressed to *Princesses and Ladies*. "No, I haven't; you'll find his name written on the fly-leaf."

"The fly-leaf's gone," interpolated Currell quickly. I then remembered where and how it must have slipped out of the book. "No,—I'm going to sleep—I mean on the title-page, of course."

There was a pause, and then an exclamation from the armchair, "By Jove! if that isn't extraordinary!"

"Well, tell us all about it," I said. "Who was Sinibaldo, and who was the Duchess of Ferrara?"

"Cola Sinibaldo? Why, I was reading a letter to him only an hour ago, a letter from that immaculate divine at your elbow. I say; I should have thought that this book had never been opened since it was bound, except by him, Sinibaldo—I mean, not the Cardinal, when he wrote this; and I wonder why he crossed out the word *Vitæ* and why he underlined those complimentary adjectives *piissima* and *dottissima*; some very obscure joke there, eh?"

"One thing at a time," I expostulated. "You were quite right; it has hardly ever been opened."

"Wrong," he pursued with the tone of an expert; "I think you'll find you're wrong. It's been messed about, scribbled upon, and some rascally bookseller has tried to clean it with beastly acid that comes out of the pages now—bah! I must go and wash my

hands," and he rose to leave the room, shortly reappearing with a towel.

"Who were they?" I persisted.

"It's astonishing!" he replied irrelevantly.

To get anything out of Currell you have always to proceed by indirect inquiry. "Was he a friend of the Duchess's?"

He laughed aloud with startling vehemence. "Not much," he rejoined, sobering down at once. "The fact is he knew rather too much about her antecedents and her family relations, which were not exactly suited for publication. You can make it all out from two or three of these precious letters. You see, she—"

"Who *was* she?" I repeated.

"—She made three or four unsuccessful attempts to get him out of the way. He had got hold of two or three very dark secrets, and began to find the air of Ferrara rather unhealthy."

"Yes, but my good fellow—"

"Oh, I'm coming to that in a minute. It was a very near thing once or twice, but he was a smart man, and something of a chemist too, so whenever—"

At that moment the man from the ground floor lounged in and distracted Currell's attention for a minute or two. Before he was gone the night-school in Blue Lion Square demanded my attention, and I did not get there till late.

It had not struck ten the next morning, and Currell had been breakfasting with his friend downstairs, when Flackstow with a pale face slid into our room and shutting the door behind him, leaned toward me, keeping hold still of the handle, with the breathless exclamation, "Will you come round? *Rainsleigh is dead!*"

"Dead? Impossible! How did he die?"

"Arsenical poison of some sort. But that is the strange thing; they can't say exactly what. The girl Sankey, daughter of that little bookseller you know, is suspected. They have arrested her. It looks bad; she seems to have sent it him in a note. They think she must have had it by her a long time." Here he let go the han-

dle and came toward me holding out something. "It seems to have been wrapped up in this paper. He had a piece of it crumpled up in his hand when,—when we found him."

I spread out the scrap of paper on the table, but as I did so my hands trembled and I shrank back with horror.

"Be careful," he stuttered, "there is poison on it still. I must keep it for the inquest."

"On this paper?" I said. "Do you know it is four hundred years old?"

Flackstow stared glassily, as at a madman. "How do you know?"

"Know!" I answered. "It is part of a blank leaf out of this old book," and I held up the *ELIXIR VITÆ*.

At that moment I heard the voice of Currell coming leisurely up the stair, whistling a well-known air, (I have not heard him whistle it since), *Il Segreto per esser felice*. He swung into the room and stopped dead at the sight of our two horror-stricken faces.

"Currell," I cried, seizing him by the arm, mine trembling the while with a ghastly excitement. "Currell, about that book!"

"I looked at it again," he said, "and I believe you and your bookseller are right after all. It *has* hardly ever been opened and never read, or cleaned, or anything. Yes, I have looked it out in Gamba. He says it was probably printed at Ferrara early in 1506; and this must be very rare as only a few copies were produced in quarto for the Ducal Court. That explains everything. The pages stick together; the old mediæval trick, you know. Lucky I washed my hands. I advise you to put it in the fire before it does any mischief. *She* put that mixture on for the benefit of Sinibaldo. The inscription is his answer to her present, the Elixir of,—don't you see, Death. But what's the matter with you?"

"One word more," I said, still holding him. "You have not told us,—who was Duchess of Ferrara in May 1506?"

"Who was she?" he blurted out. "The Duchess of Ferrara,—why, man,—*Lucrezia Borgia!*" — *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE GERMANS AT HOME.

BY VERNON RENDALL.

No Othello can hope nowadays to win his Desdemona with an account of his adventures abroad; travelling has become a commonplace, if educational pastime. The universe, says a French writer, is a sort of book, of which one has only read the first page, when one has only seen one's own country. The comparison illustrates the modern point of view, but, though ingenious enough, hardly accentuates national differences sufficiently; the second page of a book is very like the first; the Germans and the English, though both of the same stock, are surprisingly different. The very aspects of the towns abroad are unmistakably un-English. The houses are much more ornamented, and often painted outside with frescoes and other designs. In England, except in London, a restaurant is often not easy to find; in Germany there seem to be quite as many restaurants as houses in any town.

The cities of Germany have many advantages over those of England, but the way in which the houses are numbered is not one of them. One may go up and down a street a long time to find a particular house, with no result except to find that the numbers are not arranged in the usual ascending order. One may form numerous theories of the method employed, such as mathematical progression, or alternative with the next street but one; but all of them fail, so that to an ordinary brain the finding of any particular house involves a possible walk through a whole street, and is a wearing process.

To a German, his native town is always a "wunderschöne Stadt," though it is often obvious that this praise does more credit to his patriotism than to his artistic perception; for he is a patriot if he is anything. Napoleon made German patriotism a necessity, or, as Heine puts it, "Man befahl uns den Patriotismus, und wir wurden Patrioten; denn wir thun alles, was uns unsere Fürsten befehlen." The shops

are chiefly remarkable for the really pathetic attempts at English which they display to beguile the ignorant customer. It is amusing to enter and talk English, if one has plenty of time to spare, and nothing that one must buy; the customer will certainly have greatness thrust upon him, if "to be great is to be misunderstood." Other curiosities are the tobaccoconist who does not sell matches, and the bookseller who does not deal in stationery or ink.

The Englishman abroad regards himself as the right example of man, and the foreigner as a grotesque; so he makes no concessions to Continental prejudice in the matter of dress and behavior, and for this reason is often regarded as a sort of inspired, but dangerous idiot. I have seen a native artist, with black curls of hair hanging down over his back, attired half in bright blue, half in bright brown, dancing-shoes, and a red smoking-cap with a blue tassel, pace the streets of a large town without exciting remark, while Englishmen, soberly dressed according to our ideas, were generally rewarded with the epithet of crazy—"verrückter Engländer." When one has been some time in the country, and can make one's self understood, it is worth while occasionally to parry this compliment by thanking the author of it for his politeness. This has a surprising effect on him, for he plumes himself on this quality; he takes off his hat, as an American would say, "all the time;" he does not understand the British reserve, and puts it down to want of feeling when Tom and Dick do not, like Max and Wilhelm, bestow half a dozen kisses, scented of Havannah, on each other's cheek.

The first thing that strikes an observer in the streets is the general prevalence of mustache, and absence of beards. The face of Bismarck is a fair type of the usual German; the absence of clean-shaved faces gives a sameness of effect which is somewhat wearisome; but the Emperor will change all

this if, as the papers announce, his flat has gone forth for beards in the army, though he has given up his own.

The German children, with their fair hair and blue eyes, are very pretty, but much less interesting in appearance, though often good-looking, when they are grown up to men. The persistence of family types is remarkable; one can see a whole party seated at table—father, son, daughter, and grandson—all with the same nose or some other strongly-marked personal feature. The women are fair-haired as a rule, and handsome in a style which inclines to *embonpoint*; the engagement of a couple is made much more of than here, while the rarity of divorce compares only too favorably with England in this matter.

To the German his fellow-man is nothing, if he is not a soldier. The spirit of "Militarismus" is particularly rampant; there are too many soldiers and too many officials, gayly dressed and pompously important in their little duties. A colonel with us excites no admiration or notice, but in Germany he is a demi-god, and very often spoilt by the general adulation; but the officer who is not too pleased with himself—that is, who has seen some real service—is one of the most polite and delightful persons to be found anywhere. Hardly so much can be said for any of the numerous officials that crop up everywhere. After being abroad no man will ever talk about English "red-tape." The officials are painfully conscious (at least to a foreign eye) that they have nothing particular to do, and so they overdo it; many of them are regular modern Samsons, who can slay even the well-equipped adversary with their asinine jaw. The parcel postman does not walk; attired in a brilliant uniform, and a large hat with long feathers in it, he drives about in a yellow van, blowing a trumpet.

Regulations and by-laws of all sorts appear to add a zest to German existence; if there is a bridge or toll gate, the notices there posted state that the officials in charge will not have to pay anything when they go across. I have seen a bridge with a special tariff for

each animal—so much for a horse to cross, so much for a goose or turkey! Level crossings on the railways are very common, but not very dangerous, owing to the pace of the foreign train. However, when an official is kept all day to let down the barrier and keep people back, it is also thought necessary to put up an enormous cast-iron notice requesting the public to "halt at the shut barrier." It is difficult to pass such a combination of obstruction, but one can do so by jumping over the barrier—a feat which causes as much surprise as if one were to walk on one's head in England. Not much is expected of the German traveller in the way of agility; he is warned in the trams that he "jumps off and on at his own peril:" another characteristic notice which they contain is the request "not to spit, out of consideration for fellow-travellers."

The German out-of-doors spends most of his time walking from one restaurant to another, and always smokes: a cigar is as invariable a feature of his face as the carefully-cultivated *moustache*; for cigars are cheap, and not, as in England, the sign of the comparatively well-to-do. Even the German workman smokes them during the many moments of leisure which occur in his work, for he does not hurry or overtire himself; a modern Pharaoh, and even an English contractor, would be very dissatisfied with his tale of bricks. The women of the lower classes are much more energetic; in the streets of the large towns they are to be seen with heavy packs on their backs, or hauling along a vehicle—something between a dray and a wheelbarrow—with large dogs of no particular breed in harness, and generally, dogs of a good recognized breed are unknown in Germany. One misses the terrier, which is so familiar a feature of England; perhaps the Germans are more afraid of being bitten than we are. Recently in Dresden dogs had not only to be muzzled, but also led with a string. Another noticeable trait about these women is their carpet slippers, which, worn often down at the heels, seem the worst possible foot-covering for a muddy street; the common bread

of the natives would certainly, if made into soles, be a much better wear-resisting material.

The Germans, like the French, envy the English their athletic sports, and are gradually introducing them—with modifications. They play football, but not, as one of them said, so "energetisch" as the English do. This is obvious to any one who has seen a shoal of German schoolboys playing the game in the height of summer without laying aside any clothes. The flannelled English playing lawn-tennis always attract a large crowd of half-admiring, half-scornful observers. Lawn-tennis is played, indeed, by the natives, but their rules are more lax; one can see them playing three a side in black coats and top-hats—sometimes with one hand in their pockets. There is no enthusiasm about the game; when the ball comes their way they aim at hitting it somewhere, and the little boys who field for them have plenty to do. Yet they have an idea that all these games are easily played, and require no learning. A German boy of my acquaintance once seized my racquet, and began bouncing a tennis-ball with it. I warned him that the game was dangerous, but he would persist, and soon bounced the ball gently into his eye. There now opened up to him a vista of doctors, bandages, and blindness for days. However, the hurt was overrated, and my racquet respected henceforth as a curious instrument with dangerous possibilities about it.

The Germans, as walkers, are distinctly leisurely; in this respect they and their trains are at one; they plod along, and get to their destination in the end. An average able-bodied Englishman can halve a German time-estimate for distance, and arrive in good time. Excursions are made, not on bicycles, but by steamer or train for the greater part of the way, concluding perhaps by a short walk. The steamers which run on rivers like the Rhine and Elbe are cheap and well-managed, but life is too short to go any distance by them up-stream. On Sunday crowds of pleasure-seekers make short railway journeys into the country for an outing, ending in the invariable restaurant. The railways are not com-

fortable or speedy. In England we are beginning to be content with two classes of carriages, but the Germans use four; the fourth class is a cattle-pen without seats, and a fifth is proposed in which, presumably, only clinging on at the windows will be allowed.

The end and aim of every German expedition is the restaurant; after seeing twenty of these establishments in two hundred yards of street, one realizes how extensively they must be patronized. Here the German reads his paper, smokes his cigar, plays chess or billiards (on a table with no pockets), and drinks his beer. Music is often an attraction—a form of entertainment unknown in England, except in a few expensive London restaurants. These concerts are very attentively listened to, and the performers play, often very well, always passably. It is only in England that the eleemosynary "German band" is so execrable. Abroad music of all sorts—from Beethoven to Strauss and Mascagni—is given, and the serious items, such as symphonies by Beethoven and Mozart, meet with a very different kind of attention to that given (for instance) by English ladies to a symphony concert at the Crystal Palace. The German does not go out with a clatter in the middle of a piece; he does not discuss his domestic troubles so loudly as to make the music a farce for his near neighbors. But music here and abroad is a very different thing. The English are fond of conversation, and therefore of music, which forms a good background to it. In Germany during a good concert, where four hundred people, many of the lower ranks, are present, one might, with some imagination, hear a pin drop while a soft passage is being played; in England such a feat would be beyond the wildest dreams of fancy. One would imagine that the music and the musicians of Germany must always impress foreigners as a dominant feature of the country, but Madame de Staël, that "intellectual Amazon," who professed to discover the Germans for the benefit of the French, can dilate for pages on philosophy and the fine arts, and give two paltry paragraphs to music. She barely mentions Mozart, and censures

his "Requiem," and of Beethoven she has no word. Perhaps she was too much occupied with her literary flirtation with Goethe and Schiller to discover that there was such an artist in existence!

German opera is deservedly famous; one can, for a sum less than that paid for the discomfort of a London "pit," get an excellent place, and see an opera of Wagner's splendidly mounted and performed. Wagner at present draws as good houses as anybody, and, whatever his merits or demerits, it is worth while to hear the work of the man who has left so unmistakable a mark on English music—perhaps to its hurt—since the "giant's robe" does not fit everybody. Apart from the performances, the German play-houses themselves are far superior to the English from the outside point of view. There is hardly a theatre in London which is not blocked in by houses on every side, so that its outline is quite invisible; at Dresden one can see two magnificent opera-houses standing out in an open space, which shows to advantage their architectural form, and ornamentation in the way of statuary and painting.

The German plays are hardly so attractive as the opera. Shakespeare, in excellent translations, is popular on the stage, but the classic pieces of men like Schiller and Goethe do not appear to arouse much enthusiasm. An officer whom I asked what he thought of one of the most celebrated of them, replied: "Ach! es geht!" (Oh! it does!). This is possibly owing to the want of sufficient action and incident in many of them. Thus Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" is a brilliant pamphlet on religious tolerance, but hardly a good acting play. In the trilogy of Wallenstein, the first play, and half of the second, are over before anything definite has taken place. Goethe saw this defect well enough; in the "Prologue for the Theatre," attached to Faust, the Manager says to the Dramatic Poet—

Besonders aber lässt genug geschehn!
(But, chiefly, give us incident enough!)

Another favorite form of entertainment is the "Turnerei," or gymnastic performance, at which the German excels his English neighbors; one would

never imagine him to be a gymnast from seeing him walk in the streets; and he hardly ever runs—this is why he cannot play the English sports with English success. In Switzerland the Germans are not great climbers; on asking a guide, also German, if any one climbed a small hill which stands in front of a high mountain, he replied at once: "Oh! that is for the Germans!"

One must go into a family to understand the German best; he does not keep his flavor abroad, as Heine has said, any better than exported beer. He is domestic above all things, and enjoys getting his family round him—a feeling he shares with the Englishman in contradistinction to the Frenchman, who has in his language no word for "heim," "home." The number of occasions for some feast or special day, such as the king's accession, in a German home is surprising to the English visitor, and more suited to the American mind, which revels in glorious dates, and is indignant when one asks for details about July 4.

There is one characteristic about the German boy which distinguishes him from the English; he will admit readily, and after little exertion, that he is tired, and this is the one thing that the English boy will not do, if he is half asleep and dropping with fatigue. His aim is generally to get into a first-class drinking-club, and to wear honorable scars, resultant on duels. The duels and the whole of the "Burschen-Leben"—University life—have been so often described that they are well known. The same reason prevents any account of the odors of the streets, which, though unnoticed by the bulk of the population, are well known to English visitors.

Most of the heating in the houses is done by stoves, which do not give the comfortable impression of a fire that one can see blazing. For "fire," as Shelley said, "is a beautiful thing," and loses all its poetry when confined in a china stove. Once installed in a family, one meets with every attention and kindness, and one would feel quite at home—if one could sleep. [The first few nights in the German bed make one feel that—

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
could medicine any one to sleep in such a curiosity. It inclines at a steep angle from both sides up to the middle, so that a good balance is required, and only long practice prevents one from rolling off out of it—generally into the bath, which one has secured after repeated efforts. Then there is the well-known coverlet—something between a dilated pillow and an attenuated bolster—to be reckoned with; if the fittest survive, it should have disappeared long ago; it may have done for mediæval heroes, but it is about as fitted for modern civilization as the giraffe would be for a dray-horse.

The German food is certainly not pleasant to start with, but is more toothsome than it looks; most people get reconciled, some even attached, to the enormous sausages that form the staple food. A taste for other delicacies is not so easy to acquire. Sauerkraut has a twang of its own; otherwise it would suggest that one is eating a rope which has lain out in the wet for some time. The celebrated "schwarze Sauce," which appears with fish, game, and cutlets, has in it flour, sliced onions, cloves, brown gravy, lemon-peel, black currant jam, juniper-berries, vinegar, a glass of red wine, cayenne pepper, and a bay leaf. Another mixture contains two sorts of mustard, garlic, sardines, capers, salad oil, and sugar. Ham served in raw strips is also a delicacy. It is known as "Lachsschinken"—salmon-ham—a gross insult to *Salmo ferox*! Eggs are another difficulty abroad; they can never be got hard-boiled, for some reason. In Switzerland I never had a hard egg except once, and that was, on cutting it open, solid green throughout. Usually the egg has a meaty taste, like ham—the sort of taste that makes one think about the egg after eating it. Tea is a tepid Laodicean liquid, and curiously weak: there is not enough taste about it to say whether it is adulterated or not; it is served up in the restaurants in a glass and outer tin, like Bovril in England.

One sighs for an English cake after some time in the country; the diminutive "Küchen," a sort of little cake or

pastry, is well made, but one soon grows weary of it. Many after a course of German cookery would exclaim:

Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks.

But the Germans make painstaking attempts to please foreign visitors. I have had Irish stew produced for my benefit, which was not bad, but—had no potato in it. Generally it may be said that these attempts are about as near the original as the imitations of prominent actors, produced by amateurs for the benefit of the home circle. Potatoes have a curious flavor, which one recognizes at length as that of caraway seeds, with which they are liberally scattered. Before leaving this subject one must mention the gum-omlette; outwardly it resembles an ordinary one, but inside is so stiff and sticky as to be a veritable culinary wolf in sheep's clothing. The Germans have a habit of taking all their courses on one plate, which is not very inviting, and, like Dr. Johnson, have been known to snort over their food.

The Germans play cards a good deal, but whist is not so much in favor as a game called "skat," which is distinctly difficult to learn. The cards in use are trying; instead of knave and queen, there are two knaves, only distinguished by holding their clubs above or below. The other cards are no clearer. The number of the card is relegated into the corner, as if it were the most unimportant feature, and the main surface is occupied by some green or red design of no obvious bearing or meaning; sometimes what look like seven croquet balls (irrespective of the number of the card) occupy most of the room on it.

The Germans are solid, but not great conversationalists, and their ideas of humor are mostly broad. It is a standing difficulty to one who has heard many of their jests, who makes the really brilliant ones in their comic papers. The freedom of talk allowed in England surprises them. They are horrified when you discuss, within possible hearing of others, in a restaurant, a social democrat, and will not tell you what they think about politics, until they know you well. A German friend

said to me: "I think the Kaiser's mad and a baby with his favorite toy-army; I want Bismarck back, but I dare not say these things in the streets; if I did, I should get taken up!" And this seems the general feeling, to have Bismarck back in power at all costs. The social democrats are not regarded as a serious danger at present; it is recognized that their chief vigor is in talk.

The qualities necessary for success in Germany are admirably indicated in this extract from the amusing comic paper, "*Fliegende Blätter*": 1st wife to 2nd wife, "How dare you talk to me, when my husband drinks as much beer in one night as yours does in a week?" Beer is, with the love of music, the great national characteristic, and the methods employed in the beer-clubs, to drink as much as possible, suggest the orgies of some of the Roman emperors. Perhaps it is due to this excessive drinking, and the smoky atmosphere of the restaurants, that so many of the Germans have eyes which look as if they had been boiled, and wear spectacles so much more generally than the English.

The awful character of the German language has been described once for all by Mark Twain, but the English of the foreigner is almost as great a curiosity. Charles the Fifth said that a man gained a new soul with every new language that he learnt; the English soul, that the Germans gain, must be a strange thing. Even among the best scholars of English, there is an idea that Byron is our great poet, and Lytton our great novelist. The "standard classic" which young Germany reads

as representative of English is Mrs. Mackarness' "Old Joliffe;" the author of the "Trap to Catch a Sunbeam" is not unknown, but hardly as yet a classic—in England. The official text-books for schools are singularly beautiful, when they translate German lyrics into English. Here is a verse from Goethe's well-known "König von Thule"—

He prized the gift of his deary;
It was filled at every "bout,"
But his eyes were always teary,
Whenever he drank thereout.

But the German-English dictionaries are the great sources for the improvement of our mother-tongue, and some of their renderings are really excellent. "Ripps-rapps!" "Wisky-frisky!" "Heisa!" and "Meg-geg-geg" are interjections worth adopting. "Protégée," and "Mount Blank," ought to be English, if they are not. To "twi—" and "thri-fallow" are much neater than saying, to plough twice or three times. "Panification," "averruncate," "exaggerance," "painture," "complexionly," and "cubicial," are all good sounding words. "To cabbage," and "to stand Sam," given in Flügel's big dictionary, are felt wants as equivalents to two German "idiotisms," as the Portuguese handbook feelingly calls them; a "boot-cleanser," and a "throwster" are at least as good words as "mind-absenteeism," which a recent English book has perpetrated; one has not often come across the "babbling-warbler" and the "daggle-tail," but may guess that they are fine, if rare birds. —*Gentleman's Magazine*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE will of James Anthony Fronde orders that all his literary papers be destroyed, including the unprinted documents concerning the Carlyles, which Thomas Carlyle bequeathed to him.

At the present moment it may be not inappropriate to recall that admiration for the great essayist led Mr. Stevenson to propose to write a monograph on Hazlitt for the series of "English Men of Letters," but the offer was declined by the editor.

IN one month 25,000 copies of Hall Caine's "The Manxman" have been sold in England—a sale unequalled by any novel since "Lothair."

It is stated by the *Boston Globe* that Mr. John Anderson, of New York, has found a copy of the first Bible printed in America. The book was described in 1810 by Isaiah Thomas, whose statement has been doubted, as a small quarto printed by Kneeland & Green, of Boston, 1761, with the fictitious

imprint: "London: Printed by Mark Baskett, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty."

On the 16th inst., at Ottery St. Mary, there passed away, in her ninety-first year, Miss Elizabeth Coleridge, daughter of the Rev. Edward Coleridge, and the last survivor of her generation of a distinguished family. Her father was an elder brother of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, so that Miss Coleridge was niece to the poet, first cousin of Mr. Justice Coleridge, and first cousin once removed to the late Lord Chief Justice. Her father was for a time the colleague of his brother George in the Grammar School of the town, and in the private school founded by their father, the vicar; but Edward subsequently established on his own account a private school, by which he made a considerable fortune. Miss Coleridge, who was an accomplished artist, lived all her long life in the little town which her family had almost made its own.

GORING THOMAS's cantata, "The Swan and the Skylark," which has just been brought out at Birmingham, has a strangely constructed libretto. It consists of a poem by Mrs. Hemans, to which have been added a stanza of Keats, a stanza of Shelley, and four stanzas by Mr. Julian Sturgis.

THE English translation of the German Kaiser's "Song to Aegir" was made by Professor Max Müller, probably the most competent scholar in all England to make it. This was done at the Emperor's request.

THE American Academy of Political and Social Science at Philadelphia has undertaken the publication of the written constitutions of the world. The constitutions of Prussia, France, Italy, Mexico, and Colombia have already appeared in English translations.

THE Hon. William Warren Vernon has been elected a Corresponding Member of the Accademia della Crusca at Florence, an honor rarely bestowed on a scholar not an Italian by birth.

MAX O'RELL will, in the March number of the *North American Review*, answer Mark Twain's article on "What Paul Bourget thinks of Us," which appeared in the January number of that review.

PRINCE BISMARCK's correspondence, both political and non-political, is going to be published, continental papers say, by a Stuttgart

firm, under the editorship of Ritter von Poschinger.

MR. HITCHENS, who now accepts responsibility for the authorship of "The Green Carnation," has succeeded Mr. G. Bernard Shaw as musical critic of the *London World*. Mr. Hitchens is one of the pupils of the School of Journalism started by Mr. David Anderson when that writer retired from the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*.

THE prize of one guinea, offered by *Tit-Bits* for the best definition of "Life," has been awarded for the following definition: "Life—a trial trip before the launch into eternity."

"RUDYARD KIPLING is, almost beyond dispute, the characteristic voice of the decade." High praise this, and from the *Spectator*! Yet there was a time, says the *London Literary World*, not so far back, when Mr. Kipling could hardly find a market for his stories. We have heard that the little shilling books which were his first venture here, and contained some of his finest work, brought him not a farthing, the copyright having been parted with to an Indian publisher.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. have in preparation an edition of Balzac's novels, translated from the French. Mr. George Saintsbury has undertaken the editorship, and it is to be hoped will revise the translation. In addition to a full general introduction to the series, he is writing a shorter one to each novel. It is hoped to complete the novels in about thirty volumes, and the edition will not be expensive.

AFTER Victor Hugo died, more than 10,000 isolated verses were found scattered about his room, written on little slips of paper. He used to write incessantly, even while he was dressing himself in the morning.

MR. MURRAY will publish early next year a new work by Miss E. M. Caillard, whose works on electricity and on the "Invisible Powers of Nature" are already well known. The new volume, which will be called "Progressive Revelation," will contain an attempt to demonstrate in what way Christianity supplies a response to the growing demands of reason and the moral consciousness.

THE death is reported at Mulhouse of the most popular of its citizens, August Lustig, the dialect poet. Lustig's songs are sung in the factories and farmhouses all over Upper

Alsace, and his little comedies in dialect are played widely at local festivals. He was born in 1840 at Hartmannsweiler, in the Département du Haut Rhin, and served for some years as draughtsman in a lace factory. In his twenty-first year he enlisted in the French army, and for seven years belonged to the regimental band. During this period he wrote a mass of poems in French and German. Latterly he confined himself exclusively to the dialect of Alsace. A volume of new verses, full of humorous and lyrical sweetness, appeared almost yearly. Lustig had considerable musical talent, and composed the tunes to which many of his songs are sung. A subscription has already been started for the erection of a monument to him at Mulhouse.

A NEW work by Mr. Henry M. Stanley will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low about Easter, entitled "My Early Adventures and Travels." The first part gives a vivid account of the two Indian campaigns of 1867, which have had such important effects upon the fate of the redman in the far West, and is said to contain information not obtainable elsewhere about General Custer, whose end was one of the tragic incidents of Indian warfare. The second part is concerned with the early history of the Suez Canal, the exploration of Palestine, Persia, and the regions of the Caucasus. In this portion there is much that bears directly on the present atrocities in Armenia. The book is designed to have both an historic and autobiographic interest.

ISEN writes very slowly and carefully, and never takes a real vacation. Every day he devotes five hours to literary work—from 8 A.M. till 1. It takes him about five months to write a drama, and after completing one he devotes six or seven months to mental preparation for a new one. He rewrites each play three times, it is said.

A CURIOSITY of censorship comes from Turkey. For the future two copies of each MS. submitted are to be sent, as it is said the single copy now sent gets much injured during the process of examination.

IN spite of the most confident prognostications to the contrary, M. Zola has had an audience of the Pope. He was presented by the French representative at the Vatican, and he is said to owe this triumph to the influence of a cardinal who happens to be related to M. Edmond de Goncourt.

MAARTEN MAARTENS is passing the winter in Holland. For some years past he had not attempted to do so, on account of his wife's health. A German version of "God's Fool" has just appeared at Berlin.

THE eminent London firm of Smith, Elder & Co. has been publishing some notes on amusing blunders made by customers in ordering books. One person asked for a copy of the "Hawarden Horace" by the funny title of "Hard on Horace." Another called for "The Crockit Minister," by Stickett; and a third demanded a copy of "Sheep that Pass in the Night."

MISCELLANY.

THE YELLOW "BOOM."—Green must always have a large following among artists and art lovers; for, as Mr. Wilde has pointed out, an appreciation of it is a sure sign of a subtle artistic temperament. There is something not quite good, something almost sinister, about it—at least, in its more complex forms, though, in its simple form, as we find it in outdoor nature, it is innocent enough; and, indeed, is it not used in colloquial metaphor as an adjective for innocence itself? Innocence has but two colors, white or green. But Becky Sharp's eyes also were green, and the green of the aesthete does not suggest innocence. There will always be wearers of the green carnation; but the popular vogue which green has enjoyed for the last ten or fifteen years is probably passing. Even the aesthete himself would seem to be growing a little weary of its indefinitely divided tones, and to be anxious for a color sensation somewhat more positive than those to be gained from almost imperceptible *nuances* of green. Jaded with over-refinements and super-subtleties, we seem in many directions to be harking back to the primary colors of life. Blue, crude and unsoftened, and a form of magenta, have recently had a short innings; and now the triumph of yellow is imminent. Of course, a love for green implies some regard for yellow, and in our so-called aesthetic renaissance the sunflower went before the green carnation—which is, indeed, the badge of but a small schism of aesthetes, and not worn by the great body of the saner, more catholic, lovers of beauty.

Yellow is becoming more and more dominant in decoration—in wall-papers and flowers cultivated with decorative intention, such

as chrysanthemums. And one can easily understand why: seeing that, after white, yellow reflects more light than any other color, and thus ministers to the growing preference for light and joyous rooms. A few yellow chrysanthemums will make a small room look twice its size, and when the sun comes out upon a yellow wall-paper the whole room seems suddenly to expand, to open like a flower. When it falls upon the pot of yellow chrysanthemums, and sets them ablaze, it seems as though one had an angel in the room. Bill-posters are beginning to discover the attractive qualities of the color. Who can ever forget meeting for the first time upon a hoarding Mr. Dudley Hardy's wonderful Yellow Girl, the pretty *avant-courier* of *To Day*? But we suppose the honor of the discovery of the color for advertising purposes rests with Mr. Colman.

The most recent boom of the color comes from the publishers, and particularly from the Bodley Head. "The Yellow Book" with any other color would hardly have sold as well—the first private edition of Mr. Arthur Benson's poems, by the way, came caparisoned in yellow, and with the identical name "Le Cahier Jaune;"—and there seems no reason beyond its title for the success of "The Yellow Aster." In literature, indeed, yellow has long been the color of romance. The word "yellow-back" witnesses its close association with fiction; and in France, as we know, it is the all but universal custom to bind books in yellow paper. Mr. Heinemann and Mr. Unwin have endeavored to naturalize the custom here; but, though in cloth yellow has emphatically "caught on," in paper it still hangs fire. The A B C Railway Guide is probably the only conspicuous exception, and that, it is to be hoped, is not fiction. Mr. Lang has recently followed the fashion with his "Yellow Fairy Book;" and, indeed, one of the best-known figures in fairydom is yellow—namely, the Yellow Dwarf. Yellow, always a prominent Oriental color, is at the moment of peculiar significance in the Far East; for are not the sorrows of a certain high Chinese official intimately connected with the fatal color? The Yellow Book, the Yellow Aster, the Yellow Jacket!—and the Yellow Fever, like "Orion" Horne's sunshine, is always with us "somewhere in the world." The same applies also, we suppose, to the Yellow Sea.

Till one comes to think of it, one hardly

realizes how many important and pleasant things in life are yellow. Blue and green, no doubt, contract for the coloring of vast departments of the physical world. "Blue!" sings Keats, in a fine but too little-known sonnet—

... 'Tis the life of heaven—the domain
Of Cynthia—the wide palace of the sun—
The tent of Hesperus, and all his train—
The bosomer of clouds, gold, gray, and dun,
Blue! 'Tis the life of waters . . .
Blue! Gentle cousin of the forest-green,
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers.

Yellow might retort by quoting Mr. Grant Allen, in his masterly book on "The Color Sense," to the effect that the blueness of sea and sky is mainly poetical illusion or inaccuracy, and that sea and sky are found blue only in one experiment out of fourteen. At morning and evening they are usually in great part stained golden. Blue certainly has one advantage over yellow; in that it has the privilege of coloring some of the prettiest eyes in the world. Yellow has a chance only in cases of jaundice and liver complaint, and his color-scheme in such cases is seldom appreciated.

"THE INCREASING NERVOUSNESS OF OUR TIME."—Under this rather startling title Professor W. Erb, at Heidelberg, gave an address some time ago which demands more than a passing notice. Professor Erb takes it for granted that there is marked increase of functional nervous disorders, and he believes that the events of the present century have naturally led to this result. The nineteenth century began in disorder and commotion. France had passed through a bloody revolution which was to be followed by the excitement and exhaustion of Napoleonic adventures; restlessness, political and social, was followed by a period of calm, but, with the advancing years, labor-saving inventions rapidly replaced man and increased wealth, and rendered communication easy—as our author says, time and space seemed to be annihilated. In science, in literature, all were developing, and with it there appeared incapacity for restful pleasures; rushing from change to change seeming to be the only alternative to work. With overwork there was overcrowding and overstimulation; alcohol and tobacco were used in greatly increased quantities; railway travelling and its nerve-jarring motion still further tended to nervousness; and, so Pro-

fessor Erb convinces himself, with all this there has been a clear loss of nerve tone to the whole of the highly civilized nations.

Nothing could have been more brilliantly put than the contrast between the normal reaction to work and worry and the neurasthenic and abnormal reaction to the same conditions, and it will be for us to see whether we agree with all that Professor Erb says. According to him, all this rapid restless movement has left an irritable and slow-recovering nervous system, which must be considered as neurasthenic. The essentials of this disorder, which has not been recognized twenty years, are increased sensitiveness, with weakness, weariness, lack of power of endurance, and defective recuperative power. This disorder is a refinement of hysteria and hypochondriasis, and it is the outcome of the conditions of life. He thinks it ought to be found in all periods of excitement and of luxury, but owns that there is no evidence of its existence in Greece or in Rome. The disorder is to be recognized and to be met by changing conditions, and nerve hygiene is to be considered as much as sanitation. From school days to professional life the human being is to be tended and brought up, his mental, moral, and physical education is to be regulated, his holidays are to be methodized, his business is to be conducted in healthy surroundings, and his cities are to be made healthy and beautiful with fresh air and beautiful surroundings. Thus the professor is a preacher of hygienic socialism. As we said before, we have been charmed with the address, but not convinced.

The old question reappears in another form. Is increased insanity and nervous disorder in necessary correlation to developing complexity of society? It must be recognized that the more complex the rules of society the more frequent will be breaches of these rules, at all events for a time. In developing civilization, too, we have a very perplexing factor added in the survival and the propagation of the non-fittest, and this doubtless adds to the increasing number of the nervous. We are inclined to believe that there is some slight increase of nervousness, but that there is a much greater knowledge of the subject, and with knowledge comes subdivision and classification. We remember the time when hysteria, in its present connotation, was looked upon as a new and increasing danger to society. This disorder is now recognized as no longer a defect of will for which the patient

is to be blamed, and has been subdivided Hypochondriasis in the same way is no longer considered to be a *maladie imaginaire*, but is recognized as having some organic basis, and with this progress the so-called functional disorders have to be studied apart, and are now placed under the head neurasthenia. We do not believe more women, at all events in England, have "nerves" now than they had fifty years ago. With the increase of excitement there has been a still greater tendency to more freedom of exercise, more freedom from conventionalism, and much healthier home surroundings.

One change to which attention might be called is the decrease of religious feeling and the allied emotional excitement. It is thought by our author that over brain work has had a very serious effect. We have grave doubts as to overwork being established as a cause of neuroses, and we have still greater doubt as to there being any amount of overwork in England. Worry, not work, is the danger, and we believe that danger arises from decreasing and deferred marriage. We agree with our author in recommending carefully selected mates, and healthy surroundings, and skilled and orderly education, but we do not believe that people will be made good by Acts of Parliament or professional orations, and we do not believe there is any very serious risk to the stability of society in the so-called development of neurasthenia.—*British Medical Journal*.

SOME NOVELISTS ON CRITICISM.—"My own experience, which extends over more than a quarter of a century, has proved to me that there are kindly critics in plenty. My remarks, therefore," said Mr. Walter Besant, "are not dictated by any personal bitterness. I have come to the opinion, after reading a great many judgments on a great many books, that the best critic of novels—the kindest, the most helpful, the most appreciative, the most effective—is always one who is himself a novelist, and not a failure. And I venture to suggest that to entrust this branch of work to well-known novelists, if they can be persuaded to do the work, would be the most practical method of getting the work done well."

Dr. Conan Doyle thinks: "There are times when every man feels himself to be ill-used. But then he must candidly allow that there are times also when he gets injudicious praise,

which is a much more dangerous thing than undeserved blame. The one may be set against the other. The system of anonymous criticism always seems to me to be a very bad one. It removes that sense of responsibility under which a writer would hesitate before he treated his subject in a flippant or uncharitable manner. Another improvement would be that books which are addressed to women should be reviewed by women, and *vice versa*. When a lady has to review a book which has hardly a female character in it, and which deals with life in the camp or the forecastle, how can she possibly approach it with sympathy or knowledge? If I had to choose my own critic I would always take the opinion of a brother novelist, for I believe that the creative and the critical faculties usually go together. Failing this, however, I believe that one can in our press rely upon getting an opinion which is thoroughly honest, impartial, and frequently intelligent."

"I should say," writes Mr. Grant Allen, "first of all, that to talk as though there were two distinct classes—novelists and critics—is to make a distinction without a difference; for the most part, the novelists and the critics are the same people. As far as fairness goes, I think most reviewing is done fairly, and I speak there as doer and sufferer. Let the young reviewer go on and prosper. Let him brandish his broadsword in the half penny papers; he will learn in time to write good English with it."

Miss Marie Corelli says: "In answer to your request I can only say this, that if I could conscientiously realize the existence of any 'reviewers,' strictly speaking, I should be very glad to express an honest and respectful opinion concerning them. But there are none. 'Reviewing' work is too badly paid for any reasonable being to think of making it either an art or a business. Hence we have only a few 'would-be' critics, whose so-called 'criticism' of a book consists of a few flippant remarks, such as might be used by a society woman discussing the latest literature at a fashionable tea. A real 'review' should, I imagine, be a painstaking, scholarly, dignified, and temperate analysis of the work submitted to consideration, with a well-weighed, evenly balanced 'summing up' for or against the author, who would then be able to discern justly, and with advantage, the causes why he or she had been praised or blamed. As matters at present stand, authors can learn nothing from their reviews, except the deplorable

extent of their 'reviewer's' ignorance of things in general and literature in particular."

Mr. Hall Caine says: "Much of the criticism of the hour leaves on my mind the greatest uncertainty as to whom it is meant for. Is it meant for the publisher? Or for the author? Or for the public? The publisher's idea is that a criticism ought to tell what the book being reviewed is about, so that people may be tempted to buy it; the author's view is that it should tell what the merits of the book are, so that his reputation may increase; the public thinks that it ought to be told what is in the book that is fresh and new. My own conclusion would be that the public is nearest right; criticism should be written mainly from the point of view of the people who want news. That is a rather dwarfing limitation for the great body of the critical fraternity—I can't expect powerful critics like my friend Theodore Watts to submit to it—but there is common sense in it, nevertheless."

ANIMAL DEFENCES.—In his lecture at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, W., Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the course of his remarks on some animal defences, said that the porcupine type of animal affords an instance of hair and skin specially developed as a means of defence. The spines are merely exaggerated hairs, and the skin motion is found in a rudimentary state in the unpleasant class of humans who take a pride in wagging the hair on their scalp. The most interesting topic in animal defences is "mimicry." To a butterfly or moth nothing can be more valuable than a form which may be mistaken for a dead leaf or dried twig. But a kind of defence against annihilation not to be despised is the power of rapidly reproducing lost parts which have been chopped off in the battlefield of nature. Man has clearly grounds for envying that respectable animal the crocodile, which has no need to repair to the dentist, since its decayed teeth are promptly replaced by new ones without stint.

FELLING TREES BY ELECTRICITY.—Trees are now felled to a considerable extent by electricity. A platinum wire heated white-hot by the current is used, stretched between two poles, as a saw. There is less work than with a saw, no sawdust is produced, and the charring of the surface of division tends to prevent decay. In some cases the time required to fell a tree by this method is only one eighth of that necessary for sawing.